# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Founded …

MAY 31, 1913 — 5c. THE COPY

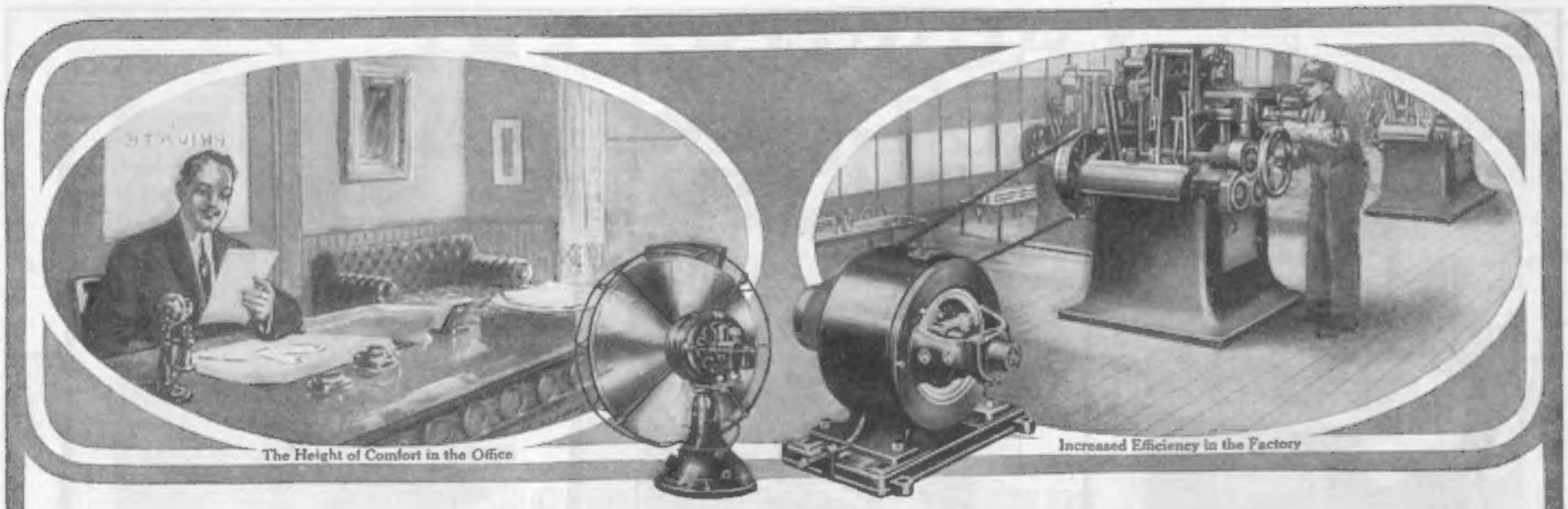
DRAWN BY
CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

Clarence F. Underwood

## Nine Assists
## And Two Errors—By Charles E. Van Loan

Easy to Bake
GOLD MEDAL FLOUR
TRY THIS FOR JELLY ROLL
1 cup sugar. 3 eggs.
1½ teaspoons baking powder.
1 cup GOLD MEDAL FLOUR.
6 tablespoons of hot water.
Mix and sift the dry ingredients, stir in eggs well beaten, add the hot water, beat the batter well, pour into a smooth, well greased pan. The batter should be put one-fourth of an inch deep, for if thicker the cake will not roll nicely. Bake slowly. When done, turn the cake onto a sheet of brown paper, well dusted with powdered sugar. Beat the jelly with a fork and spread on the cake. With a sharp knife trim off all crusty edges, roll it up by lifting one side of the paper. The cake will break if allowed to cool before rolling. To keep the roll perfectly round, roll it up in a cloth until cool.
IBURN-CROSBY CO.
WASHBURN'S
TRADE MARK
Gold
MEDAL
FLOUR
WASHBURN-CROSBY CO.
GOLD MEDAL FLOUR

EVENTUALLY—WHY NOT NOW?




# The Story of 18 Years of Intensive Effort

Out of the legions of electrical devices on the market today, we build but two. And these two are the small motor and the electrical fan. In 18 years we have made thousands of experiments, uncovered scores of weaknesses, devised a hundred improvements.

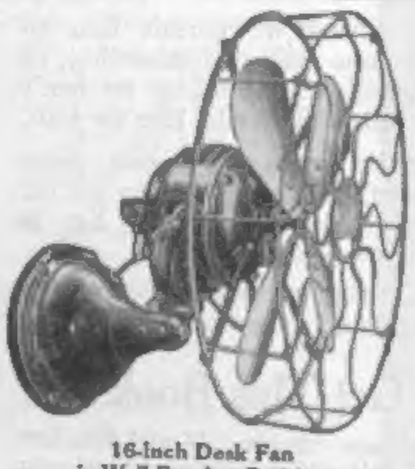
Our time has been undivided, our efforts have been concentrated exclusively on building better fans and better motors than it has been possible to build before.

And today this *intensified* effort has brought its own reward. For now Robbins & Myers *"Standard"* Motors and Fans are preferred by most exacting users everywhere.

Three times in five years we have had to double the capacity of our factory. Season after season we have been compelled to disappoint tardy fan-buyers. For no one who knows the supreme quality and economy of *"Standard"* devices will ever be satisfied with indifferent equipment.

And through this very specializing and concentration we have been able to systematize our factory and to lower our operating costs, so you pay no more for Robbins & Myers *"Standard"* quality than for ordinary motors and fans.

## Robbins & Myers "STANDARD" Motors and Fans



16-Inch Desk Fan in Wall Bracket Position

**Alternating and Direct Current Fans for Office, Home and Factory**

Fans bearing the *"Standard"* nameplate consume the very minimum of current. Our 8-in. Home Fan uses just half the current of an ordinary electric light, can be attached to any socket, and used in any room of the house.

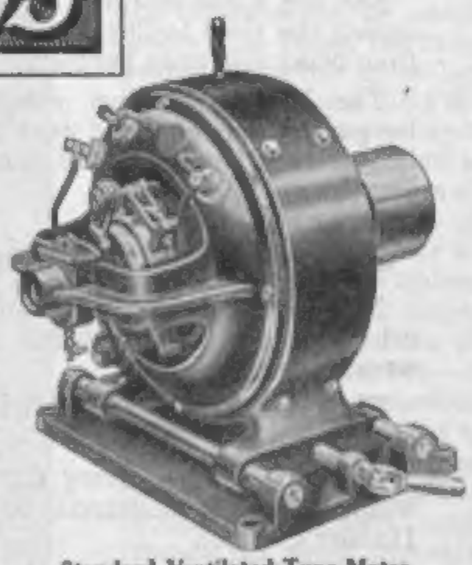
Among the various types in most demand by *"Standard"* users are Desk, Ceiling, Bracket, Oscillating and Ventilating Fans—swift, silent and extremely serviceable. We make special designs to order, of any voltage, for any purpose.

Ask for free Fan Book. Fully illustrated, and describes all *"Standard"* makes.

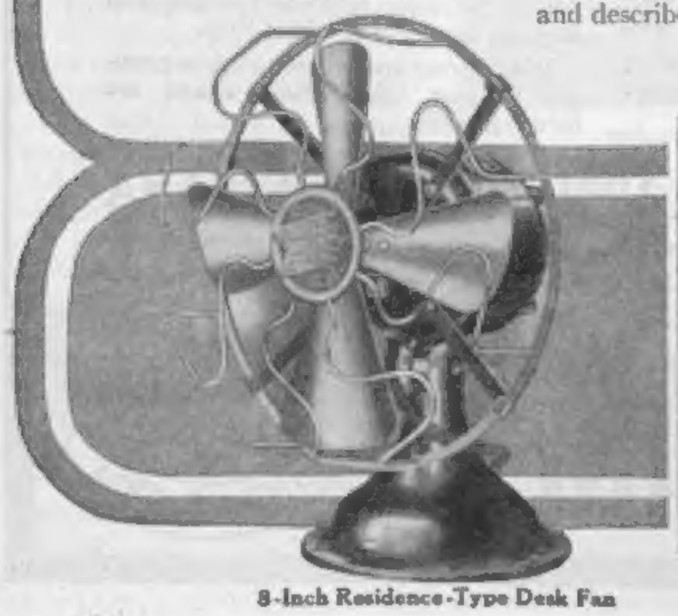
**Small Motors of 1-30 to 15 H. P. for Every Purpose**

Suitable for over 2,000 different kinds and combinations of machinery, either as a direct part of the mechanism or to be separately attached.

Our Engineering Department is at the service of any power-user in helping him devise means of securing greater efficiency, economy of space and current, cleanliness and convenience through motor-drive. They have solved power problems for thousands of offices, factories and workshops, increased the output and lowered operating costs for electric power users everywhere. Writing them places you under no obligation.



Standard Ventilated-Type Motor Direct Current Type, 1 to 15 H. P.



8-Inch Residence-Type Desk Fan

## The Robbins & Myers Co.

Main Office and Factory

**Springfield, Ohio**

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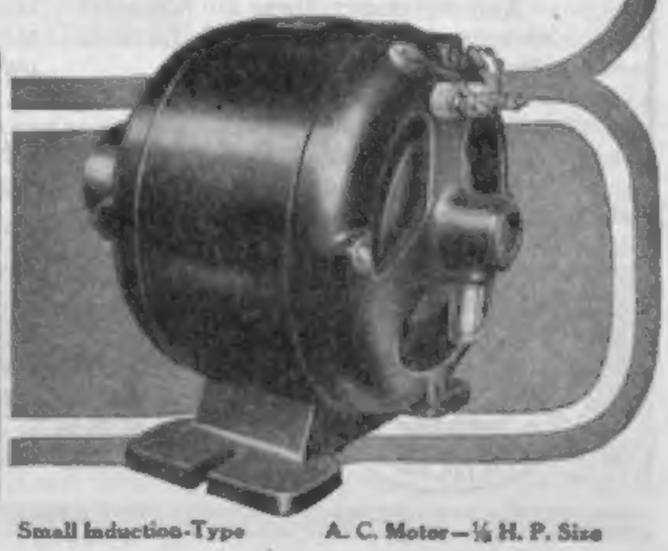
*Write our Main Office or nearest Branch for Free Booklets and full particulars regarding either "Standard" Fans or "Standard" Motors, stating your requirements, and your letter will receive prompt individual attention and consideration.*



Small Induction-Type A. C. Motor—½ H. P. Size

1—She Sits While Working

2—Reaches and Saves Walking

3—Through Early—Not Tired

# The Moving Picture Story Of a Hoosier Cabinet

**It saves time and strength and health by saving steps and standing.**

These photographs were taken in a clever woman's kitchen. She saves many hours most women spend in work.

Note how skillfully she groups her utensils and supplies; the time this order and convenience saves.

She sits while working, thus escaping the tired feeling that comes from being always on her feet.

The Hoosier Cabinet combines her pantry, cupboard and work table in a single spot. Note the miles of steps this saves.

## 500,000 Such Stories

Now reflect that half a million other women have chosen this woman's way.

Their kitchens repeat her kitchen's story.

And their praises every day are winning other thousands to the Hoosier Cabinet.

Study the reasons they give for their overwhelming approval.

And remember, these are powerful reasons why you should have a Hoosier too.

## Mark What Wins Them

The Hoosier is amazingly convenient.

Note the splendid metal flour bin with its handy sifter, and the metal bin for sugar at your fingers' ends.

The twelve crystal jars for tea, coffee, salt and spice.

Look, too, at the roomy upper cupboard for dishes and supplies; the cupboard below for pans and pots; the metal-lined drawer correctly designed for fresh cake and bread; still other drawers for towels and cutlery.

Crowning all, note the hygienic metal table, proof against both rust and heat; cleaned without any scrubbing by simply wiping with a hot, moist cloth.

It pulls out sixteen inches farther when you want to use it; slips back when you are through.

Spend an hour with this wonderful machine. Count its labor-saving features one by one. Even then you won't know all of the delights its owners can tell you.

## Compare Kitchens

Compare the kitchen of a Hoosier owner with your own. Note the system, the neatness, the order. Consider the endless time a Hoosier saves.

Think what this spare time would mean to you day after day, if you worked sitting down so you could feel rested enough to enjoy it.

The more you compare, the more eager you will be to have a Hoosier. Now see how easily you can own one.

## Club Plan in Detail

Here is our famous club plan.

Nearly 400,000 of the half million Hoosiers have been sold in this way.

### Costs Only $1.00

You merely pay a dollar to the Hoosier agent.

Your Hoosier is delivered right away.

After that, weekly dues are $1.00 until you have completed the low price.

Your $1.00 membership fee counts as part of the price.

### Low Fixed Price

We fix the price everywhere to make sure you don't pay too much.

The more cabinets we make the less each one costs. The fixed price gives you all the saving. Comparison will reveal your bargain.

Every Hoosier agent sells at our price. We have only one agent in any town. He is a reliable furniture dealer.

This spring we permit him to organize one club. Membership, of course, will be limited, as we can't supply all who would like to join.

So make your decision soon. Now this month there is a waiting list for 20,000 Hoosiers, and the list is growing each hour.

Don't delay your action until it's too late to get a genuine Hoosier this year.

### Get This Book

Write now for the "Model Kitchen Book." It's rather famous in Domestic Science Schools. It shows you practical ways to save work. It is Free.

We'll direct you where to join a genuine Hoosier Club. 3000 towns are forming them.

THE HOOSIER MANUFACTURING COMPANY, 135 Sidney Street, NEW CASTLE, INDIANA

**Branch: Mezzanine Floor, Pacific Bldg., San Francisco, California. Sold also throughout Canada.**

*Look for this blue and white sign. The furniture dealer who displays it believes in high quality at low price. He is a good man to know.*

LICENSED AGENTS FOR

# HOOSIER KITCHEN CABINETS

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# FOR LIVES OF MEN

## By Edwin Balmer and William MacHarg

ILLUSTRATED BY H. T. DUNN

IT WAS late in December, an hour before midnight. The thermometer, which had registered below zero all day, had dropped to ten below and still was dropping steadily as the arctic gale blew harder and harder down off the lake upon Chicago. The second fierce assault of the winter cold was on. For the second and third weeks of the month, with the thermometer close to zero even upon those noons when the sun shone clear, the lake had frozen solid, sheer, for miles out from the shore; in the straits at the north it had frozen across from beach to beach. So all up and down the length of the great fresh sea a shiver of ice crept out, broken only by the great frozen snow floes—the hummock ice tossed up during a former storm; for in those first two weeks of cold the wind had not blown.

Three days of thaw then had come—thaw sudden and powerful, as violent as the cold. With it had come the wind and the rising of the waves of the lake, freeing the frozen steamers, breaking up the smooth ice-fields, tossing great chunks about and driving down upon the shore of Chicago the floes of the north. And now, as suddenly, as violently as the change from cold to thaw, the turn back to arctic weather had come again—terrible cold, with blinding slashes of snow that the falling thermometer had not yet been able to check, the wind keeping up and increasing to this merciless, numbing gale.

Such were the conditions upon this night at seven o'clock, when the whaleback steam carrier Horton, oreladen, leaking badly from its battering with the heavy icepack at Mackinac, and struggling, too, with tons of frozen water weighting the deck from stem to stern, fought its way to within ten miles of the Chicago harbor. Such were the conditions when the strained boilers finally failed and left the Horton soggily lurching in the waves, without sufficient steam for the screw, with too little even for the pumps, with scarcely enough to set its siren screaming its weak falsetto of desperate distress for the gale to carry raggedly to the warm, lighted windows of the houses the half-frozen, exhausted crew could see on the shore two miles away where people comfortably were going to bed. For the houses there are very close to the water.

*Blindly He Rose, Knowing Only That Ice-Sheathed Men Were to be Dragged Aboard*

From the harbor's mouth, along the North Shore of Chicago, a strip of park or beach almost everywhere takes the first assail of the winter blasts whistling off the roaring, ice-crunching surf; but, about eight miles north, the boulevard that is the smooth highway for limousines runs for more than a mile above the old shore sand, and between the boulevard and the lake's edge handsome houses have been built, with libraries and bedrooms almost over the water, and with boathouses a few yards off on piers above the waves.

As this had become a strip for the homes of prominent and successful men old Mike Conroy had built himself a house there almost two years before; but his neighbors, not approving the sources of either his prominence or success, except on rare occasions, neglected him and his. He was sixty that year, broad-browed, square-jawed, thick-nosed, red-gray-haired and brickdust-cheeked—among the readiest and roughest of the fighters for themselves and their friends who had both powerfully governed and steadfastly looted Chicago the generation before. He had his wife and his son—"Mother Nora" Conroy, once as famous and honored for her influence as was "her man" for his power, and now as utterly unable to understand the change in public opinion that robbed them of all regard if not of all power; and young Mike, lettered, tutored, enlightened, dapper, and a small eater, alternately admired by his father for ability to have become different, and despised for desire for that difference.

On account of that difference young Mike—Michael he now was—was welcomed in the big houses on both sides. In some he was more than welcome—in the Riders' home, for instance, where little Betty, the twenty-year-old daughter of the house, always asked young Mike to her dances and her dinners. And, on account of him, neighbors' sons came to the house once in a while in summer and raced in or against the Conroy motor boat; but the only other occasions of neighborly invasion of the great, expensive mansion were when citizens' committees—or a deputy from such a committee—called to acknowledge the remnants of old Mike's influence by asking him to use it against the interests of his very tangible friends for some intangible, indefinite, vague good.

Such was the errand of the visitor upon this terrible night—Jerome Rider, the eldest of Rider's sons. At his home, three doors up the block, the brightly lighted windows told of the dance to which young Mike, in his evening clothes, had stolen out a couple of hours before; and from which the boy and his host had come to appeal again to old Mike. For the business between them—the matter of the ordinance to require contractors to build the floors of tall buildings as fast as they erected the steel frame—was not a new one. Twice before, in faultless evening clothes, Jerome Rider had come to ask Conroy's influence for this, as he had come before on a dozen other reform measures. And, as he never came for any other reason, when he was announced old Mike had received him without troubling to put on his coat—in his shirtsleeves; and, as his neighbor sat stiffly expostulating, arguing, patiently reiterating, from his position on one side of the great open fire, old Mike lounged on the other side, chewing tobacco, with elaborate offense, and spitting on the blazing logs.

Between these two—back from the fire—old Mother Nora, listening to Rider's deliberate criticisms of her husband, sat indignant but silent, erect and dignified in her low-cut, costly evening gown, which this visitor was the only neighbor to see. Young Mike, who had returned with Rider, had remained in the room but a few

moments; very soon, in shame for his father, he had retreated and hid himself upstairs.

"We all admit, Mr. Conroy," Rider's voice repeated tolerantly, "that this ordinance will entail certain additional expense to contractors who are your friends. What we ask unquestionably will prove more costly—in money; but the extra cost will save many, many men's lives.

"Against loss of money to your friends, I ask you to put the saving of lives; for, as sure as that measure is lost in the city council next Monday, the present terrible toll of life in the building of great buildings must go on; one life to a floor—one man killed unnecessarily for every floor of every building put up in Chicago through the new year so soon to begin—I ask you simply to stop forcing others to take risks no man should take!"

The neighbor leaned forward in his intentness, creasing his shirt-bosom; but old Mike, though he remained silent as before, seemed now to give his caller not even the compliment of his offensive inattention. His mind had been suddenly and actively directed to something else; so, as he made no answer, his wife replied for him:

"Mike Conroy asks no man to take risks he doesn't take himself. He's walked his beam with the men on the highest building—many's the time. Many's the time! Have ye?", She rose in her righteous indignation. "Have ye?" She tossed back her white-haired head proudly and strode from the room.

Young Rider, smiling pityingly after her, struck his hands together to recall to him by physical means old Mike's attention.

"So it is a call for help from men in unnecessary danger that I bring you," he said—"a call for aid to save lives!"

"I hear it!" old Mike muttered, jerking himself up, his back to his caller, not attending.

"A call for help to save men's lives!" the other repeated.

"Sure, I hear it!" the old man confirmed aloud to himself now. "I hear it clear. Five blasts of the whistle—long ones together! They're out there on the lake!"

"What's that?" Young Rider stared. Immersed in his own thoughts and purpose, he had heard without sensing these sounds that had come to the older man. He was waiting until he should be allowed to go on again; but old Mike had gone to the east window and flung up the shade. Blackness only, with the ice and snow swirling against the pane, confronted him.

"Turn off the light!" he cried to young Rider. "Turn it out!" he repeated impatiently as he flung up the window.

Rider, tardily comprehending, switched out the lights and came to the open window beside the other, shivering as the cold gale blew in. But the old man in his shirt-sleeves thrust his head out and stared steadily, without feeling the cold.

"They're blowing for us!" he bellowed above the roar of the lake. He pointed out through the snow; and above the black water a white masthead light swaying back and forth far from the seething shore, and behind and below it the duller, green gleam of a steamer's starboard light. "They're blowing for us, Rider!" he repeated, gripping the trim shoulders of his guest in his powerful hands. "It's our light they see! Turn it on again, bye! Turn it on again quick, to let them know we ain't going to bed!"

Young Rider immediately fumbled for the electric switch and turned on the lights.

The biting gale blew in, sweeping the pages of the newspaper in stray sheets from the floor before it, puffing out the smoke from the fireplace and chilling the whole great room with its blast. Rider, dazed in the sudden emergency, stood stupidly staring about, shivering in the chill; he saw old Mike gaze at him an instant and then immediately turn away. He heard dully the old man's voice in the hall calling imperatively to his son.

"Mikey! Mikey! I want yez—quick!"

The tone of the call brought the young man running down the stairs. As he came down and saw the confusion below and did not understand the reason he looked an apologetic appeal to Rider before he grasped that the disturbance dazing his guest was something unexpected; then there came to him plainly with the wind, through the open window, the five sustained shrieks of a steamer in distress.

"There's a boat in trouble out there, bye!" Old Mike seized his son. "Look at them!" He pointed out to the lights. "They're far in—far in and swinging about—drifting—this night! There goes their rocket and the red light forward!"

Forward of the swaying, lurching masthead light, which closed upon the starboard lantern and told that the ship's head was swinging in with the waves, a rocket flared up weakly with the wind; for an instant red-fire flame tossed up and down with the deck on which it blazed. These gave substance to the wild specterlike wail of the siren, which brought immediate full understanding to the boy. But, as young Mike now comprehended, he looked not at his father but to Rider for guidance.

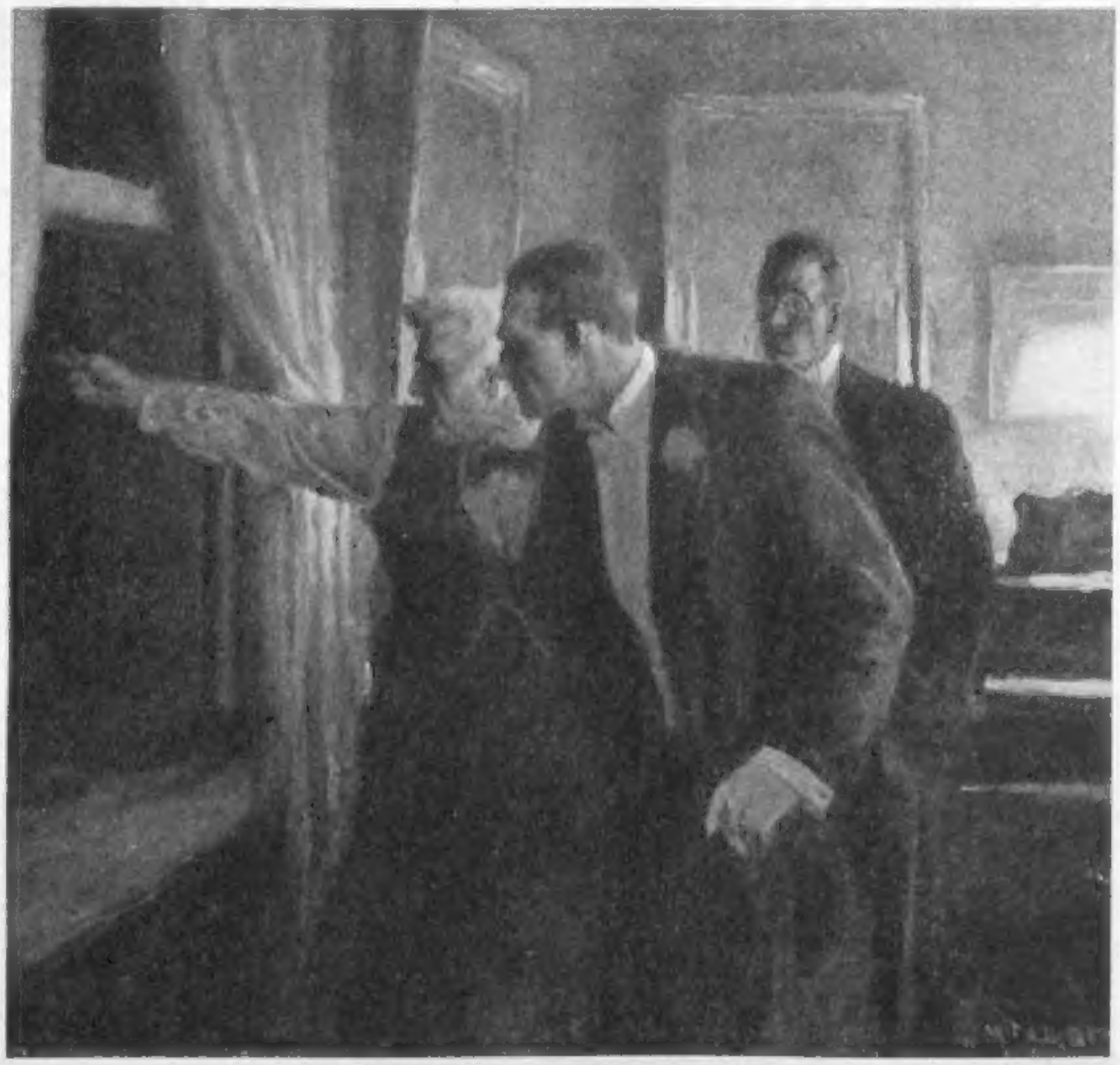
Rider recovered himself.

"Evanston's the nearest lifesaving station. It's nearer than the one at the mouth of the river. Call it!" Rider commanded.

"Yes!" young Mike assented—"yes!" He started for the telephone. His father's heavy hand upon his shoulder caught him back.

"You can phone for help, Mr. Rider," old Mike jerked. "The Evanston crew is five miles away—maybe six."

"The station at the mouth of the river is seven," Rider defended his decision, "and from the city they have to come up more against the wind. They've a team to carry the lifeboat at Evanston; they can bring it down on shore within an hour."



"There's a Boat in Trouble Out There, Bye!"

Old Mike disregarded him. He shook his son to bring him to his senses. Through the window the scream of the siren repeated its blasts of desperate distress.

"Ye know what be before us, Mikey!" he cried. "Bye, ye know!" he pleaded.

He stared wildly into his son's face, searching for the response he demanded; but the boy, twisting from his grasp, turned to act in obedience to Rider. His father dropped him. Proudly and with his head erect, old Mike strode to the foot of the stairs.

"Nora!" he called confidently. "There's a boat going down out in the lake. She's blowing for our lights; they see our windies. Come down and help me!"

He grabbed his muffler, heavy coat, cap and mittens from the closet and dragged them on.

"Come after me to the boathouse," he said to his wife as she came down. He seized her heavy wraps and thrust them at her.

At the telephone in the hall young Mike was giving his number on the call to the lifesaving station in Evanston. Rider, standing beside him, was iterating directions. Old Mike passed them without a word, opened the outer door and, sliding on the slippery ice-crust over the snow, lurched through the darkness to the boathouse.

His key opened the door; inside he struck the switch and turned on the electric light.

His heavy, powerfully engined motor boat, drained of its gasoline and covered with a tarpaulin for the winter, and with its high, sharp bow almost against the sliding lakeward door, stood on wooden blocks that held it above the rollered launching runway and shook at each impact of the waves against the pier. Swiftly old Mike slashed the knots of the tarpaulin while his wife, hurrying in after him, struggled across the slippery floor with the gasoline can. He dragged the canvas cover back from over the rounded deck that housed the engine; halting only at instants to pour into the tank the gasoline his wife brought him, he knocked out the blocks from under the boat. He could not now see the lurching lights of the sinking vessel in the lake; but with the gale came constantly the wild wail of the siren.

At the side of the pier the floe-jammed surf crunched and thudded; it told that the water, hurling so ceaselessly, was heavy with ice chunks, but was not yet frozen—even so close to shore. So there was at least a chance that the powerful motor boat, shot down the runway into the waves with the engine running, might batter away from the beach; but beyond the breakers, where the wind was sweeping across a hundred miles of freezing lake and paralyzing every unprotected thing, there was more than the surf and the ice to be met.

The force of the terrible cold cut in as old Mike, tugging at the tackle for raising the lakeward door, opened a breach to the east. The blast tore by him more violently as, behind him, the door from the lawn was flung open. The old man, sensing it, turned his head as he braced at his tugging. A girl had come in—a young, bareheaded girl, with her dark, heavy hair glistening with the dry snow crystals, her young face ruddy and glowing with the cold, her blue eyes wide and bright. She held a cape close about her with her white-gloved hands. It blew from her grasp as she faced the full blast from the lake and tried to advance against it, and showed her lithe, slender little figure in a silk dancing dress. The electric light, swinging before her, blinded her.

"Michael!" she called proudly as she peered across the big motor boat. "Michael, you're going out? I saw the light here! I knew you—you would try for it!"

The old man, making fast the tackle to hold the door now sufficiently raised, turned upon her and bundled her cloak tight about her. "Betty Rider! What're ye doing here?" He pushed her away.

"Michael!" The girl resisted, gazing round for him. "Mr. Conroy, oh, where's Michael?"

The wail of the siren from out on the lake, no longer broken into blasts, shrieked and sobbed weirdly with the rush of the wind.

"He's at the house," the old man shouted, "with your brother—telephoning! You'd best go to them!"

He thrust the girl bodily out on the lawn. Now clambering into his boat, he squatted over the motor; working rapidly, expertly, he got, first, scattered explosions, then a roar steadying to an even clatter that told him the engine was running powerfully, evenly. The boat, resting upon the ice-coated rollers, waited only the cutting of the rope holding it astern to slide forward and down into the swelling, crunching waves. The old man seized his knife to slash the ropes. His wife, stepping up on a cask, was trying to follow him into the boat. He shouted to try to prevent her; but he knew—if no one else was going—she would not let him go alone.

He hacked through the first of the stiff and frozen ropes at the stern. Voices—weak from being borne back by the wind—shouted to him from the lawn; and then closer from within the boathouse.

"Dad!" Young Mike's voice called to him. "Father! It's all right! We got them at last! It took some time, but we got them—the lifesaving station! The crew's coming! They've started!"

The old man hacked at the remaining rope without looking up. A hand caught his and struggled with him.

"You can do no good!" Rider's voice argued with him. "You can't help them! You'll only drown yourself!"

Old Mike fought free from him.

"Then what did you send for the lifesaving crew for?"

"It's their business to go out, dad, not yours!" his son's voice answered, and his son's strength struggled against him. "You'll drown yourself!"

"Michael!" Betty Rider's cry rang out. "Michael!" The rebuke in it caught up the old man's eyes as had neither of the others. The little girl, returning, came and fought with the old man against the others. "Michael, you ——"

The fumes of the exhaust from the engine half choked her and the roar from the motor drowned her voice. But old Mike got his hand free. He hacked through the last strand, seized the boathook and thrust it against the side of the boathouse to start the boat slipping forward.

"Nora!" he called his warning to his wife as she struggled again to get over the gunwale.

Betty Rider, seizing her arm, pulled her back and, as the boat began sliding, tried to catch on to take the old woman's place; but, in turn, now young Mike pulled her away and, catching the gunwale, threw himself over it in spite of his heavy coat as the boat slid farther and faster forward and, slipping into the sharper incline just above the water, shot on. Old Mike, jumping forward to the wheel, threw in the clutch connecting the madly running engine with the propeller-shaft so that the screw whirled and raced as the boat now plunged, nose down, into the first rows of breakers.

Bracing himself to hold the rudder firm, old Mike strained at the wheel, shaking his head violently to clear it of the icy water that, shooting upward out of the dark at the bow and obscuring the lamps, turned white as it drove back upon him fiercely and blindingly. He stiffened himself, with knees strained, to meet the second breaker. Its batter for an instant beat back the boat; but, as it struck, the whirling screw caught its thrust and the boat plunged its prow through the huge, frothing, almost solid mass and slowly raised its bow, shedding backward upon the pilot and across the closed hatches of the engine-pit a flood of water already turning to ice. It soaked the old man's clothes and, at once commencing to freeze, chilled him to the bone. The boat raced sickeningly, blindly, almost perpendicularly down the breaker. Holding the wheel with one hand, old Mike with the other mitten cleared his eyes of the spray that, freezing as it flew, bit into his skin like acid.

He felt the lake before the boat as neither water nor ice; half fluid, half solid from the millions of ice crystals unable to congeal in the turmoil of the waves, it bore upon the boat with the crushing weight of metal. As far as Mike could see out of the vague edge of the darkness, these waves hurled themselves fiercely at him, tossing the motor boat high, crashing against it the lumps of ice, dropping it dizzily into the pits of furiously seething water between. Stunned, blinded by the spray and the snow, which drove against him, losing steerageway each time as the screw screamed and raced from the water after each passing crest, still, by stubborn bracing of all his strength against the wheel, he kept the bow to the next wave and delayed for another moment destruction.

Disregarding this destruction for himself—as through his rugged, rough life he had become accustomed to disregard it—he fought it grimly, doggedly for the men calling to him through the shrieks of their siren ahead; he fought it also for his son. He was conscious of no personal dread of the ever-impending death riding on those waves; but for his son, probably crouched somewhere on the boat-bottom behind him, he feared this death. Yet, as he fought for his boy, there returned strongly and bitterly his contempt for him who had not wanted to go out—who had required to be driven to dare this death!

As sometimes men facing their last moments swiftly review their lives, so the father's mind searched back over the life of his son. That life had been born on the day—the old man's mind gave him the picture clearly—that the Fullerton Avenue conduit caved in. Old Mike—young Mike then—was foreman outside the bore. To his little construction shanty at the end of the conduit, word was brought in the middle of the morning that his wife had borne him a son in the little frame cottage two miles away; but twenty minutes before that—almost at the moment that the boy began his life—the rumble of earth and the rush of palefaced, staring men from the tunnel far underground had given the alarm of the cave-in! A dozen men, at least, were shut off, crushed and choking at the end of the bore beyond the cave-in. With the top of the tunnel giving way and more earth crushing down to bury rescuers through the bore, no one dared try relief through the tunnel; and the men at the end of it could live only for moments. To dig down from the street was the only safe way; so Mike sent his men with pick and shovel to dig—dig down from the street. He went down into the bore; and, with the tons of earth tottering above him, with shovel he attacked. Fresh falls of earth behind him shut him in and he worked alone; tons of clay and earth came down about him. At last the cave-in caught him—but not before he had worked a little tunnel through, which somehow the earth-slides kept open, so that the shut-in men were still breathing when the well from the street reached them.

They carried the father unconscious that noon to the little cottage where the son had just been born. Clearly the proud words of the little mother—for Mother Nora was a light little colleen then—rang through his memory. It was the message she sent when he woke to consciousness.

"It's a sign that our son will never fear death! That he will never fail before men!"

Until this moment the father had not known how deeply he had believed that—that his son would never be afraid; that he would not fail where others failed. Unfalteringly the father had tried to bear an example. His risk on the day of the baby's birth was not the last time he had so greatly dared. Yet his boy was a coward! Now he must know it! When men—men in final distress—called for him to risk himself to help them young Mike had been content to telephone to others.

*"Michael, You're Going Out? I Knew You—You Would Try for It!"*

The terrible arctic wind numbed the old man; the waves, battering suddenly on one side, swung and all but swamped the boat. The water below them now was deep, deadly. No swimmer, however strong, could maintain himself a moment in that maelstrom of ice; death must follow instantly for whoever was thrown into that water. So the father, as he strained at his wheel to tug the boat about, dared not glance back; somewhere, crouching there, was young Mike—a coward!

The old man kept his eyes upon the lurching lights that alone broke the blackness ahead—and now, as he struggled with his cracking arms to turn the rudder, he felt himself suddenly gain strength: the wheel was turning; the boat was swinging back into the course. Then, beside him, he felt a strong figure.

"Give it to me, dad! I've got it!"

Dumbly, sparing his breath, old Mike fought with his son.

"Ye'll not take us back!" he opposed. "We'll not turn back till we've got them off that boat."

"Dad, I'm not turning it back! I'm turning it out. Don't you see? Maybe now we've a chance to get them!"

The bow, as the boy said, was set again for the swaying lights, and the wind bore from straight ahead the dying shrieks of the steamer's siren; but the father, still filled with the bitterness of his son's fear, thrust the boy back. And the son, now that the boat again steered, dropped away from the wheel.

This, better than the aid the boy had brought, dashed the quick doubt to the father's mind. Was the boy afraid? He had shown no fear or tremble in his voice as he shouted; no unsteadiness in his strong, young arms. Suddenly the father saw again his son's face as young Mike ran down the stairs at the call and had been told that men on the lake were dying. At first he had had no fear, no resistance to the man's impulse to act; it was only after the boy had looked to Rider that he had faltered! It was only because Rider felt no need to go that young Mike felt none! The thought to risk himself had never commanded Rider's mind and that had put it out of the boy's! So Rider—making himself the pattern for young Mike in other ways—was the pattern in this. Rider—and his neighbors—the cowards! They, who set themselves up so far above him, were taking from him and unmanning his son!

They called upon Mike Conroy virtuously to ask him to do what they said would save men's lives; but when the real call came from men in instant danger of their lives the call came and came again without getting reply from Rider or any of his kind! The steamer out there sinking with its crew could go down in sight of all the lights on the shore, with its siren screaming to them each moment for help and its rockets blazing before them, and no one would have struck from that shore to save them unless Mike Conroy's house had been one whose lights showed.

It stirred and warmed the blood within him, chilled and numbed through as he was. His mittens were frozen to the wheel-spokes; his feet were frozen to the flooring; ice was over his face. He tore one hand free to swing his arm and warm himself. When the wheel held by his other hand did not slip he sensed his son again beside him; and now the father did not contest him; they held the wheel together. Suddenly, as the boy threw all his strength to swing the wheel away, the father opposed; but the boy, shouting, raised one arm and pointed.

Two hundred yards to the right old Mike now saw the white blur of a floe, of indefinite extent, ghostlike, slowly traveling and seemingly moving above rather than floating on the water; straight ahead was another. Giving his strength to his son, they wrenched the motor boat away just in time from before the second floe, glaring grimly at it through the dark as the boat rasped and ground its way along this edge of ice higher than their heads. Then the father's thought snapped back.

Yet Rider's sister—little Betty whom Mike liked and who liked Mike—how different she was! She was of the Riders; yet, when she saw the boathouse light, she had thought it was young Mike who was going out—she wanted him to go! She was willing herself to go! It was she who, at the last moment, made young Mike go; or, rather—now that the father knew his son was not afraid—it was

*(Continued on Page 32)*

# Hocus-Pocus in Consolidations

*Whenever a Trust Offers You Anything—From "Inside Information" to a Share of the Profits—Beware of the Sharp Hook Hidden Within!*

## By ROGER W. BABSON

ILLUSTRATION BY HANSON BOOTH

A WELL-KNOWN promoter recently endeavored to interest me in a new company that is to combine several smaller companies now competing with one another in the same line. This conversation was rather amusing because heretofore this man claimed that "trusts perform a great economic function in decreasing the cost of production." He has always claimed that trusts have lowered prices and been a real benefit to consumers, reducing the price. He has pointed to the recent prices of sugar, kerosene and paper, compared with prices thirty years or more ago.

Unfortunately for his argument, however, the line which this new trust is to manufacture is a very staple line, of which people use only the same quantity irrespective of conditions. In other words, a great selling campaign or even price cutting would not cause you and me to eat more than we are now using. Nevertheless he stated that "though the present gross earnings of the four companies to be combined are only fifteen million dollars a year, the gross earnings of the proposed trust will be over twenty million dollars, with the same quantity of goods sold." When I called this to his attention and asked him how the combined companies could hope to increase the consumption of this product in any such marvelous way, he finally gave me this confession:

"Babson, when I first started out as a promoter I honestly thought I could earn dividends on the increased capital of my companies by reducing operating expenses through increased efficiency. Of course, to a certain extent I have done this; but the net result to the shareholders has been very disappointing. To reduce costs by increased efficiency requires much new money or new brains—and both of these commodities are expensive."

### Competition for Higher Prices

"WHENEVER I want to borrow money to buy more efficient machinery or relocate mills, the bankers charge as interest and commissions nearly enough to eat up what we can save through the spending of the money. Of course they leave us a little margin to encourage us to make the improvements, but our bankers are much like the railroads—they charge all the traffic will bear; in fact, they have their own experts examine our plans and ascertain how much we can save; and the more we can save, the more they charge us for the money. They are like the specialist I once asked what a certain operation on my ear would cost, who replied by asking how much I could afford!

"All the additional costs of increased efficiency, however, do not go to the bankers. Brains also cost money. The old managers of the smaller companies are unable to operate the big trusts. If they were they would have formed them themselves and I should never have had the opportunity! We find that, instead of having four men at five thousand dollars a year, we are now obliged to have another manager at twenty thousand dollars and keep the old ones besides. Moreover good managers for our trusts are now hard to find at any price. The demand exceeds the supply and the prices for such men are rapidly going up. A manager who can actually save a corporation a lot of money usually takes about all that's left as a salary after the bankers, efficiency engineers and the others are paid. Yes—the idea that much is left to be paid out in dividends from reducing costs through consolidations is hocus-pocus. Our profits come through raising prices, and the consolidation of these four companies will raise the price of ——— thirty per cent within five years."

I, of course, suggested that the attorney-general would prosecute them for such a move; but he assured me that the Government would not, because there would still be several small independents left, who would greatly benefit by the increased prices and yet would not have enough output to break these prices.

In this connection readers should remember the fact that most Government suits against various trusts are the result of complaints by independents who want protection. Very few suits are started as the result of complaints by consumers. We are too busy to complain. It is too much trouble, and the cost to any one of us would be out of all proportion to what he could himself save. Moreover the jobbers and storekeepers will not complain, as their profits are on a percentage basis; and as the prices go up their profits likewise increase. The small energetic independent producer, who is a fighter with a conscience, is the man the trusts fear. These independents have forced the Government to institute suits.

Therefore the aim of the trusts today is not the old method of destroying the independents, but the method of pacifying them. This is most beautifully illustrated in the policy of the Steel Trust. Judge Gary is a great pacifier. Mr. Schwab, of the Bethlehem Works, is another. Both are artists in this line, and it is really comical to see their small independent competitors hasten to Washington and tell what fine men Gary and Schwab are, swearing that there is no Steel Trust and that free competition reigns. Competition does reign; but the competition consists in competing as to who shall get the highest price!

Therefore it will be seen that the real ability of the trusts to earn dividends on watered stocks comes through increased prices, which they ascribe to the increased production of gold and a score of other reasons; in fact, I am always greatly amused when giving an address on Gold Production to note the great applause from my trust friends when I mention increased gold production as one of the causes of increased prices. These rich men, I sometimes fear, would like to endow colleges and writers to preach that all price increases are due to this mysterious gold, which is becoming so common! Perhaps it is becoming common to them; but not to the rest of us! At any rate, I guess they are getting most of this increased production!

A trust, like you and me, follows the lines of least resistance. This enhances its returns to an extent that enables it at the start to confer benefits on both seller and buyer—benefits that it uses as a subsidy for its upbuilding. So it may begin by increasing the returns to the producer by a certain percentage and reducing the cost to the consumer a trifle.

By this means the trust tends to eliminate competitive factors, and presently finds itself in a position to assume in a greater or a lesser degree the functions of a monopoly. It then finds itself in a position to exert its power effectively toward gradually lowering the price it pays the producer and raising the price it charges the consumer; and in accordance with the laws of commerce it employs this power to conserve and promote its interests. In the course of time the trust begins to give rise to antagonisms—antagonism on the part of the producer, due to the lower prices he is compelled to accept; and antagonism on the part of the consumer, due to the higher prices he is compelled to pay.

The trusts, fearing to lose ground, then strengthen their position by merging—by combining with other trusts. This gives the strength that enables them to resist attacks, whether they be in the press, in the courts of law or in the halls of legislation. Thus the system of the trust tends to perpetuate itself and to grow progressively, consuming unjustly not only the legitimate earnings of the people, but taking from them liberty in its most practical form.

### Squeezing Producer and Consumer

THOUGH the flag of a nation is a symbol of liberty in its ideal form, the dollar in the man's pocket is an evidence of liberty in its most practical form. The dollar entitles the owner to a certain measure of merchandise or of leisure. Whoever unjustly deprives the owner of part of this dollar deprives him of part of his rights—of part of his liberty. We thus see that the persistence of the trust system and its progressive growth tend to deprive the people of their rights and to the destruction of liberty.

The other day I was discussing the hocus-pocus of trusts with David Lubin, in Rome, while doing some work at the International Institute of Agriculture, to which I have already referred in these columns.

Mr. Lubin showed the effect of the trusts on farmers by the following illustration:

"Let us take the case of a trust buying its goods from, say, fifty thousand farmers and selling the same to fifty thousand consumers. Now suppose that this trust, having driven away competition by a period of overpaying and underselling, afterward finds itself, when purchasing, in a position to levy a toll equal to one cent a day from each of the fifty thousand farmers—that would be five hundred dollars a day. Then, when selling, it also levies a toll of one cent a day from each of the fifty thousand consumers; that would be another five hundred dollars a day. The five hundred dollars a day from the farmers and the five hundred dollars a day from the consumers would be one thousand dollars a day gain to the trust.

"Now, in addition to this, the trust is enabled to earn a certain percentage—let us say one per cent—on its business by reason of its economic mode of procedure, apart from the tolls it levies on producers and consumers. This extra one per cent would again be, say, five hundred dollars

on buying and five hundred dollars on selling—or an additional thousand dollars a day. Thus we have a total for the trust of two thousand dollars a day extra profit, due to its special mode of operation.

"The case would then stand as follows: one cent loss a day to the individual farmer; one cent loss a day to the individual consumer; and two thousand dollars gain a day to the trust.

"The motive actuating the farmer or the consumer in an endeavor to do away with the trust would be the loss of the one cent a day; whereas the trust, in its efforts to maintain its *statu quo*, is actuated by its desire to continue its extra daily income of two thousand dollars. Thus the ratio of the motive, on the one hand, as compared with that on the other, is as one cent to two thousand dollars. Need we be surprised that the seeming smallness of the loss to the individual farmer and consumer so dulls their incentive to action as to preclude united effort for the remedy?

"But, on the other hand, the incentive that actuates the trust to fight for the maintenance and progress of its system is so pronounced, and the means subject to its control so ample, as to confer on it that degree of strength which enables it to persist and to render itself substantially invincible. Thus the position of the trust seemingly rests on a solid foundation.

"At the same time it is clearly evident that if the trust continues to pursue progressively the course indicated it must end in the enslavement of the people. One trust firmly planted and growing gives rise to the upspringing of other trusts; and almost imperceptibly the trusts begin to draw the cinch—tight, tighter, tightest! Until at last we have the *reductio ad absurdum* of the trust system. The one-cent loss may swell to five cents, then to twenty-five cents, then to fifty, then to anything you please! It may take time—it may take much time; but the trust must inevitably bring about economic slavery for all the people; and economic slavery must, in the long run, give rise to political slavery.

"If this conclusion is justified it brings us face to face with a most singular situation, which no patriotic American can afford to ignore; for it means more than a mere temporary question of higher cost of living—more than a mere passing incident in economic history. What does it mean? It means that there is a cause at work which, if not neutralized—if allowed to persist and to accentuate itself—must ultimately obliterate popular government and destroy the American Republic, entailing a process of ruthless uprooting almost unparalleled in the pages of history. It means that the American farmer and the American consumer are being continuously bled by an omnipresent leech—the trust; and this trust is but another name for a system similar, in our day, to that which brought about the destruction of old Rome."

I am not so pessimistic as is Mr. Lubin whom I have just quoted; but certainly the American people should wake up. The independent producers have waked up and the Government has instituted suits against certain trusts in their behalf. As a result of these suits the trusts are now pacifying these independents, and before many months we shall no longer have them to work for us. Now it is time for American consumers to wake up and fight their own battle. If we do not we shall find that Government prosecutions will stop and the end for us will be worse than the beginning.

The increase in the price of gasoline, since the so-called dissolution of the Standard Oil Company, is a good illustration of this. Yet the trusts have not had time enough to bring to a culmination the evils their continued operation must ultimately produce; but we can all see they were more efficient twenty years ago than they were fifty years ago, and still more efficient ten years ago than twenty years ago; and are they not more efficient today than ten years ago? And may we not expect them to be yet more efficient as time goes on?

What, then—is not efficiency a merit? No, not in this case; quite the contrary. It is idle to talk of the Monroe Doctrine, of battleships, and of other devices for strengthening the nation so long as the trusts constantly increase in power. Just let the trusts get the death-grip in earnest on Americans—that grip which they will surely obtain if not effectively prevented—and then all props for strengthening the nation will prove useless and of no account.

Many people wonder why there are more trusts in America than in Europe. Europe has no laws against trusts as powerful as the Sherman Law of the United States, and yet there are very few trusts controlling food products in Europe. After careful study of this question in Europe, I conclude that the reason is twofold:

1—The small independent producers of Europe are organized. The great weapon of the American trust is not high prices, but low prices! If the trusts could be prevented from selling below cost to stifle the small independents, competition would of itself keep them from raising prices too high. In other words the curse of the American trust is that it destroys the small independent manufacturers and merchants, forcing them to become slaves instead of freemen. The trusts are thus instituting a kind of corporation feudalism—only, instead of owning all the land and making us work for them thereon, the trusts are accumulating the factories and stores, which we are obliged to operate for them.

However, I am not against the trusts as such, nor am I a friend of the small independent merchants and manufacturers because I have any special love for them or their

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# THE ALIEN CORN

## By Melville Davisson Post

ILLUSTRATED BY W. B. KING

I PARTED from Monsieur Jonequel at Marseilles. I might have gone on with him to Algeria, but I was only an aide-de-camp attached to the staff of the commanding general in this affair. It was the Paris branch of our house that had the thing in hand. But I was idling in that city of pleasant sin and they sent me with him. It was an honorable discharge I got at Marseilles, not a desertion.

"Run up to Nice," the prefect had said, "and amuse yourself, monsieur. There is sun in Nice and the whole world to play with. *Diable!* If only one could be always young! . . . What is it that Châteaubriand says? 'If man, constant in his affections, could unceasingly respond to a sentiment everlastingly renewed, he might very well live the life of the gods.'" And he made a delicate gesture with his extended fingers. "If there be a trim ankle in the whole of France you will find it now upon the Promenade des Anglais." The head of the Department of Police in Paris is a gentleman. If you doubt it go into the Théâtre Vaudeville and see La Prise de Berg-op-Zoom.

The head of the Department of Police in London is a baronet; you will remember that from the recent attempt of an assassin to shoot him down in the street before his house.

You will therefore set aside, if you please, the type of persons observed to march at the head of parades in your strangely governed cities, and get, instead of that, a picture of a suave, gray man, who might be a minister of war in a book of memoirs. He gave me a further word at parting.

"You must live on the hills back of Nice," he said; "the low quarters of the town are not healthy. Find a good hotel on the Boulevard des Cimiez."

"And how shall I find it?" I said.

He laughed.

"Why, monsieur, there is nothing easier in this world. The tram ascends from the Avenue de la Gare to Cimiez. Enter it *premier* if you like; but look through into the second-class compartment. You will see some dozen English ladies of noble birth there. You will know them"—he paused a moment—"ah, well, monsieur, by their racial characteristics, let us say, and the mention of two pence. The tariff is *dix centimes*. You will pay *quinze* where you sit. But observe where those ladies descend and follow them."

He laughed again; then he added:

"Try the Imperial Palais; old Monsieur Boulard, from the Champs-Élysées, is proprietor. You will find *chauffage central* and a café to be decorated. Boulard's method when he employs a chef is that of a master, monsieur. He goes in and orders a dinner from the card; when he has tasted it he summons its creator. 'Monsieur,' he will say then, 'you are a good chef—you are an excellent chef; but you are not the best to be had in France. I cannot employ you.'"

"You are, in Very Truth, the Fairy Prince! But I am Not a Fairy Princess"

Then his shrewd face became serious.

"Remember, monsieur, they are all children over there in Nice and this is the season of carnival. You will be bombarded with confetti, and driven by your coattails for a *petit cheval*, and hung with garlands. . . . Laugh, monsieur! Never cease to laugh! Spend your money! Waste your time and forget this unpleasant business that we are on. I shall attend to that. There is a trap laid that they will eventually fall into—if not today, then tomorrow." His face changed swiftly, like a mirror in moving lights. "But do you give it no further thought until I come upon you on some sunny morning. It will be all too soon—believe me—if you have got well into that enchanting frolic."

He reached up and laid his hand upon my shoulder.

"But you will not be a fool, my friend." And he looked at me with his keen gray eyes. "Eat the honey of your golden youth; but mind the bees, monsieur! Kiss the *petite masque* that whispers 'Ello, dearie!' into your Saxon ear; but do not let your heart out of the bag. And do not believe all the words that we speak in France. *Mon dieu!* Have we not a way of saying *fille de joie* when we mean the pit?"

And he turned back at the gangplank of his boat for a final word:

"Keep out of the chill at sunset, *mon cher ami*, and the game at Monte Carlo."

If there is any sun in one's blood it will come out in France: the people are so genial. I traveled up to Nice on the express. An old Frenchman got into my compartment. He was big and stooped, and he had a wilderness of beard; but he was a suave and pleasant person. He read La Patrie through his big, dim spectacles, with his nose against the page; but when we were on the way, and he had got the news of Paris, he put it down, addressed me with a little courteous apology for the monotony and asperities of travel—and we fell into a pleasant talk.

He had a distressing weakness of the chest that ejected him out of Paris in the winter months, and he was on his way to Mentone. He had the history of the Côte-d'Azur upon his fingertips, and he passed from the first days of the world into the last with a charming ease of manner. He pointed out the Roman monuments and the English golf course at Cannes. He spoke of Cæsar and Lord Brougham in the same sentence, and the island where Paganini lay for so long unburied, listening to the great orchestra of the Mediterranean and the winds.

He envied me the holiday in Nice. To be an American, young, rich and traveling for his pleasure, was to have God's blessings bound together in a bundle. Had I a hostelry in Nice arranged for? The city would be crowded, now that the rains were ended. I told him I would go to the Imperial Palais on the Boulevard des Cimiez. Ah, I was very rich, then! And he coughed to lay clear the great contrast in our fortunes. He seemed depressed after that; and when

I got out at Nice I left him huddled over in a corner of the compartment, his big shoulders shaking and his fingers pressed to his mouth, as though he feared a hemorrhage. The thing saddened me—thus to pass by age and its inevitable weaknesses as one entered into the gate of pleasure!

There had come on a little gust of rain and I went up through the city in a thin batter of white mud. I found the hostelry to be very nearly equal to its name. It is in a great semicircle above rising terraces set with orange trees—formal, as though painted upon the scenery of a theater. The interior is upon a plan strikingly unique. The building is in segments opening into the arc of a corridor; each of these segments has its separate stairway and its tiny elevator that ascends in the open hollow of the stair—a little gilded and paneled cage, operated by electric buttons.

And here one has a curious experience of service. Every creature, from Monsieur Boulardе descending, will run to fling open the doors to this dainty mite of a box, bow one in, close the doors, and send one on the way skyward. But one has to pilot this craft for himself and, when he has alighted, close the doors and return it. It is all cleverly worked upon a little nest of buttons. Each of the segments in the structure is a section of exquisite apartments.

The lower and larger ones were taken for the season; but I was shown two farther up, looking out over Nice, that were vacant—each with a balcony and some extravagances in mirrors that added a hundred francs. I chose the top one; and in the morning when I came out from my bath and flung open the long window, and the balmy air and the sun entered, I decided that the balcony was worth the hundred francs. One needed just that above this fairy city, with its clean, red roofs, its mountains of dull-green olive trees, its inimitable sky, and the motionless sea with its vast changing patches of color. There was no breath of wind; there was no wisp of cloud. I stood before it as before some illusion of the senses. How could Nature stage a thing like that? Yes, this balcony was clearly worth the money. At that minute the window below opened and some one stepped out. I looked down.

A woman was standing there on the balcony. She wore a loose gown of delicate blue, and her hair hung to her waist in two wrist-thick plaits. I stared in a sort of wonder. The setting and my mood were agreeable to the entrance of some fairy creature. And here she was, as the painters were accustomed to present her in their pictures.

The very words of the old storytellers were accurately descriptive—hair as yellow as gold and as heavy as gold; and she was little and dainty, like the fairy women. I knew that her eyes were blue like the cornflower before she looked up. I must have made some sound, but she did not see me; and in a moment she went back through the window.

I swallowed my breakfast—this is a practical world—and I made some inquiries of the servant who brought it up. The apartment was taken on this very morning. Madame Nekludoff and maid. A Russian then? "*Oui, monsieur.*" A princess then, perhaps? He shrugged his shoulders and threw out his hands above my pot of coffee. How could one tell? If they said they were it was a sign against it! The coins were true and false! The latest princess of the blood was a dancer from Montmartre, with her hand in a banker's pocket. And a *nègre* from New York had traveled as a rajah! The truth was by contraries, he thought—like dreams. Since this new guest gave no title, she doubtless had one.

The old *femme de chambre* on the floor below was an expert in such matters, however. Monsieur understood? There were skilled dealers in jewels who, by the eye, could tell a spurious brilliant. It was long experience, maybe, or a sort of instinct—one could not say. Well, the ancient Éda was such a judge of the human jewel. Should he enlist her service for monsieur? I declined, and we closed the incident with a coin of the republic.

I went down and smoked innumerable cigarettes on the great terrace among the formal orange trees. Strolling singers came and sang, and children danced; but somehow my interest in events was not with them. I had an eye upon that balcony, but no god moved. I went in to luncheon, and after that to the vantage of my window. It was in vain.

Then, when I had given up and abandoned myself, as Cæsar used to do, to fortune, the thing happened.

I was going down in that absurd gilt box of a lift, when, as I approached the floor below, a little voice called out: "*Ascenseur!*" I had trouble to select the proper button, but finally I got it, and after some endeavors brought the craft to dock and got the doors open. I saw Madame Nekludoff for an instant before she recognized that I was not a servant.

She was not the mere child that she looked in her fairy costume, but she was young—one or two and twenty, I should say. Her face in repose was saddened, as though she had tasted life and found it bitter. She was all in black, but there were no extravagances of mourning in her dress. She had chosen that color, I thought, that she might

*That Night I Had a Run of Luck*

be the less conspicuous; but it was a failure to that end. The somber background served only the more to bring out the lights in her hair and the fair, transparent skin.

She was in a panic of confusion when she saw that I was not a servant.

"Oh, pardon, monsieur!" she said. "I thought it would be *le garçon*. I am sorry! Pardon!" And she turned to go back to her apartment.

I made the best continental bow I could.

"Madame will do me a very great honor," I said, "if she will permit me to take her down. I cannot pretend to a very considerable skill as an aërial pilot, but I think I can manage." I went on, for I feared she would go away forever if I ceased to talk—and the fear was very truly founded: "There ought, of course, to be a genie with this magic box; but he is sleeping or on a journey, and in his absence may I not offer a neighbor's service?"

She declined, however, expressed her regret at having caused me this annoyance, and in some confusion returned to her apartment.

I went down in no very genial mood. Here was the golden door in the wall gone shut before I could get my foot in. I held myself now somewhat lighter in esteem. I must have bungled pretty badly. It would be my doddering, idiotic pleasantries! Whence is it that a man, ordinarily sane, has a seizure of these driveling witticisms upon the moment that the gods give him?

This woman was accustomed to a formal courtesy. And here was a big, simpering barbarian who would be genial, and would seize upon the advantage of an error to strike up a galloping acquaintance. It was no vain institution—these continental manners; and we have them not. And therefore we must be misunderstood, our best motives wrongly interpreted, and ourselves catalogued in a class of *bourgeois*.

I went down to the Promenade des Anglais and sat there on a bench in the sun. The world went by on that great stone way paving the arc of the sea. Workmen in blue blouses were setting up standards along the streets, and cunning electrical devices, and building seats in tiers. Crowds of people moved like swarms of butterflies. An old, huge Italian came upon me with a basket of wire masks. He knew a little English and was proud to display it with his wares.

The meester would go into the carnival this night, perhaps, with friends, in a carriage? They would have a bag of—I never could get the word—but I found out later that he meant the little clay balls that are thrown like handfuls of shot, in place of confetti, and must be kept off with a mask. And he displayed his wares—pink; blue; every color. The meester would need several perhaps? He would not be alone in his carriage!

I told him with some asperity of language that I had no carriage for this night—nor any friend; and that he would oblige me by going to the devil! But he was a rogue of perennial good humor. He leered at me across his basket. The meester would not go to bed this night because his spirits were cast down! This was the gala night. Nice would be wonderland this night! The gnomes, the elfin people, and all the grotesque creatures of the fairy world would possess the city! Men traveled from the ends of the earth for this night only. And would the meester go to sleep, then, like a lout before the fire? Let him secure a mask for two francs and forget the tables if chance were the offender—or his mistress if she had cut him. There would be fortune another day, and Nice on this night would be full of women; in fact, there was no supply of anything in France so plentiful.

I got up from the bench and left him; but he followed me to say that he would keep his eye upon me and that I should purchase from him, not one mask, but two, or he was no honest tradesman from Bordighera and the son of a poet!

I went into a shop on the Rue de Félix Fauvre and got an English book. But I could not have read the Memoirs of the Abbess of Odo. I presently gave it into the hand of a young woman who sold me a *ravissant* cigar, manufactured in Algeria—quite true, as I discovered, and from the frayed cables in the harbor there! I went then to the Crédit Lyonnais and tried to deposit a draft; but to all my tenders I received the same polite assurance in my native tongue: "Et es not sufficient." I did not care, for I had money in my pocket; but the universe was out of joint. I took a *fiacre* to my hotel and sat once more on the terrace among the orange trees.

Evening was descending, the air was motionless, and the colors of the world were stolen out of Paradise. And yet, with it all, I sat before it some distance down in the Inferno because a certain balcony was empty. The thing was incomparably absurd—to be thus dispossessed by a fancy! But then it is the fancies in this life that have power to dispossess us! If one goes upon an adventure in enchanted countries, shall he be unmindful of the damsel he meets there? It is not so written in the tales of Bagdad!

I was interrupted by a great buzzing. A gigantic bird circled over Nice; and far away, in the direction of Cannes, a speck was approaching; and behind it another, and still another, traveled in the dead air above the motionless sea like a projectile, until it, too, became a monster bird with black wings and a yellow body. I might have looked for these creatures in this enchanted country. Should one meet here every other wonder of Arabia and not find the roc! The whole aërial fleet of France, encamped in the flat meadows toward Cannes, was in maneuver.

In a moment the windows were full of people. I looked for Madame Nekludoff; but, instead, there came out on the balcony a squat, middle-aged woman with the aspect of a peasant. She seemed to speak to some one inside, for I could see her lips move; and she looked down once at me; then she opened the windows as wide as she could get them, in order, I thought, that some one inside could see without coming out. It occurred to me then that my surveillance was observed by madame and that it annoyed her.

I got up and went inside, took a cold plunge, got my dinner and determined to go out and see all the carnival, like any sensible person. Monsieur Boulardе said it would be time enough when I heard the cannon; but he was mistaken in that sign. There was a red glow over the city when I went out. The procession was beginning to enter the Avenue de la Gare.

The streets looking into it were packed with people. I could see above their heads. Troupes of gnomes, hunchbacked, fearfully deformed, with large, nodding heads, passed. Gigantic cabbages and carrots followed; devils mounted on horseback. Eight horses passed, dragging a red papier-mâché lion twenty feet high and long in proportion; and on the head of the creature, in a pose of sublime heroism, stood Tartarin of Tarascon. Behind came the washerwomen of the Var, with faces greater than a winebarrel, that smirked with a sort of Titanic glee, which the men under the disguise helped out by doing an absurd little step, holding their petticoats in the tips of their fingers like dancers.

I wished to get a little closer to the Avenue de la Gare, but I could not for the crowd of people and carriages immovable in the narrow street. I saw then the folly of going this night in a carriage. It became at once imbedded in the crowd, and one had to give it up and go on foot to see. I determined to get into the Place Masséna, so I could watch the procession enter it from the Avenue de la Gare.

As I forced my way out of the crowd I saw the Italian who sold masks, with his basket on his arm and his big body on tiptoe, stretching up over the crowd. He seemed to divine my intention and followed me. The Place Masséna was also crowded, and the stand of seats in the center was black with people. I understood then how only a Latin can make a fantasy in lights.

Vast, gorgeous, fluttering butterflies caught in golden webs hung across the Avenue de la Gare, suspended above it at every cross-street, with the effect, when one looked along it, of being laced over with the innumerable webs of some monster spider, in which were entangled every variety of beautiful and delicate insect. And inclosing the whole of the Place Masséna were vast fans of many-colored lights, radiating out from some grotesque head and standing above gorgeous draperies.

On the west side of the square stood the pavilion of the King of the Carnival, hung in purple velvet, surmounted by a great circle of lights, studded with huge jewels. The King of the Carnival was himself now passing before it—a great figure of a jolly monarch, in striped hose and a slashed doublet, grasping in his right hand the image of a jester in cap and bells, and seated in a gigantic *fiacre*. My attention was taken from His Majesty by a storm of laughter.

A mammoth float towering to the tops of the houses was entering from the Avenue de la Gare. An opera-bouffe pirate rode seated on the head of a great dolphin and preceded by a long boat of his crew, with their oars in the air.

The thing was grotesque enough, for the leviathan had been caught with a thread of a fishline. But the roar of laughter was from another cause. Here was solved the immortal mystery that had baffled Paris: The jolly pirate carried the Mona Lisa under his right arm, and his left thumb to his nose, with his fingers extended—it is the oldest gesture in the world, to be found on a frieze in Pompeii, where the little boys salute with it those who come last in the chariot races of the circus.

And following at the heels of the Bandit de Pegomas came les Gardiens du Louvre, sound asleep in the big empty picture frames, the faces inconceivably stupid and covered with spider webs. They rode propped up against the side of a rough wooden box, such as pictures are packed in, and they were drawn by a donkey, also with an empty frame round his neck; while on top of the empty box, as a delicate suggestion to the authorities, were several varieties of watchdogs in elaborate Parisian uniforms.

"*Voilà!*" some one cried out. "How excellently they sleep in Paris! Have they, perhaps, also a Madonna of the Lotus!"

They were works of genius—those two floats; a piece of subtle, piercing sarcasm that only a Latin could have manufactured. And the whole of Nice shook, as Homer says, with inextinguishable laughter. There drifted behind them a horde of specters, ghosts, wraiths—as though all the cities of the dead had emptied themselves into the Place Masséna.

Then came the great fabric of a dream—the shimmering fantastic palace of Harun-al-Rashid, raised, as by some incantation, from the baked earth of Arabia, with splendid white domes, delicate, lacy porticoes and arches, and gorgeous silken canopies, under which the houris of some divine harem danced and sang a weird, haunting, sensuous love song, with a shrill, high, passionate refrain, ending in a cry of Allah! One got the very soul of the East, languorous and soft, dreamy with desire, steeped in perfume.

Every variety of wonder followed—an endless procession of fairy extravaganza, until one believed himself come into the enchanted city of Morgana the Fay.

Midnight had arrived. The great floats were disappearing from the Place Masséna. Crowds of shouting, singing, dancing maskers were beginning to fill the streets. The gnomes and the goblins were now abandoning the city to the nymphs and the satyrs. Fancy costumes, dainty and beautiful, supplanted the grotesque. The whole world was masked and arsenaled with confetti and bags of plaster pellets. One was seized, bombarded, whirled into a maze of dancers.

Every moment the fun became more furious and abandoned. A hamadryad, standing in a baker's cart drawn by a donkey, declared that the donkey was a fairy prince that she would awaken into life when she could find a man to take his place. A dozen volunteered. She seized the hand of the one who arrived first, and drawing him up on to the platform of boards nailed across the bed of the cart, they began to dance *le tango Argentino*, the *danse de l'ours*, the *marche de dindon;* while the crowd hung the donkey with garlands and tramped slowly round the Place Masséna singing the songs of the carnival.

A madness as of drugs and wine was on the city, but there was no man either drugged or drunken, except now and then an English or American visitor, who staggered with champagne and, in a city full of shouting revelers, was alone brutal. One of these proved an instrument of destiny.

I was standing under the arch at the entrance to the Avenue de la Gare when I heard a woman cry out with a sharp exclamation of fear. I turned to see Madame Nekludoff struggling to free herself from the clutch of a big man in a black mask. He was dragging her by the arm, staggering, and shouting in English: "Come on, you hussy! Come on, you hussy!" The man was evidently inflamed with the riot of the carnival; and the woman, her hair tossed and her eyes distended, was in a very panic of terror.

I forced my way through the crowd, wrenched his hand loose and struck him in the chest. He reeled back, cursing me in English. I drew Madame Nekludoff away into the shelter of the arch. She was trembling violently.

"Oh," she said, "it is you! I am so glad!"

She would have fallen, but I put my arm round her and held her close. Her body relaxed and her head sank on my shoulder. I stood back in the shadow of the arch while the carnival rioted round me—a man come upon the very treasure of his dream! The limp, soft body seemed to cling to me; the delicate perfume of her hair was on my face. A great possessing desire came over me to gather her up in my arms and find her mouth—and kiss her. It was my one chance, perhaps, in this world and forever more! Would I take it or let it go? But at that very instant the seizure of weakness passed. She swung out from me and stood up, but she still trembled a little and she kept hold of my hand.

"Oh! the brute!" she said. She put her free hand up to her hair. Then she began to speak, a little gasp still in her voice:

"I came out with my maid in a carriage, but the carriage could not move and we had to get out; we became separated, and I was caught in the crowd and carried along down the Avenue de la Gare. It was awful! I could not get out—and after that this beast caught me! What a horror!" She looked up into my face and smiled though her red mouth was still quivering. "I am sorry I was rude to you this morning."

She was like a child smiling through tears. Something in my bosom smothered me. I began to stammer:

"I am all alone. I do not know any one. I saw you there—down there on the balcony. I never saw a woman like you anywhere! You won't—you won't go away now?" And my hand tightened on her fingers.

She looked at me strangely for a moment. Then she smiled.

"How can I go away, my friend? I can no more get out of this crowd now than I could before you came."

"But tomorrow," I said, "you will let me see you?"

She stood for some time before she answered; and when she spoke she did not look at me, and she seemed troubled and embarrassed.

"I don't think you will understand!" She hesitated and faltered with the words. "I am not quite at liberty—to do—to do as I like. I must be careful—very careful—just now. And our women are not free as they are in your happy country. And besides, my friend, it would be no kindness to you—it would only involve you in—in—I cannot say what misfortune. You are free. Remain free, my friend! No, I must not be seen with you. I am sorry!"

"Then you need me!" I said. "Let me help you."

"No," she replied; "it is impossible. You cannot help me. No one can help me! You must go away."

"That I will not do," I said. "I must see you again somewhere."

"Oh," she said, "how I hate things like this! I cannot pretend. I wish I could be quite frank with you. I wish I could tell you. But how can I! How can I!"

Her voice trembled with emotion. I clung to the floating plank.

"Once more," I pleaded; "somewhere!"

She wavered.

"Tomorrow afternoon, then, at three—at the gate of the convent on the hill above Cimiez."

She took my arm and we went out into the Place Masséna. A shower of plaster pellets fell over us. The Place Masséna was a maelstrom. Madame Nekludoff gave a little cry and covered her face with her arm. A voice spoke at my elbow. I turned to find again the big Italian and his basket of wire masks.

"Two, meester?" And he leered at me, holding up a pair of fingers.

II

THERE is a narrow open aqueduct threading along the great mountain over Nice—a tiny canal that carries the water for the city. I do not know in what far-off lake of snow water it begins, but one can follow it for miles, trailing gently through the olive groves, disappearing under a little shoulder of the hills to come out in the sun beyond. A stream of crystal, uncovered and flowing gently, now and then a leaf or a wisp of grass or a bit of an olive twig on its surface. The grade of the aqueduct is almost imperceptible as it rises to the gap in the mountains, a V of blue descending like a wedge into the remote skyline.

There is a path along this fairy water. I had come up on to the hill beyond Cimiez in the tram to the place where it ends abruptly in the middle of the road. There, a little farther on, I had found a white figure among the orange trees in the garden of the convent, and we had taken this path along the idling water into the mountains.

I had believed yesterday that there could be no better background for Madame Nekludoff's beauty than black and the severities of dress; but I was mistaken in that fancy. Today she was in white—a thing imagined in Paris, but surely tailored in Bond Street—a French adaptation of an English shooting costume; the skirt in wide plaits; the coat with a belt and patch pockets, but fitting to the figure. The material was heavy Chinese silk, as firm and thick as duck, and only to be had of a tailor in London.

Two things, however, were alluringly blended in this costume—the crisp freshness of out-of-doors and the softness of all things feminine and delicate, as, for instance, the first blossoms of the wild brier that go to pieces under the human hand. I thought the thing by its happy charm returned Madame Nekludoff to the first morning of some immortal youthfulness—as though on this afternoon, as in some Arabian story, cracking a roc's egg, I had found her sleeping within it, her chin dimpling in her silk palm.

Moreover, the background of sadness in her face was gone. She laughed and chatted like a schoolgirl escaped from a convent. She stooped to gather the little flowers along the path, to show them to me and to point out their beauties. She would catch my arm and nestle down in the dry grasses when a bird sang, and hunt him out among the gnarled limbs of the olive trees; or she would pluck a reed and, kneeling by the aqueduct, steer the dead leaves that floated along as though they were elfin ships on some mysterious voyage. She would dip her fingers in the water and fling the drops in my face, and then spring up and run along the path, screaming with laughter like a naughty child. When I caught up with her she was changed again into a woman I had not the courage to touch. And she would show me the Mediterranean, lying below like a sheet of burnished azure metal.

*She Only Cared to be Rid of This Obligation. And Then—Would I Come Back to Her?*

I think there must be some law in Nice against traveling on the path along this aqueduct, for we met no one. The whole enchanted world belonged to our two selves. We wandered on, following this lost path through the great deserted mountain of olive groves.

I do not know how the thing happened! We had come upon one of those narrow blades of the mountain that the aqueduct burrowed under. I had helped my companion over it, and we were now in a little sunny pocket, with an abandoned olive grove rising in terraces above us, and a great gorge below, full of reeds and opening like a door on the sea. There was no sound but the drone of far-off winged things in the air. I had Madame Nekludoff's hand, when suddenly, taken by the great flood of an impulse, I swung her into the hollow of my shoulder, caught her up in my arms and kissed her. She gave a little gasping cry that I smothered on her mouth.

"I love you!" I whispered. "I love you! I love you!"

She threw out her arm with her hand against my shoulder, as though she would free herself—but the force of resistance seemed to go out of her hand; it crept up on my shoulder, then round my neck. She hid her face to escape the smothering kisses; but she clung to me, murmuring something I did not understand. I held her with my left arm, put the hollow of my right hand under her chin, and turned her face out where I could see it.

It was like the face of some dream woman rising out of a mirage of opium—the great wealth of glorious silken hair massed round it; the eyes closed; the sensitive red mouth trembling; and the delicate satin skin bloodless as a ghost. I kissed her again, bedding her soft throat in the trough of my hand.

At that moment a great voice bellowed out in the gorge under our feet. Madame Nekludoff wrenched herself out of my arms and sprang up. Far below us a big peasant slouched along a path through the reeds, on his way to Nice with a brace of pullets. He was lonely and had broken out into one of the booming songs of the carnival. He had a voice that would have filled the magnificent distances of opera; and all unconscious of us, having the great stage to himself, he bellowed notes that boomed through the cathedral of the hills.

Madame Nekludoff stood breathing deeply and staring wide-eyed at the distant singer. She put her hands up to her hair and adjusted it with little deft touches. The color came and went in her face. Finally she went over to the little bank running along the aquedurt carpeted with dry grasses and sat down. She covered her face with her hands.

There was something too personal and delicate in this simple act to intrude upon. She was so little and sweet, and the attitude so wistful and appealing, that I sat down on the grass beside her and waited with all the restraint that I could summon to my aid. It is not easily that one, a step across the sill from Paradise, waits at the door!

Presently, with her hands remaining over her face, she began to speak hurriedly, her voice nervous, tense—running in and out of a whisper. And a story—big, vital, packed with tragedy—emerged. She etched it out with sure, deft strokes, leaving silences and inaudible words to furnish the background and the shadows. Her voice now scurried along like a frightened thing; now took the cover of silence; now crept along in the shadow of evil vaguely to be suggested; and then it became firm and sure, where a desperate resolution had been taken and carried out; and again fearful and hurried; then low and apprehensive.

I got the story warm and pulsing with life, as though, by some divine surgery, the woman had been thrown on to the slab of an amphitheater and the thing vivisected out of her bosom; and I listened, motionless and without a sound. But this equanimity was but an aspect of the shell of the man, as the body sometimes in sleep lies prone and motionless while the mind within it lives the wildest life.

She had been sold to the Grand Duke Dimitri Volkonsky, that abandoned and profligate noble whom the Czar had banished out of Russia. Why soften the term? Sold was the only word for it! Her mother she had never known. She had lived with a decayed aunt on a little wasting estate a hundred and fifty kilometers east of Moscow.

She had been educated in a convent and very carefully watched over. Poverty seemed to lie about her, but there had been money enough to give her every comfort, even in the dreary convent. There was always something sinister in this extreme care—in the good quality of the food always somehow provided—in the fire that always burned in her room—in the exaggerated attention given to her person.

Now and then her father came to visit her. He seemed to be a man of the world, always elegantly dressed; but she was not attracted to him, uneasy in his presence and always happy when he went away. His comings did not seem to be at the call of a paternal love for her. They appeared rather to be visits of inspection. He made the minutest inquiry into all the details of her daily life, and into her studies and accomplishments, and gave precise directions. He was particularly anxious that she should speak English, French and Italian as perfectly as she spoke Russian; and being himself an accomplished linguist he always spoke to her in these languages, changing from one to the other in the middle of a sentence and at the half of an idea.

His principal concern, however, was for her person. He wrote down instructions about her food, her baths, her exercise. When he had believed her throat to be too thin he had ordered it massaged. He had prescribed gymnastics to develop her arms. She should walk but little, for he wished her feet to remain small and delicate. Thus her life ran until she was nineteen, when—two years before—her father had appeared, ordered her possessions packed and carried her to Paris.

He took her to a house of old Paris near the Faubourg St. Germain, inclosed by an ancient wall, studded with iron spikes. Here he delivered her into the hands of a woman loaded with jewels—a big, old woman with a Hapsburg nose.

*I Knew That Her Eyes Were Blue Like the Cornflower Before She Looked Up*

"Princess," he said, "my daughter lacks only one thing to make her the most attractive woman in Europe. Teach her that thing."

The old woman's eyes blinked above the big pouches below her eyelids.

"Eh, Michaelovitch?" she said. "Let us see." And she got up and, turning the girl about by the arm, examined her as one would examine a colt in a paddock. Then she went back and sat down in her big gilt chair. "How long do you give me?" she said.

"Six months, princess," replied the man.

The old woman considered.

"A year, Michaelovitch!" she finally said, and held out her fat jeweled hand for the man to kiss. He carried the fingers to his lips and went away.

For a year, then, this girl from a Russian convent was taught the arts and mysteries of dress and of the drawing room, under the eye and the hand of this terrible old drill-master, who had been a lady in waiting to a now vanished court. The great tradeswomen of the Rue de la Paix came and explained the secrets of their craft; the designers of the great houses studied her; charts were made setting out the colors and combinations of colors suited to her person. And always the old woman taught her every trick and every art whereby, in a setting of the most conventional manner, the feminine charm may be made alluring and sensuous.

"It is not what is shown," she was accustomed to say, "but what is threatened to be shown that plays the devil."

Then one day she sent for the girl's father and said to him:

"Michaelovitch, you have now in your hand the most merchantable commodity in the whole of France. Begone with it to the market!"

Her father took his daughter then to the Hotel de Paris in Monte Carlo, and for a fortnight dangled her before the eyes of the Grand Duke Dimitri, who was forever experimenting with systems in the Casino. He showed her in all her varieties of plumage against the background of the freshness of her youth. "My daughter!" he would say, as though his love had always inclosed her like a shell. And finally he had sold her.

The woman's voice hurried and stumbled on. Of course the conventions were to be followed! But it was a sale for all that, with a delivery of the article by the priest. The marriage was to be effected at the grand duke's château in Haute-Savoie. She was taken there by the old woman who was now with her. It was a wild, deserted district of the Alps in the severities of winter. Toward the summit was an ancient monastery, hidden by a *mer de glace*. But a great cross a hundred feet high emerged.

In the valley was a little village; and above, on a shelf of the rock, hung the red château, like a splotch of blood on the vast spotless carpet of white.

She was dressed for the wedding at the inn in the village. Then the woman with her gave her into the hands of a big monk who took her to the château, the woman remaining in the inn. There she was married. Then she was shown to the grand duke's retainers in a big, smoky hall, loaded with food and drink for a barbarian revel.

It was the custom for the lord to sit at the head of this barbarian feast and start it on the way on the bridal night. That this custom might be followed she was taken to the bridal chamber by the priest, who acted now as a guardian, and the key turned in the lock—to await the coming of her husband.

The body of the woman rocked; her hands tightened over her face; her voice took the cover of breaks and silences. The vast horror of the scene emerged—the horror of loneliness, of terror, of loathing. The girl stood in the middle of the great chamber, motionless with fear. A huge bed, raised on a dais, surmounted by a gilt crown and hung with curtains of silk, seemed to increase in size as under some hideous magic and crowd her into a corner. Shouts, songs and drunken voices mounted up through the walls to her. Then finally she heard the feet of men on the stair.

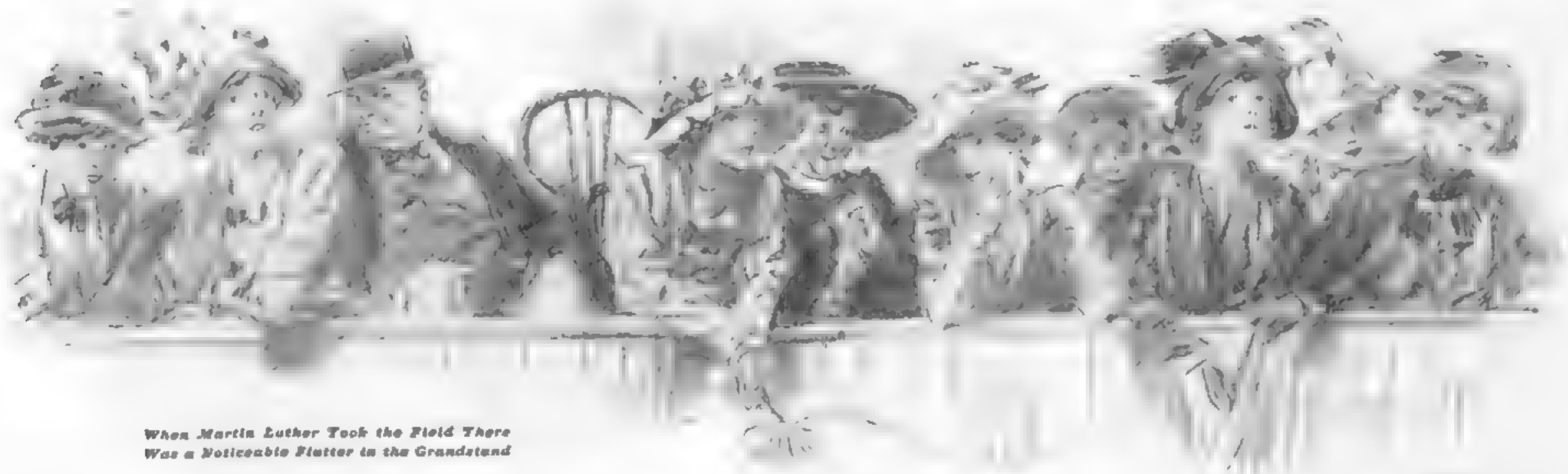
The menace struck her into life. She ran to the window and threw it open, intending to fling herself out. There she saw that the whole wall was covered with vines. She crawled over the stone sill and, clinging to the net of vines, began to descend. Halfway down she heard a great bawling of obscenities and oaths; the drunken noble, flinging back the monks who sought to restrain him, was coming after her over the sill of the window! He came out, one leg at a time, like some huge spider, his big body bulking shapeless in the window.

He seized the vines as she had done and began to descend; but her own fingers had already dragged them loose or his greater weight was too much—for suddenly his body shot past her with a hideous cry, the arms extended like a cross and the straining fingers clutching handfuls of vines.

She was now at the level of the floor below. There was a ledge here and a balustrade. She dropped on to it, followed it round the face of the château to a terrace

(Continued on Page 29)

# Nine Assists and Two Errors



When Martin Luther Took the Field There Was a Noticeable Flutter in the Grandstand

## By Charles E. Van Loan

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

THOSE dry historians, the keepers of the official box score, say it cannot be done. They will tell you that it is not baseball; and that the sacred rules of the same, as ratified by the National Commission, may not be trifled with to such an extent as to charge two errors against a middle-aged man who sits on the bench, chews plug tobacco and takes no active part in the game. They may also call attention to the physical impossibility of crediting nine men with an assist apiece upon the person of a single player—and no put-out registered.

Away with these figure-mongers! They are more to be pitied than censured; and if they are lacking in imagination, delicate sentiment and the true spirit of romance, they owe it to long association with the box score. Figures are honest things, but dust dry and painfully prosaic. This is the story of Shamus Kehoe and the Sentimental Harps; Shamus made the errors and the Harps made the assists; and, for fear the scorekeepers may miss something, each point will be ticked off for their especial benefit.

Shamus Kehoe, known wherever baseballs fly as Shameless Kehoe, the bench manager of the brilliant ball team called the Harps, was the last sturdy bulwark against what he was pleased to term "the foreign ilimint in baseball."

By foreigners Shamus meant all Germans, Scandinavians, Italians, native New Englanders and college men.

Kehoe was a relic of the lively days when umpires went into hiding after every game, sleeping in their boots to make sure of a flying start. When his playing days were over and he found himself a bench manager, with a permanent Charley-horse in his left leg, and power to act as he saw fit, he spoke his mind to Mannie Freiberger, the young owner of the club.

"It's a winnin' ball team ye want, I take it?" said Kehoe.

"I do that!" said Freiberger. "On paper the team looks all right; but ——"

"Ye've said enough!" interrupted the new manager sternly. "All right on paper, is it? Listen—Schwartz! Olson! Lagomarsino! Rosenbaum! Schneider! Whitcomb! Talliaferro! Steinmitz! That's a fine bunch av bir-rds to be chasin' pennants with! There ain't a natural ballplayer in the lot!"

"I don't see how you figure that out," protested the owner. "Those men are all good players—every one of them."

"Pinocle? Yes. Baseball? No!"

Thus in four words did Shamus Kehoe foreshadow his future policy as manager. He stepped out into the baseball mart and traded the Schneiders and the Lagomarsinos and the Steinmitzes with a lavish hand, gathering about him a collection of names that smote pleasantly upon his ear. A camel might pass through the eye of a needle with less difficulty than a foreigner would experience in planting his name upon Shameless Kehoe's payroll.

Other managers, lacking in sentiment and proper feeling, threw down the bars to towheaded Norwegians with batting averages, stolid but talented Teutons, and perfumed college boys; but Shamus Kehoe, believing with heart and soul that all the great players of history were Irish, stood firm against the invading horde, preserving upon his payroll the ancient traditions of the national pastime. The first question he asked about a recruit was often the last: "What is the name av him?"

It needed three years to assemble a new ball club—a more difficult feat than most people imagine. Big-league performers are scarce at best and Kehoe's choice was restricted; but at last he looked upon a finished work and told Mannie Freiberger that the time had come to enlarge the grandstand and bleachers.

For instance, there was the Harp outfield: Aloysius Gilligan in left; John Tyrone Gallegher in center, and Wolfe Tone Finnigan in right. No one will ever know how much time, money and thought were spent in collecting that precious trio. Gilligan came first—Shamus gave two Germans and a Swede for him, and would have thrown in an Italian if necessary. Then Gallegher was discovered upon the sandlots of Boston. Lastly, and the crowning stroke of fortune, Wolfe Tone Finnigan dropped, a gift from Heaven, off the back end of an ice-wagon in Chicago. Finnigan was a small, wizen-faced young man, who was never known to miss a fly ball or an early morning mass; and in some quarters it was believed that he had once entertained hopes of becoming a Christian Brother.

The infield was no less a notable achievement—with Tad Costigan at first; Mixed-ale Mulligan at second; little Malachy Dugan at short, and Francis X. Shea at third—all natural ballplayers, as their names would indicate.

The best team is no stronger than its catching staff. Dan'l O'C. O'Malley; Bartholomew Burke, better known as Barking Bart, and Windy Jawnny O'Brien—these were the first, second and third string catchers.

The pitchers were also handpicked, with a careful eye to specifications.

"The best pitchin' staff in the world!" Kehoe used to boast. "Hark to the names av thim: Flannel Halloran; Brick Donovan; Red Timothy Tierney; Robert Innmit McInerney; Philip Casey; Black Peter J. Prenderghast, an' Judge Jimmy O'Houlihan—kin to the kings av Ireland. It might be stronger had we a Kelly, a Sullivan or a Dooley to fall back upon; but let it go at that. Show me the team av squareheaded Swedes or downhearted Dutchmen that can drive thim from the box!"

In January Shamus Kehoe received an official communication from Mannie Freiberger, which read as follows:

*My dear Mr. Kehoe:* Yours of the tenth instant, in regard to reservations for yourself and family at spring training camp, received and contents noted. Same shall have prompt attention.

Kindly arrange to give a thorough trial to a recruit pitcher named Martin L. McCall, who has been recommended to me. He will join the team at Roseville. I have a personal interest in McCall and hope that you will be able to make something out of him. Trusting that yourself and family are enjoying the best of health, I am

Yours very truly, I. FREIBERGER.

Shamus Kehoe read the letter to his wife, who had been a Miss Veronica Shaughnessy before she decided to spend the greater part of a ballplayer's paycheck. Shamus read all the business letters to her and it was persistently rumored about the clubhouse that Mrs. Kehoe, sitting as the last court of appeal, cast the deciding vote in many minor matters affecting the team.

"That's the worst av these absentee owners!" growled Kehoe, crushing Freiberger's letter in his hand. "They hire a man to run the ball club accordin' to his own ideas an' fancies, and then they want to jog his elbow every little while. Martin L. McCall! Where did he ever tend bar? The name has the right sound, but I never heard tell av him—not even as a bush pitcher."

"Don't be grumblin', Shamus," said Veronica. "Dear heart alive! Supposin' now he'd asked ye to try out a pitcher named Cohen?"

"Glory!" shouted Kehoe. "Mannie is no Solomon, but he knows better than that. Martin L.? I'll bet ye, ma'am, McCall's middle name is Luke; an' f'r that he'll get his chance in spite av Freiberger's pers'nal interest in him."

Mannie Freiberger's interest in the recruit pitcher had a flavor of business about it. His father, Abraham Freiberger, had extensive dealings with the J. J. McCall Shoe Company, of Boston, Massachusetts. Mr. J. J. McCall had mentioned to Mr. A. Freiberger that his son Martin, just out of college, was desirous of "pitching a little professional baseball for the fun of the thing." Mr. A. Freiberger knew nothing whatever about the national pastime save what he had been able to gather from glancing over the yearly financial statement, but he was a competent business man and he reflected that the McCall account was a large one and worth keeping at a price. He mentioned the matter to his son, Mr. I. Freiberger, also a competent business man, who touched a button and dictated the letter to Shamus Kehoe that established a benevolent protectorate over the person of the unknown McCall. Thus do commercial interests encroach upon science and art.

II

IN THE hurry and bustle attending the Southern training trip Shamus forgot all about Mr. Freiberger's friend. He was more interested in some sponsorless recruits—a Daly; a Callahan; two Murphys, and a scattering of McCaffertys, Delaneys and Shanahans. He had high hopes of Daly as soon as he learned that the young man's first name was Ignatius.

Mr. Kehoe's immediate family also claimed a share of his attention—for the girls, Cornelia and Patricia, were to accompany their parents.

Cornelia Kehoe, aged nineteen, was a shy, dark-haired slip of a girl, in whose blue eyes dwelt the romance that is born in every true Irish heart. Cornelia was a dreamer, an idealist—a reader of romantic fiction, to whom life was an adventure, an expedition into sentimental byways. In Cornelia's eyes the most commonplace individuals were apt to assume strange disguises and noble attributes. She was fond of Sir Walter Scott and Marie Corelli; and her father, who confined his reading to the annual Guide, often said he wished Corney would read less and eat more. Romance and corned beef do not go well together.

Patricia Kehoe was a tomboy—freckled-faced, fifteen and frank to an amazing degree. Since babyhood ballplayers had been her friends; they were now her idols. The one great sorrow of her life was that her father would not allow her to wear a uniform and sit on the bench.

"Shame on ye, Patsy!" chided Kehoe. "Ye're gettin' to be a great big girl now, an' ye must wear skirts like other females. And, annyway, the bench is no place f'r the young an' innicint. Sometimes, when we're havin' our troubles to beat a gang av Swede longshoremen an' the language is runnin' high an' wild, I question if 'tis a fit place f'r me."

So Patricia watched the games from the grandstand, and woe to the Harp who made an error—for Patricia kept her own score. She exulted fiercely over a victory and mourned over a defeat, and Shamus Kehoe often looked after her with a wistful shake of his head.

"Powers above!" he would mutter. "What a shortstop she'd have made—if she'd only been a boy!"

Three days after the recruits arrived in Roseville, Kehoe, sitting in the hotel lobby after the day's work, gazed upon a strange apparition. It took the form of a tall, thin youth, clad in advertising-section clothes, which gave him the appearance of having no shoulders, stomach or hips. He wore snub-nosed tan shoes and a shaggy cloth hat with no more than the barest suspicion of a brim—somewhat resembling an inverted bowl. A great deal of yellow hair was pushed sternly away from his forehead in the general direction of the nape of his neck, and about his three-inch collar was a knitted scarf of a violent hue. Behind the stranger staggered two bellboys, laden with suitcases and satchels, to say nothing of a bag of golf clubs, a lawn-tennis racket or two and a mandolin in a leather box.

"All dhressed up like a broken arm!" murmured Shamus Kehoe. "An' 'tis plain to be seen that the young man hates himself bitterly. Fr'm the look av him he's ayther the Duke av Flatbush or the Earl av Fifth Avenay."

After the young man had inscribed his name upon the hotel register and the elevator had snatched him upward Kehoe strolled over to the desk, seeking to gratify an idle curiosity. There, upon the page, staring at him in bold, round script, were these words: Martin L. McCall, Boston, Massachusetts.

Shamus Kehoe made noises in his throat and waggled his fingers at the clerk.

"Had ye speech with this party?" he demanded, placing his finger upon the signature.

"Why, no," said the clerk. "He waltzed up to the desk and said he wanted the best suite in the house. I gave it to him—and that's all there was to it. Floesy-looking boy—eh?"

"Ye gave him the best in tho house?" howled Kehoe. "Then take it away fr'm him! Chase him over in the Annex, along with the other bushers! The best in the house, says he! Who does he think he is—Chris Matchewson or Ty Cobb? Roust him!"

"I'm awfully sorry," apologized the clerk. "I didn't know he was one of the team."

"He ain't!" sputtered Kehoe. "He ain't; an' ye can win a swell bet f'r yerself that he won't never be! He's a friend av Freiberger's is what he is—bad luck to Mannie f'r wishin' him on to me! But the club is payin' his ixpinses the little while he's here; so hump yerself an' evict him fr'm the bridal suite before he takes root an' grows fast to the furniture. Poke him away in a hall bedroom somewheres an' leave him have McCafferty f'r company. Mac's grandfather come fr'm Donegal, an' I took a dislike to that North-av-Ireland goosoon the first time I laid eyes on him."

In ten minutes the clerk was back again, nervous and more apologetic than ever.

"He—he says he won't move."

"What's that?" shouted Shamus Kehoe. "Lead me to him! I'll move him so quick 'twill make his head swim!"

The manager of the Harps burst into McCall's room just as that young man was emerging from the bathtub. Under the circumstances his self-possession was remarkable.

"G'wan! Get out av here!" barked Kehoe. "What d'ye think a trainin' camp is—the Waldorf-Asthoria?"

"Judging by the appearance of the best rooms in the house, no," said Martin L. McCall, continuing to polish his shoulders with a bath towel. "And who are you? The fireman or the head porter?"

Shamus choked.

"My name is Kehoe," said he with a powerful effort at self-control that made the veins of his neck stand out prominently. Martin L. McCall whistled. Then he dropped the towel and held out his hand.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Kehoe," said he. "I didn't mean to be fresh; I simply didn't know who you were. I apologize to you, sir, for a rudeness I assure you was unintentional."

Shamus Kehoe gulped a few times and then took the proffered hand which met his with a quick, firm pressure. Kehoe liked men who shook hands as if they meant it; and, prejudiced as he was, there was that about this lean, trim, smiling lad which disarmed Shamus and left him fumbling for words.

"I understand," said McCall, "that there is a question about these rooms. If you don't mind I'll keep them, and I expect to pay my own bills while I am here. It's like this, sir," and the boy slipped into the vernacular: "I may turn out to be quite a pitcher—and then again I may be a piece of cheese. I wouldn't have the crust to ask any ball club to gamble my hotel bill on the result. That's fair enough, isn't it, Mr. Kehoe?" Again the brilliant smile.

"Fair an' well spoken," said Shamus Kehoe. "Say no more about it. 'Twas an unfortunate mistake I made. It ain't exactly customary f'r a bush ballplayer to have money, ye understand. I'll bid ye good evenin'." And Shamus went down in the elevator, shaking his head in a dazed manner.

*Between Times He Taught Her to Play Tennis and Golf, and Gave Her Lessons on the Mandolin*

"The young divvil has a nice way with him," thought Kehoe, "and I'll bet he's a bear among the women!"

Later, when the Kehoe family were at dinner, Martin L. McCall made a conspicuous entrance. He wore a dinner jacket of the very latest cut; his waistcoat was the newest thing devised by a Fifth Avenue tailor to afflict the sons of men; and from his collar to the tips of his patent leathers he was groomed within an inch of his life—flawless.

"Oh, look, ma!" said Patricia. "I guess there's class to that!"

"Humph!" said Mrs. Kehoe. "Ain't he the pretty boy though?"

"Not handsome, but distinguished," said Cornelia. "Pa, why don't you look like that when you dress up?"

"The yanigans are all laughing at him," said Patricia. "Why, pa, he's bowing to you!"

"So he is, Patsy," said Shamus, nodding. "Ma, d'ye mind the letter we had fr'm Freiberger—about a pitcher?"

"That's never him!" exclaimed Veronica.

"It is though," said Shamus. "That's Martin L. McCall."

"Is he a ballplayer, pa?" demanded Patricia.

"The jury is still out," said Mr. Kehoe dryly. "He blew in this evenin' like a minsthrel parade, with a tennis bat, some golfin' tools an' a mandoleen. I'd say the evidence was all agin him bein' a ballplayer; but—ye never can tell, Patsy. He says himself he dunno if he is or not."

"Oh, pa!" squealed Patricia. "Introduce him to us!"

"Yes, do!" said Cornelia. "I love a mandolin!"

"In good time," grunted the father. "Leave me finish my dinner in peace."

"It must be that some of the Irish have money!" sighed Mrs. Kehoe.

After dinner Mr. McCall was presented to the Kehoe family, and the hit he made was instantaneous. He talked well, but not too much. He told some good stories of college life, spoke understandingly of baseball and other sports and pastimes, and actually elicited a promise from Shamus to take a trip round the links some morning.

When Mrs. Kehoe insisted that Cornelia display her talent for music, McCall complimented her highly upon her rendition of Silvery Waves; then qualified as a critic by playing the piano a bit himself, and singing a stein song in a very fair barytone voice.

Just before sleep claimed her that evening, Patricia summed up her first impressions of the charming stranger.

"He's the real thing, Corney!" she said drowsily. "And did you notice how he called me Miss Patricia? These roughneck ballplayers have got to quit this Pat and Paddy business. I won't stand for it!"

In the other room Shamus and his wife were also discussing the latest addition to the yanigan squad.

"He has lovely manners," said Veronica; "and, anyway, 'tis nothin' against the boy that he has been to college."

"Well," said Kehoe with a yawn, "he ain't a tenor singer. That counts him nine points right off the reel!"

On the next day, which was Friday, rain fell and the ballplayers were kept indoors. McCall appeared in a complete change of costume and spent most of his time getting acquainted with the other recruits. The McCaffertys and the Murphys and the Dulys looked upon him with suspicion at first, but he found his way to their hearts; and before night it was Martin and Denny and Mike with them all. Ignatius Daly was the undisputed pool champion of the squad, but McCall took him into camp with ridiculous ease; and at three-cushion billiards—which is a grown man's game—he gave Shamus Kehoe the worst beating the veteran had suffered in years.

"If ye can handle a leather ball as well as ye can an ivory wan," said Kehoe, "there'll be nothing to it at all."

That evening, as a special mark of esteem, McCall was invited to dine with the Kehoes; and in honor of the occasion he put on what Patricia called "the soup and fish" and Shamus referred to as a "full-dhress suit."

The Kehoes ordered fish; but there was an embarrassing pause when McCall made his selection. Shamus looked at Veronica.

"Ye said beefsteak, did ye not?" inquired Kehoe at last in the same tone he would have used in asking the boy whether it was true he had robbed a bank or burned down an orphan asylum.

"A tenderloin—rare, please," said McCall.

"An' today Friday!" whispered Veronica. "Dear, dear!"

Thereafter the burden of the conversation fell upon young shoulders, but Kehoe recovered sufficiently to ask a question or two.

"Ye have a middle initial," said he. "Not to be inquisitive—but would the L stand for Luke?"

"No," said McCall. "It stands for Luther."

"Mar-rtin Luther!" breathed Kehoe softly, and spoke no more.

*"Fr'm the Look av Him He's Ayther the Duke av Flatbush or the Earl av Fifth Avenay"*

"McCall is an Irish name," suggested Veronica, stepping upon Shamus' foot to bring him out of his trance.

"It's Scotch too," said McCall. "My people have been in this country for over two hundred years; but they came originally from Scotland, I believe."

"Presbyterian?" asked Veronica, willing to know the worst.

"Yes, ma'am," said Martin.

After the young people had gone into the music room Kehoe found his tongue.

"Ah, be aisy!" said the charitable Veronica. "Dear heart alive, 'tis not the lad's fault at all! Could he help it if they brought him up wrong?"

"Martin Luther!" groaned Kehoe. "'Tis enough to jinx the club these ten years to come. An' I made certain his middle name would be Luke!"*

III

MARTIN LUTHER McCALL set about conditioning his pitching arm with exquisite deliberation. No ten-thousand-dollar-a-year star ever subjected a lame "wing" to a more leisurely course of training. Concerning his pitching ability there were varying opinions, but every one agreed upon one point—he dressed the part to perfection. The other recruits appeared in stained and disreputable garments—the cast-off gear of many a minor league; but the uniform Martin Luther brought with him was new and it bore the evidences of careful tailoring. It was a neat affair of the softest white flannel, with a tiny crimson stripe running through it. His stockings, cap and belt were of solid crimson, as was his sweater which bore a great white letter upon the breast. His shoes were the best that money could buy and he drew them snugly about his slim ankles with broad silk laces.

When Martin Luther took the field there was a noticeable flutter in the grandstand, where the young women of Roseville congregated daily to watch the antics of the embryo big leaguers. It was noticed and commented upon that Martin did most of his warming up as close to the grandstand as possible, and every move he made was a picture.

Shamus Kehoe watched McCall for the first few days and thereafter ignored him completely during working hours. When the other yanigans were beating out bunts or diving into the sliding pit, Martin Luther toiled gracefully in the shade of the grandstand. He was quite willing to plow through the dirt and sprint to first base with the best of them, but the manager seemed satisfied to worry along with the Delaneys and the Dalys.

Shamus did unbend so far as to question Patrick Henry O'Meara, the veteran catcher, whose duty it was to develop the young pitchers.

"Has he got anything at all, Pat?" demanded Shamus.

"If he has," said the gruff old fellow, "'tis safely concealed from me. Maybe he's holdin' back to give us a surprise; but up to date ——" O'Meara closed the sentence by taking his nose firmly between thumb and finger.

"As bad as that?" asked Kehoe cheerfully.

"Even worse," said O'Meara. "He has no curves save a wandherin' roundhouse thing that is sad to watch, an' never comes near the plate but by accident. He has less conthrol than a blind henhawk; an' when he cuts loose wid what he calls the fast wan he never knows whether 'twill go up, down or sideways. He wears ribbons in his shoes an' makes soft eyes at all the females; an' he is the grandest little grandstander since Arlie Latham's time. Today, when he should have been wor-rkin' in the hot sun an' loosenin' up that dead arm of his, he was up in the last row av the shed, murmurin' kind words to a dizzy blonde. Outside av these small failin's, Shamus, the lad is a great pitcher an' intirely all right in every respect. Wid all his faults I love him still. I did not think I would, but I do. The rascal has the instincts of a gintleman."

When the regulars arrived in camp they took a deep interest in Martin Luther, but were civil to him because Patricia introduced him as a friend and bade them behave. On the next evening Bartholomew Burke, Mixed-ale Mulligan, Windy Jawnny O'Brien and Francis X. Shea paid a visit to Martin Luther's rooms while he was absent. By way of reminding him that the real ballplayers were in town they rearranged the furniture to a certain extent, unpacked three trunks and scattered the contents lavishly, put the golf clubs to bed in the bathtub, hung the mandolin on the fire-escape—and departed, leaving ruin and desolation behind them. This is one of the oldest and best training-camp jokes in the world.

Martin Luther went to his rooms at ten o'clock and the Harps waited patiently in the lobby, expecting to hear from him. They were disappointed. McCall worked like a beaver until three in the morning, restoring order and collecting his effects, and thereafter he never so much as breathed a word about the experience.

This was the first test, and he passed it with a rating of one hundred per cent. Had he summoned bellboys to his aid his marking would have been less. Had he squealed zero would have been his portion.

The next night he was invited to sit in a friendly little poker game with Costigan, Shea, Tierney, Prenderghast and O'Malley—all experts of note and distinction, and recognized as such from Boston to St. Louis. Martin Luther played a very stiff game for one so young and inexperienced, and displayed remarkable judgment in the values of the hands he held. The evening's entertainment cost him exactly eighty-five dollars and forty cents. At eleven o'clock he rose and stretched his arms over his head.

"Some rainy day, when you fellows haven't got anything to do," said he, "I wish you would teach me this game. I learned something at college that they told me was poker. They must have been kidding me. 'Good night, all! We bushers have to be in the hay by eleven."

"Well!" said Red Timothy Tierney as the door closed behind the neophyte.

"He's there like a duck!" said four Harps, speaking as one.

"He is so!" chuckled Red Timothy. "If you want to know what's in a guy get him off a big loser in a poker game when the car-rds are runnin' agin' him. Hands that a man can only call on will make the best of 'em crab sometimes. This lad never had the smile wiped off his face once all the evenin'. He's a nice loser an' a dead game sport. I'm for him."

Thus Martin Luther passed a second acid test, and after that a third and a fourth. The Harps liked him; they could not help themselves. They were inclined to laugh at him for his too evident interest in "skirts," and as a pitcher they voted him the best-dressed actor in any league; but when it came to the boy himself there were no dissenting votes. Martin Luther was absolutely and emphatically all right!

Veronica Kehoe took a motherly interest in him and found herself able at times to forget his Scotch Presbyterian ancestry. Patricia clung to him loyally, even after watching him work for several days—in itself a fine tribute to a winning personality. She would not allow even her father to say a word against his pitching.

Cornelia was often seen in his company after she learned that he thought Kenilworth was the greatest novel ever written; and between times he taught her to play tennis and golf and gave her lessons on the mandolin.

He also won a silk hat from Shamus Kehoe who claimed that no man living could drive any sort of ball over the center-field fence at the park—a distance of almost six hundred feet. Martin took a brassy and, dropping three golf balls in the grass by the home plate, won the bet, with yards to spare. But golf and tennis do not qualify a man for the big league; and as training progressed Shamus Kehoe began to weed out the least promising recruits.

"Old lady," said he one evening to the wife of his bosom, "I'm thinkin' I should be sayin' something to Martin. 'Tis not fair to the lad to be keepin' him hangin' on here, spendin' his money an' wastin' his time. He'd much better be makin' shoes than monkeyin' with professional baseball."

"Break it to him gently, dear heart," said Veronica. "Remember he's as sensitive as a girl."

"I will that," said Shamus.

Following out this charitable impulse Mr. Kehoe found Martin Luther sitting upon the porch alone, looking at the rising moon.

"Well, me boy," said Shamus, dropping into a chair, "I'm afraid I have bad news f'r ye. As a pitcher ye're an awful thing."

Martin's response to this delicate opening was unexpected. "Right you are!" said he. "And it's because of that I'm sitting here looking at the moon. I've got the blues, Mr. Kehoe—and I've got 'em bad!"

"Don't take it so hard, lad," said Shamus, laying his big, red hand upon Martin's arm. "Ball-playin' is a bad business f'r the best av thim. A few years an' ye're done. Better a boy should be learnin' something that'll be av use to him all his life."

Martin Luther laughed the hollow ghost of a laugh.

"I never expected to make a business out of baseball," said he. "I just wanted to see whether I had the goods or not—that was all. I wish that was the worst of my troubles."

"Maybe I could offer ye some advice," said Shamus, regarding him kindly.

"I've had a lot to do with young men, first an' last; an' I've given some av thim the right steer. What's eatin' ye, Martin? Ye say ye're grievin' f'r that ye're such a bad pitcher, an' the next minute ye say ye don't care whether ye pitch or not. 'Tis queer talk, son."

"It's a queer situation too," said Martin Luther, and lapsed into silence.

"Put all the cards on the table," said Shamus. "Ye're a good lad, an' if I can help ye it shall be done."

Martin Luther McCall drew a long, deep breath.

"Mr. Kehoe," said he, "I'm in love."

"Glory be!" ejaculated the manager. "An' that's the way the cat hops! I'm afraid I can do nothin' f'r ye, Martin."

"Nobody can," said the boy. "But if I was a pitcher I could do something for myself."

"What's that?" demanded Shamus, taking his feet from the railing and throwing away his cigar. "How would pitchin' have anything to do with it? I don't follow ye."

"Well, it's like this," said Martin: "This girl is queer."

"God be good to us!" said Shamus piously. "They're all that way, Martin, lad."

"She's queer," repeated Martin. "She admires baseball players."

"There's nothin' queer about that at all," said Kehoe, thinking of his younger days and the lovely creature who refused a cigar drummer, an engineer and three brakemen for love of a dashing shortstop.

"I mean that she's got a sort of a bug about it," said Martin Luther patiently. "She makes heroes out of 'em."

"Humph!" said Shamus. "Have I—seen the lady, maybe?"

"It's quite likely," said Martin Luther. "She's here in town on a visit—comes to the ball park sometimes.

(Continued on Page 27)

*This Was the First Test, and He Passed It With a Rating of One Hundred Per Cent*

*Note to the scorekeepers—Give Kehoe an error on McCall's middle initial.

# THE FIGHTING SIX

## The Undiscovered Road—By Edward Mott Woolley

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

"Tick, You Deserve a Pension"

IN MY early boyhood I was firmly resolved to become a pirate, but gradually I modified this ambition and, at the age of nineteen, took up telegraphy. My teacher was Tick Baab, night operator at the Stony Bend Depot. I drew no pay as a student and at the end of a year my father issued an ultimatum:

"Either get a job where you can earn your living or come back into the harness shop with me. You've fooled round that depot long enough!"

I had spent several years in my father's dismal little shop and I could not see any future in it. On the other hand, I had heard of railroad presidents who started as telegraphers. In this dilemma I went to Hen Hogan for advice. Hen had been one of our Fighting Six band of boy pirates and was now clerking in the Stony Bend Exchange Bank. We fellows regarded him as a sort of oracle.

"I'd advise you to stand by your ambition—if you think you've got it in you to succeed at railroading," he said promptly. "Don't hang round waiting for Tick Baab to die and leave you his job. Get out and rustle up something!"

"I haven't a dollar," said I, "and my father won't stake me."

Hen reached into the bank's cash drawer and took out some currency.

"I'll let you have fifty dollars on my personal account," he volunteered. "You can keep it as long as you need it."

### The Indignation of Mabel

I ACCEPTED the loan and a day or two later went down to Pittsburgh for a starter. For several days I haunted dispatchers' offices without getting a job, and then, as a temporary expedient, turned my efforts toward the commercial companies. One night I was given a trial. During the early part of that night I managed to get away with my work after a fashion, but at two o'clock I was put on the Buffalo wire. I had been something of a code student, but that Buffalo chap got me going in less than a minute. He shot some lightning at me like this:

Fi tam dbf t sto Jackson Bros. es t los wi b $100,000.

Along about this point I got my breath and began breaking. When I had asked him four times to repeat he inquired savagely over the wire:

Wo in h r u? F u ent tk tt spl ss so.

I admitted that I could not take the special and the night chief said I might as well go home. Of course I regarded myself discharged, but to my surprise I was transferred next day to a small suburban office up toward Wilkinsburg. Here I was the only operator and the job looked easy. I think I took about a dozen messages during the first day or two, and among them was this—as I copied it from the wire:

Mabel is hog.

The hog part of it I supposed to be somebody's private cipher, but when Mabel heard of that message a few days later she made a fierce roar to the telegraph company; I was fired. In the Morse alphabet hog and home are distinguishable only by spacing.

I was crushed by this disaster and discouraged over my incompetence. For a time I contemplated going home to take up the peaceful calling of harnessmaking, but Hen Hogan's advice came back to me and nerved me on. Except for him, it is likely I should not have this story to tell. Little setbacks of no real consequence often determine the careers of men who lack the stamina to stand by their ambitions.

On the day following my discharge I was wandering round near the Point when I met an operator with whom I had scraped a slight acquaintance.

"Why don't you go to Nebraska?" he asked. "There's a big dearth of operators out there and any sort of ham can get a job."

I was a ham and I knew it; Nebraska clearly enough was the place for me. On reckoning my assets I found I had just about money enough to take me to Omaha; so I went there. The prophecy of the Pittsburgh operator proved true; I was hired immediately, without even the formality of a wire test, and hustled off to a lonely little railroad station a hundred miles from Omaha.

Here I labored month after month as night operator. I do not believe any man ever worked more faithfully than I did or tried harder to master the difficult art of telegraphy; but slowly the conviction grew on me that I was not destined to become an expert at the key. I lacked natural aptitude for fast and skillful work, and without it I could not expect to develop into a dispatcher and railroad official. This conclusion was all the more depressing since my ambition to get along in railroading was stronger than ever.

Thanks to the consideration of the dispatcher, however, I managed to do the work for a couple of years. Then a new dispatcher began to tie me up. He was very fast and the way he came down on the key made the boys of the old guard sit up. Often I found myself obliged to repeat an order partly from memory or else acknowledge my incompetence.

One night the dispatcher transmitted an order something like this:

No. 10 Eng 45 will pass No. 8 Eng 109 at Dobbs' Siding.

Both these trains were running in the same direction, the one ahead being a local and the other a fast train that did not stop at my station. Somehow my memory played me a trick after I had repeated the order correctly to the dispatcher, for on the manifold sheet I wrote it like this:

No. 10 Eng 45 will pass No. 8 Eng 109 at Tank Siding.

After I delivered this order to the local and saw her tail-lights disappear up the track a suspicion of what I had done began to dawn on me. Since I had repeated and copied the order from memory, I could not be sure; still, the horrible uncertainty quickly overcame my fear of losing my job. I called the dispatcher and asked him to give me the correct order. The express—which had got its orders somewhere up the line—was due to pass my station in four minutes, hot on the trail of the local!

"Display your red quick!" the dispatcher snapped back.

I knew then that I had blundered. Seizing my red lamp, I made a rush for the platform. It was coated with ice and down I went, smashing the globe into fragments. Our line had no block system and nothing resembling a semaphore at the station. The only way I had of flagging a train was to swing my red lantern across the track. Now I picked myself up and jumped back into the depot for another red globe. Standing on a chair, I explored the shelves of the supply closet—no red globe could I find! Just then I heard Number Ten coming.

There was only one thing I could do, and that was to flag the train with a white lamp if possible. I always kept the different colors in readiness, according to rules. But before I got out there again the express was swooping past.

The horrors I endured during the next few minutes made me sick, but I went back to my key and weakly told the dispatcher to order out the wrecking train. It was needed, too, at Tank Siding, though the wreck was not serious. The engineer of the express saw the lights of the local in time to slow down. Nobody was seriously hurt—but I was fired!

From Nebraska I went to Wyoming in search of work and after a time secured a job on another railroad. I was shifted from place to place, and finally found myself at a little station near Laramie, trying to hold down the job of night operator. I had put forth heroic endeavors to perfect myself in telegraphy, but it seemed a hopeless undertaking. I did not have it in me. Besides, an evil fate seemed to follow all my activities in that direction.

### The Train of a Dream

ONE day I relieved the day operator while he went up to Cheyenne to see his girl, and as he failed to come back on the evening train I remained on duty. Along about midnight I was dozing in my chair when I was roused by my call coming swift and imperative, and signed at intervals by the dispatcher:

Gs gs gs fo gs gs gs fo.

I answered, "I I gs"; and he asked with a rush:

"Has Extra Thirty-seven passed gs?"

I told him it had. Afterward it developed that I had dreamed it! The dispatcher wished to make some changes in orders, but my nap upset things—and again I was out of a job.

Packing my grip, which held everything I owned except the clothes I wore, I boarded the overland train and went down to Laramie. On First Street, across from the station, I saw a long row of saloons, and some devilish impulse moved me to get drunk. I had rarely touched liquor. A few drinks in Jack's Place accomplished the purpose, and for a time I forgot my troubles; but no man ever yet outwitted his woes with whisky. Snakebite is the only excuse I know of for boozing. When I came to life I was on the floor of a back room in Jack's resort, without a cent in my

Down I Went, Smashing the Globe Into Fragments

pockets; nor could I find my grip. I tried to start something, but Jack kicked me out. That was my first and last spree.

In those days Laramie was noted chiefly for cowboys, gunpowder and Bill Nye's Boomerang. Through my efforts to recover my satchel I unwittingly furnished the Boomerang a facetious news item, running something as follows:

"Bob Hotchkiss, recently a telegraph operator at Granite Cañon or thereabout, but now retired, is in town devoting his leisure to tracing his baggage and recuperating from a social evening at Jack's Place. It is agreeable to reflect that Robert has quit railroading permanently, for the editor of the Boomerang would be uncomfortable on a train run on orders handled by this young sport."

Bill Nye himself had quit Laramie; but this humorous item made me so mad that I went round to the Boomerang shanty on Second Street to see his successor.

"I dropped in," said I, "to say that I have not quit railroading permanently—not by a jugful!"

I made this announcement with some noise—and again the Boomerang got a news item. But from that hour the desire to get back into railroad work was always present. Even though I was a failure at telegraphy, I told myself, I might find some other path back to railroad employment—some undiscovered road over which I might travel to my goal. This was cheering, but starvation faced me. Going back to the Boomerang office I said to the boys there:

"You have ruined my reputation; now I think you can at least get me a job."

### My New Job

THEY were not a bad lot and they found me a place in a livery stable owned by a stagecoach company. This did not look much like a move in the direction of railroading!

It was not long before I was pressed into service as a stagedriver, a calling I followed for several lively years. I do not mean to take up in detail that period of my life, for the stagecoach business is not of great consequence in the modern scheme of things. I merely want to show you how I found my way out. Even in that wild land of sagebrush and alkali dust there was a road of endeavor that led back to my ambition. These undiscovered roads do lead in every direction; and when a man is out on the desert of discouragement, as I was, it will pay him to sharpen his wits and get the mote out of his eye.

I once knew a retail druggist whose competitive conditions kept him for years on the verge of insolvency. Then it occurred to him to take a drug specialty and make a wholesale line of it. Today he is the head of a big jobbing business.

Another young chap was a lawyer, but could not make the game go. One of his little lawsuits involved some manila tags, and thus was suggested to him the possibility of profit in tag manufacture. He quit the law and grew rich.

I had still another acquaintance who clerked for ten years in a store at seven dollars a week. He knew he was in wrong, but he could not see any way to get out. One day at a clerks' picnic he discovered he could make a speech. Then he studied the art and through it landed a job as secretary of a commercial association. From that it was only a step to an executive position with a large hardware concern—and on up!

In a way the experiences of these men were similar to mine. The most profitable study for mankind is man, for almost every man's history, if you really get at it, is a sort of course in the technology of success.

I drove a stage out of Laramie, Cheyenne and Rawlins, and then up in the Big Horn Basin and over at Sheridan. One day I had for a passenger a settler who was quitting the country to go back east. He roasted that neck o' the woods, and delivered some sulphurous shots at a certain railroad—call it the Mountain Pacific.

"You can bet your last dollar," he said, "that I'm not going back home over that line! It got me out here and dumped me where nothing grows except long grass and rattlesnakes—it flimflammed me from start to finish; and it'll never get another cent of my money!"

He roasted the Mountain Pacific from its president down to the brakemen and, without knowing it, suggested to me an idea. That night I wrote a letter to Titus Patterson, a passenger official of that company. I said:

"If you would give me a job as traveling passenger agent up here I could influence a big lot of traffic for you. I know this country from the Black Hills to Utah and from the Yellowstone down to Nebraska; so I could be of great assistance to the homeseekers who come over your line. It is bad policy to set them down here without a reliable man to see that they get properly located."

The letter he wrote back was short and sarcastic:

"Thanks—your offer appreciated, but services not required."

I tried two other railroad companies, with similar results. Soon afterward the company for which I worked started a new stageline up in Montana and I was sent there to manage it. During this period I made quite a study of traffic—under the primitive conditions from which I could view it—and I made up my mind that Tite Patterson was weak in the business of selling transportation. I could see a lot of ways through which his line might get additional traffic, both passenger and freight; but since Tite would not hire me I did not propose to give him the benefit of my views. I decided to work the game differently.

*"It Flimflammed Me From Start to Finish; and It'll Never Get Another Cent of My Money!"*

Quitting my job, I started a stageline of my own, forty miles long, with my headquarters and one terminus at a town served by both the Mountain Pacific and the Valley Line—competing railroads covering pretty much the same territory. To finance this undertaking I went heavily into debt, and it took some nerve to put the thing through. I did not really fancy the stagecoach business, for I knew there was not much money in it; and, besides, it was only a question of time when the railroads would drive me out anyway. I meant to use my stageline merely as a tool.

To this end I went to the officials of the Valley Line and made a traffic agreement with them whereby I was to turn over to their railroad, so far as I could, all my outgoing passengers and freight. In a short time I got a kick from Tite Patterson, just as I expected.

"I want my share of the traffic out there," he wrote. "I don't like the partiality you are showing the Valley people. If you don't stop knocking my road I'll take measures to protect myself."

Titus Patterson was something of a blowhard and liked to talk in the first person. I wrote back briefly:

"Thanks—I am glad my services are at last needed. However, I am pretty well satisfied the way things are."

I kept on digging up traffic for the other road, and one day Tite came out to my town to see me.

"The devil!" he exclaimed, pounding my desk. "Do you think I am going to sit down and let the Valley Line run away with things out in this country? If you don't quit this game, Hotchkiss, I'll put a rival stageline on your route and run you out of business!"

"All right—put on your coaches whenever you wish!" I retorted. "But I'll tell you one thing, Patterson: you can't come out here and bulldoze me into giving you the traffic I am able to influence. I don't mean to give you a bit of it; and I'm ready to fight you too!"

Tite had been bluffing; so was I. Thus the matter rested. However, I had Tite Patterson right where I wanted him. I was making something more than expenses, and I began at once to stir things up in a spectacular way. I shortened my schedules, improved my eating stations, and called my line the Hotchkiss Fast Stage Express. To stimulate local travel I got up dances along the road, persuaded a circus and later a dogshow to exhibit in the interior, and established several short feeders to get traffic that otherwise would have gone to competing stagelines. I did some lively press-agent work and the local papers boosted me big. Within a few months the settlers roundabout would drive miles out of their way in order to ride down to the railroad on my line.

It was costly popularity for me, but it made Tite Patterson gnash his teeth. Then, on one occasion, I got hold of twenty cattlemen bound for some convention, and succeeded in shipping the whole bunch—for the round trip—over the Valley Line. Soon after this incident I received a telegram from Tite:

"Have sent you pass to come down and see me, and guarantee your expenses. Important business and worth while for you."

When I reached his office he placed the best chair for me and gave me a cigar.

"Mr. Hotchkiss," he said, "I need a passenger agent up in your country—one who can dig up traffic for us. I believe you are the man. How much will you take to quit the stage business and work for me?"

"Five thousand dollars a year," said I.

### The Tide Turns

I SAW Tite wince, but he employed me at my own terms. As soon as I disposed of my stage interests I opened an office in the Northwest and started rustling traffic for the Mountain Pacific.

This, then, was the path I discovered out of a vocation in which I had been incompetent and a failure. Other men had found telegraphy a path to higher success, but Fate had marked me otherwise. Yet now, as a man who could influence traffic, I had sprung quickly into demand. I had succeeded in turning disaster itself into prosperity.

Of course it took initiative and discernment, and perhaps a grim courage—but any man who travels the road out of failure must have these qualities anyhow. "And," I remarked to Hen Hogan when I went back to Stony Bend on a visit, "we can't always make circumstances, but we can always study them and perhaps discover unsuspected roads of endeavor that lie concealed within them."

How much the every-day circumstances round us do contain and how little men commonly get out of them! For instance, one of the first things I did as a passenger agent was to put up a sign at a point where another railroad crossed our own line. The legend was in large letters:

THIS IS THE

MOUNTAIN PACIFIC RAILROAD

THE ROAD OF WONDERS!

Up to that time the advertising possibility of that crossing had been overlooked. Hundreds of thousands of passengers on the intersecting line had asked each other as they rattled across it: "What railroad is that?" Few could answer. But after the sign was erected a lot of people every day felt a sudden hankering when they saw it to take a ride on the Mountain Pacific.

So it became my purpose from that time forward to find a thousand undiscovered little roads to additional traffic for my company. Titus Patterson was not much good as a traffic man and I got his job within a year! He's dead now—poor old chap! He was a creature of circumstances

(Continued on Page 38)

# BENSINGER'S LUCK

## Mr. Plum's Brown Bag—By Will Payne

ILLUSTRATED BY IRMA DÉRÈMEAUX

AT THE first opportunity Bensinger and Mr. Barker got together at one end of the car.

"He's going to soak us, Steve! I could see it in his eye," said Mr. Barker confidentially as soon as they were seated.

"You don't have to look very far into George W. Plum's eye to see that he'll soak you if he gets a chance," Steve replied glumly, taking two cigars from his vest pocket and handing one to his companion. "I was a sucker to depend on his word."

The short and pursy president of the First National Bank of Three Falls laid his tall, flat-topped stiff hat on the seat, lit the cigar and for some moments looked thoughtfully out the window through large, gold-bowed spectacles, smoking.

"I think you're a fool, myself," he observed presently.

"Oh, sure! I've always been a fool, N. G.," Steve replied promptly. "When I hadn't a cent or any credit, or two good shirts, I decided to go into Vito. Nobody but a fool would have done that."

"I'm not talking about Vito; I'm talking about Traction," Mr. Barker replied decisively.

"Well, take Traction," said Steve. "I hopped into that small affair at Three Falls mostly because I saw a chance to get even with Peter J. Skellenger. I didn't suppose it would amount to anything but a little sideshow to my other business. Then I saw a good chance up at New Manheim and Rochelle. Skellenger and his Tri-State-Traction crowd fought me; so naturally I kept wading right in."

"Sure! You kept wading right in, Steve, just as usual—trusting to main strength and bullheaded luck. And you know where you've waded to now—don't you? Man, he can skin you alive!"

"I don't believe it," Steve replied doggedly.

"See here, young man!" Mr. Barker retorted severely, taking pencil and envelope from his pocket and setting down a sum before Steve's eyes. "You're lugging a hundred and ninety thousand shares of Interocean Traction right now, and it's making your eyes pop out of your head and your tongue hang down on your breastbone. If the banks start calling your loans you'll spill your load like a bucket that's turned upside down. I've got forty-five thousand shares and your respected father-in-law back there has got fifty thousand. That's two hundred and eighty-five thousand shares; and there's fifteen thousand scattered in small lots that nobody's been able to buy yet. Skellenger and his crowd are short a good thirty thousand shares, and Traction closed at eighty-five this afternoon. Will Plum turn his fifty thousand shares in with ours, as he agreed to, so we can sell the whole thing to the Grand Central Railroad at seventy-five dollars a share? Not on your life he won't! If he'd meant to live up to his agreement why didn't he hand the stock over to me this afternoon when I asked him for it? He said he guessed he'd carry it down to New York and save express charges; and he tucked it right down in that little brown leather bag he's held in his lap like a nursing baby ever since we got on the train. He's going to sell that stock to Skellenger's crowd at eighty-five or better. That'll let 'em out of the corner they're in now and give 'em some margin to play with. They'll wallop the market for Traction right and left. You can't buy any more, I can't. Plum won't. The stock will tumble. The Grand Central deal will be off. The banks will call your loans and you'll bust like a toad under a wagonwheel—so far's Traction is concerned. Why, Steve, the only thing for you to do is to go right back there and give him what he wants. You can squeeze Skellenger and the other shorts, and close up the deal with the Grand Central and make a profit of four million dollars! Give him half of it—two-thirds of it—anything that'll satisfy him. You'd a blamed sight better do that than lose it all."

"If the Banks Start Calling Your Loans You'll Spill Your Load Like a Bucket That's Turned Upside Down"

Steve smoked a moment moodily.

"Trouble with that is, N. G., you can't deal with him," he replied. "I put Plum into this Traction deal and kept him in it. That fifty thousand shares of stock he's got back there never cost him a cent over forty dollars a share. If it's worth twice that it's just because I made it worth more. That would satisfy a good many men, but not George W. If I made a new deal with him now he'd go back on it tomorrow if he saw a chance. I believe in being square, N. G. I am square; but I'm blasted if I believe in giving a hog my dinner just because he's helped himself to my lunch!"

Mr. Barker thoughtfully regarded his burly companion a moment; then slid down to an easier position and laboriously hoisted his left foot to his right knee.

"Well, you'll have Vito left," he commented, "and that's a good-enough thing for anybody. They've been having more snow along here."

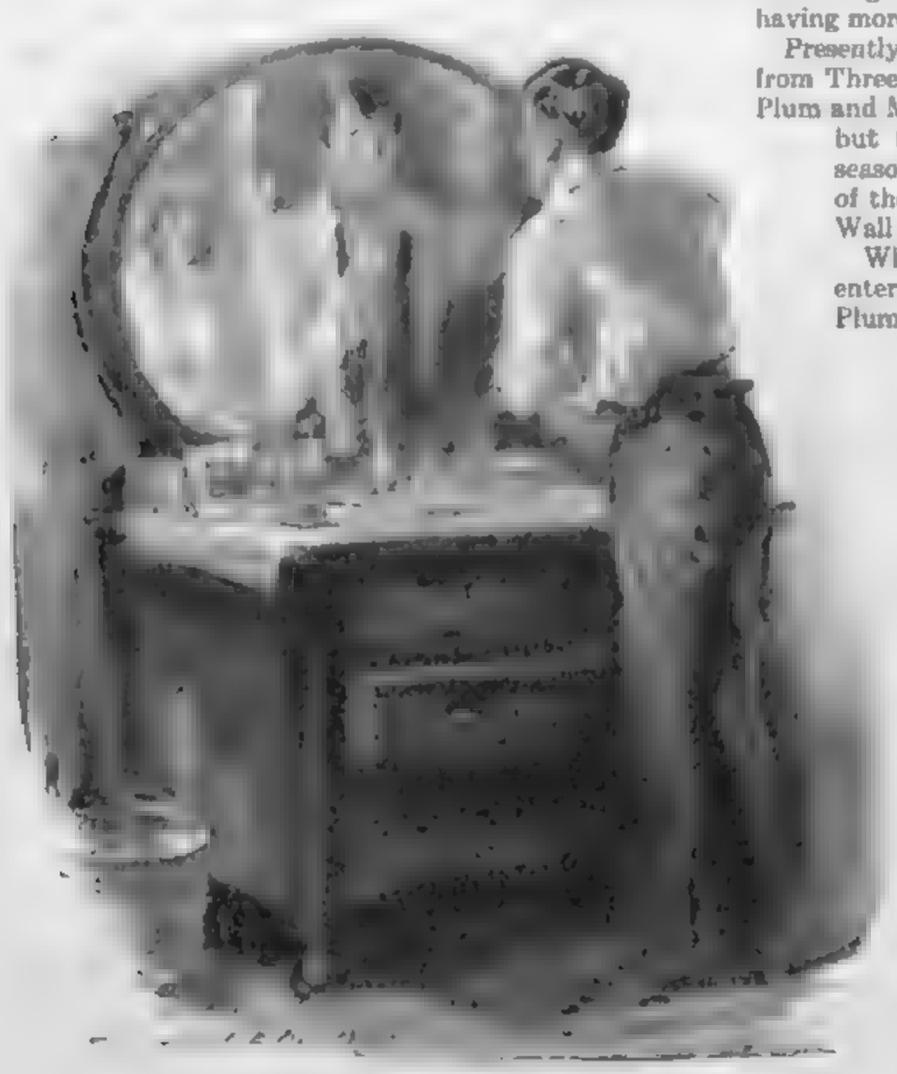
Presently Steve went back to join the other passengers from Three Falls. Business was calling Mr. Barker, Mr. Plum and Mr. Bensinger to New York by way of Chicago; but their wives accompanied them—for at this season Peacock Alley, the theaters, opera and shops of the metropolis called as loudly to the ladies as Wall Street did to the gentlemen.

While the other men smoked Mr. Plum gallantly entertained Mrs. Barker in front of him and Mrs. Plum across the aisle with conversation about vegetarian diet, which was a hobby with him—Mrs. Bensinger, behind Mrs. Barker, meanwhile amusing herself with a magazine. The former druggist and present proprietor of Doctor Ingraham's Secret of Health had been growing bald of late years and now wore a black skullcap, which looked odd above his very long, lean, red and leathery face. "Finished poisoning yourself with nicotine?" he inquired jocularly as Steve came down the aisle, at the same time showing his long, irregular teeth in a broad smile.

There was a vacant chair behind Mr. Plum; and as his son-in-law took it the ex-druggist reached down beside his own chair, picked a small, stout brown bag from the floor and deposited it in his lap, folding both bony hands on top of it. So long as Steve was in the vicinity he kept the bag in his lap.

Mr. Barker noticed this and commented upon it, gurgling, after a while when he and Steve went forward to smoke again.

"Why don't you poison him and take that bag?" he suggested. "If you could just keep him from delivering his stock to Skellenger for a few days you'd be all right."



"Why, Where Have You Been? You're All Dirt!"

"I wouldn't mind poisoning him," Steve replied; "but I expect my wife would raise a great fuss."

The short winter day was coming to a close. At the next stop—only thirty miles from Chicago—a boy came through the train with the last editions of the evening newspapers. Both men, though the best of friends, were too preoccupied to find much pleasure in conversation, and they fell upon the papers to pass the time. A headline on the second page of one of them caught Steve's wandering attention. Drugged and Robbed! it said. A Western rancher it appeared had been relieved of a wallet containing several thousand dollars after drinking a glass of beer with a young lady, and was then in the hospital recovering from knockout drops. One of the hospital physicians explained in an interview that knockout drops were usually laudanum, of which about fifteen drops in a glass of beer would put a man in a comatose condition for several hours, with no permanent injury unless he had a weak heart—in which case the dose might kill him. Steve read the article over very thoughtfully and wondered whether there could be anything the matter with his father-in-law's heart. Next he wondered whether he should ask Elsie if she had ever heard of a cardiac ailment. Three adjoining double rooms had been engaged at the hotel for the three couples, and they were all going to the theater that evening. He wondered how the doors and locks between the rooms would be arranged.

Mr. Plum was holding the bag in his lap when Steve and Barker returned to the party. When the porter dusted Mr. Plum the druggist deposited the bag in his chair and stood directly in front of it, with an unflagging eye upon it; also he firmly rejected the porter's offer to carry it to the cardoor.

Mr. and Mrs. Plum and Mrs. Barker went to the hotel in one taxicab, Steve, Elsie and Mr. Barker following in another. When Steve entered the hotel office Mr. Plum was standing at the cashier's desk, upon which his brown bag reposed, opened. Steve stepped up and saw his father-in-law take from the bag a soft black-leather case, evidently containing collars, and a hard-leather case, which obviously held a safety-razor outfit. There was also a toothbrush in a long cut-glass tube; but, without removing that, Mr. Plum lifted from the bottom of the bag a stout manila envelope tied with a red ribbon, such as lawyers use for bulky documents. This the young lady behind the desk placed in a still larger envelope, which she sealed with wax before the owner's eyes and then carried into the vault, giving him a slip of paper by which to claim it. As Mr. Plum took the slip Steve turned away. It was clear that his prudent father-in-law proposed to take no chances on hotel doorlocks, and his fifty thousand shares of stock in the Interocean Traction Company were perfectly safe for the night.

Nevertheless going up in the elevator Steve couldn't keep from thinking of the bag; and in the corridor before the door to his room he turned abruptly, went back to the office floor and entered a telephone booth, where he was engaged for some time—so long, in fact, that Elsie was nearly dressed when he got up to their room.

*Mr. Plum Deposited the Bag in His Chair and Stood With an Unflagging Eye Upon It*

"Why, Steve!" she exclaimed accusingly as he stepped in. "Where have you been? Don't you know what time it is? You'll have to hurry and cut out part of your dinner if you get dressed and have anything at all to eat in time for the theater. I've kept them paging you this last half hour."

It was a very pretty evening dress she was putting on, and a pretty woman in it, and Bensinger's heart reproached him. Someway, as bad luck would have it, business was always interfering with the little diversions that Elsie was always hopefully planning. It had ceased to be a joke.

"Why, I'm awfully sorry, Elsie," he explained awkwardly and guiltily. "I'm awfully sorry; but something's come up—business, you know. I can't go to the theater. I meant to go—honest. It just came up the last half hour. I can't put it off to save me!"

Elsie colored and stooped to smooth a fold of the pretty skirt.

"Of course, if it's business —— " she murmured coldly, and turned away.

"Yes; it's business—very important. I'm awfully sorry," he repeated in fatuous apology, though he knew very well that apologies no longer counted. It had happened too often.

"Don't forget to leave the key in the office when you go out," she suggested without looking at him as she left the room.

Steve ran his muscular fingers through his curly hair in honest contrition, and heartily wished that on some former occasion when the business affair was not so pressing he had put it off and thus established a credit for himself upon which he might have drawn in this emergency.

He left the key in the office on going out, and on returning found that Elsie had thoughtfully sent it down for him; so he was able to let himself into the room with scarcely any noise—but Elsie's voice at once challenged him:

"Is that you, Steve?"

"Yes," he replied, and turned on the light, since she was awake anyhow. He threw off his coat and vest and stepped in front of the mirror to remove his collar and tie—and was shocked at the visage that confronted him! Behind his own reflection in the mirror he saw Elsie sit bolt upright in bed, staring at him with round eyes.

"Why, where have you been? You're all dirt!" she exclaimed.

"Tire blew out; I helped to change it," he explained on the spur of the moment. Then he saw Elsie look at her watch by the head of the bed. The big clock in the office had showed twenty-three minutes of five when he got the key to their door. Unfortunately to reach the bathroom he had to pass Elsie's bed; and, like a detected thief in the night, he was aware of her round eyes upon him. She had lain down when he returned to the bedroom, but as he stepped over to turn out the light she inquired calmly:

"Why didn't they burn gasoline?"

"Gasoline?" he repeated, staring over at her, his finger on the switch.

"They must have been burning soft coal in that car you were using tonight, because that was coal-soot on your hands and face."

"Yes; we ran out of gas," he replied, and turned the switch.

There was silence for a minute or two after he got into bed; then he called over:

"Elsie, what size collars does your father wear?"

"Fourteen and three-quarters," she replied. "Anything else?"

"No. Go to sleep. I told 'em to call me at eight," he answered.

Their train for New York left at a quarter of three, and naturally it was a busy day. At twelve o'clock Steve and Mr. Barker met by appointment in a broker's office on La Salle Street and retired to a private room. The president of the First National of Three Falls looked very grave indeed. With the opening of the Stock Exchange in New York somebody had begun to sell Interocean Traction stock and kept it up throughout the forenoon in a tantalizing manner.

"Plum's selling his stock, sure's a gun!" said Mr. Barker under his breath when the door of the private room closed upon them.

"Sure! I knew he would," Steve replied quite cheerfully. "He's been feeding it out to Skellenger and the other shorts all morning—in one hundred and two hundred share lots—holding off every now and then; making 'em bid up for it. Foxy old George W.! He'd sold near ten thousand shares when they counted it up for me a minute ago."

"But, Steve, that man's got over forty thousand shares yet to sell!" the banker urged apprehensively. "What'll happen now if he offers stock and Skellenger don't buy it, or—what's far more likely—if Skellenger and his crowd turn round and begin to sell it themselves to test the market. Why, there's nobody to buy! Traction will drop like a chunk of lead in a well."

"Not much it won't," Steve replied. "I'll buy it myself. I've got money—I've hocked Vito."

"You're crazy!" the banker murmured half incredulously, gaping at the younger man through his big gold-bowed spectacles. "Don't you do it, Steve! Don't you do it! Hang on to Vito, whatever you do!"

"I've hocked every share!" Steve replied soberly. "I've sort of got my dander up, N. G. I'm going to pull this Traction deal through or go bust."

"But, even with Vito hocked, you can't buy George W.'s forty thousand shares and all the short stuff Skellenger and his crowd will dump on the market if they find it wavering," Barker urged.

"George W. ain't going to dump any forty thousand shares on me," Steve answered doggedly. "He's got no right to do it. I put him into Traction and I've made his stock worth what it is. He agreed to stand by us and sell his stock with ours to the Grand Central. I ain't going to let him break me. I'm going to hog-tie him or wring his blasted long neck. Now listen!"

"Well, I dunno—I dunno," the banker remarked dubiously after Steve had talked earnestly for some minutes. "Looks kind of desperate to me, Steve; but of course you can bank on me to do all I can—and Mrs. Barker will do what I tell her. That woman raises the devil with me if she catches me playing a little harmless poker, Steve; but when it comes right down to brass tacks she's as dead-game a sport as you'll find in the whole Presbyterian church."

A tap came at the door.

"Boy here with a package for you, Mr. Bensinger," said the junior partner.

The package proved to be a very large, bright-yellow bag.

"What an ugly color! Why, your things won't a quarter fill it, Steve. What are you going to do with your old bag?" said Elsie when a bell-boy, following Steve into their room, deposited this bulky and glaring object on the floor.

"I've been intending to get a bigger bag for some time," Steve replied. "I'll have 'em ship the old one home."

"You men will have to go to the train alone," Elsie observed. "Mrs. Barker is simply bound that mother and I shall go with her to Lincoln Park to see the new orchids. We'll take an auto right after luncheon and then meet you at the station."

"That will give you a nice little excursion," Steve commented. "Guess we men can manage it."

At twenty minutes past two Steve and his father-in-law were waiting for Mr. Barker. The hand-baggage had already gone down, except the little brown bag, which stood conspicuously on the table in Mr. Plum's room, where it was constantly under his eye; except, also, the new bright-yellow bag, which stood behind the door in Steve's room, open. The door between the two rooms was ajar.

"No use waiting any longer for Barker. We'll miss the train!" Mr. Plum called in nervous irascibility.

"Oh, he'll be along in a minute—plenty of time," Steve replied from his own room.

Just then the telephone rang in Mr. Plum's room. The ex-druggist stepped over to answer it and Steve stepped to the door between the two rooms. He overheard his father-in-law saying irritably:

"Hello! Yes, this is Mr. Plum. Mr. Plum—yes, sir, George W. Plum—yes, of Three Falls. Who is this talking? Judson? Tom Judson, of Skellenger's Bank in Three Falls? What's that? Hey? Say, Judson, I can't hear you. Speak up! What's that? Note? What note? Say, Judson! Judson! Can you hear me? I can't —— What's that? Speak louder. Hey? You're too close to the 'phone. What note? I can't ——"

As Mr. Plum with rising irritation struggled to catch the unintelligible message, Mr. Barker steamed in from the hall and began to talk loudly:

"I'm late. You fellows ready? It's almost traintime. Say, Steve, you in there? When ——"

"Shut up, will you! Shut up!" shouted the agonized Mr. Plum. "Don't you see I'm trying to telephone? I can't hear a word. . . . What's that? Say, Judson Will you shut up!"—for Mr. Barker, having stepped into his own room, was calling across Mr. Plum's room to Steve in the third room to know whether the bags had been sent down.

Again Mr. Plum sought to get the message and again inconsiderate Mr. Barker interrupted.

"Oh, yes; excuse me, George W.—excuse me. Won't open my head again!" he apologized. "Say, Steve, what time you got?"

"Speak up, Judson! Speak up!" Mr. Plum entreated. "I can't hear you. What about a note? Ten thousand—but whose note is it? Say, Judson, can you hear me? I can't —— Hello! Hello! Hello! Hello, Judson! Hello! Oh, Central! Central, don't cut us off! Hello! Oh, shucks!" With that desperate exclamation he rose, wiping his brow and glowering down at the instrument on the little stand at which he had been sitting. "Telephone service! Talk about telephones saving time!"

"Here's a boy with a message for you, George W.," Mr. Barker sang out.

The confused and exasperated proprietor of the Secret of Health strode in to get it. The envelope was addressed to him at Room 1192, which was the number of Mr. Barker's room; but the message within—written on the stationery of the broker's office where Steve and Mr. Barker had met—seemed to be for the latter. They had a little argument about it and returned to Plum's room.

"We'd better be moving, Steve—pretty near traintime," the banker called out as they reached the center of the room.

(Continued on Page 45)

*"That's Where You Got the Coal-Soot on Your Face. You Needn't Deny It!"*

# The Rise of the Bookkeeper

## He Now Has Time to Show That the Business is Alive

By JAMES H. COLLINS

IN THE days before the modern cable made it possible to put telephone wires underground in cities, when a pole sometimes had thirty crossarms and carried three hundred wires, the leasing of roof-rights for wires was an important feature of the business.

One company at that period had an old bookkeeper whose duty was maintaining the roof-lease records. He lived in these records. Every little detail pertaining to a leased roof was significant to him; and he entered them all so beautifully and classified them so minutely that really, no matter what you got for your roof, it was an honor to have it entered in the archives.

From time to time some young engineer would disturb this bookkeeper. He would ask preposterous questions. He would want to know how much all the roof-leases in town cost the company each year; or what ratio roof-rents bore to monthly traffic expenses; or whether the trend was up or down—or some vague nonsense of that sort. The old bookkeeper had no information on such points and pooh-poohed the questions. He was a mere detail man and an engrosser.

He was, in fact, the old-fashioned bookkeeper of days when accounting was a matter of neatly kept records, dexterity in doing sums, and skill in the detection of errors. Twice a year there was the trial balance to get out, showing profit, loss, assets and liabilities; and once a year this was backed up with an inventory of stock. Those were the only checks on business, and nobody had a clear conception of what was being made or lost from day to day, or which kinds of business were desirable and which the opposite. The trial balance and the inventory revealed a few general results of past performances. They gave an autopsy on deceased transactions, as it were, compared with the frequent glimpses of the business organism that are required of accounting today.

*Material Storage Platform, Newton, Kansas*

### *Intricate Information Tabulated by Machinery*

IN THE past five or ten years bookkeeping has been wholly transformed by mechanical devices. Records are kept by machinery. Figuring is done by punching keys. Errors are reduced to easily controlled percentages and detected by machines.

The bookkeeper in other days wasted a lot of pains and hard thinking on purely mechanical work. Figuring was his principal product. It was always mechanical. As Sir Oliver Lodge put it, when a bookkeeper added a column of figures he ought not to think; for if he did he would probably make a mistake. And it has been found, in operating the new accounting devices, that the faster a girl punches the keys, the fewer will be her errors. When machinery came into this work it was as logical an advance as the development of locomotives for getting round the country or the use of power for plowing land.

Now that the bookkeeper is relieved of all this narrow detail, he has an opportunity to perform creative and constructive services. Business runs on information. His energy is now directed toward getting more information; getting it oftener; having it on the executive's desk daily, if need be; and taking a cross section from any part of the business to order, so that a particular part of the organization may be put under the microscope and studied.

Most big corporations now have a department with a set of machines like those that were originally perfected for automatically handling census statistics at Washington. It is said that this series of machines has made it possible to get ten times as much information about business transactions as was obtainable in any other way without increased accounting expense.

All the bills to be rendered to the customers of an electric-lighting company will be made out, for example, and sent into the machine room before being mailed to customers. Girls take them one by one and punch, in cards about the size of a postal, an arrangement of holes that embodies every scrap of information on each bill. This work is done at the rate of two to three hundred cards an hour—or even five hundred if the operator is an expert.

Each card will show the number of the customer's account; the amount of current he used last month, whether for light or power purposes, and how much for each; the total money charge for current; the rental charge for his meter; his business and street location; the number of the company circuit that serves him; the meter reading; the date it was made; the inspector's number, and so on. Twenty or thirty meaningless round holes in a piece of cardboard carry it all, and the range of information that can be punched on a card is very great.

These cards are then run through a sorting machine, which is ready to classify them in any desired way at the rate of more than fifteen thousand an hour. First, they will probably be sorted by account numbers, in blocks of one hundred—as this is the general basis upon which machine accounting is organized nowadays—to facilitate the detection of errors. The sorting machine throws out every imperfectly punched card, and its blocks of hundreds are then run through a tabulating machine to get the total money charge against each hundred customers.

This tabulating machine, once set to gather such totals, disregards everything else, concerning itself solely with counting what is due the company. It works by putting delicate fingers through the punched holes, forming electrical contacts that record the amounts on dials. Totals taken off in this case are compared with other totals arrived at by adding machines in the department where the bills were originally made out. That gives assurance that the bills are correct—or if there is an error it can quickly be run down and set right, because it is always confined to some particular block of one hundred.

Then the bills go out to customers and all they need do is pay them. But the company's work of tabulating those accounts and drawing useful information from them has only begun.

The cards are run through the tabulating machine to get the grand total of current sales for the month. They are sorted into light and power items, and results are tabulated again. They are sorted by city blocks, and classes of business, and meter readings, and company circuits; and are not only worked out in monthly and yearly comparisons to show whether the company is gaining or losing ground, and where and how, but totals are compared with similar statistics from other departments.

For example, the statistics of the department that generates the current will be just as complete—showing cost of coal, labor, equipment, and so on, with total current produced and the amount delivered to each circuit. The figures showing what current customers are actually paying for on each circuit may show that a great deal of the electricity on a given circuit is not being accounted for. That circuit may leak. There may be thieves on it somewhere. If that is so, and they are caught, it would not be the first time that a successful thief-chase started with dry statistics in the accounting department.

*Tabulating Machines—Machinery Which Asserts and Tabulates Items of Material, Hours of Labor, Etc., and Charges the Totals to Their Respective Accounts*

### *The Flexibility of the System*

A VERY wide range of information can be taken off in this way and many vital statistical records regularly carried on for administrative purposes. Before the invention of proper machines it would have been impossible to make such inquiries with human brains and fingers, for the character of accounting skill required would have made the cost prohibitive. With machinery, however, the chief accountant merely indicates what lines he wishes to follow and the machine operators get the information for him at nominal cost. Like the designer of machinery, he lays out his general conception and the tabulating machine turns out the parts almost automatically.

After the regular statistics have been compiled the cards are stored away, month by month and year by year, ready to be drawn upon for special information. An improvement in generators, lamps, transmission or house wiring may suddenly throw a new light on all past statistics and call for fresh interpretations of the facts. The tabulating machines will grind out such interpretations like sausages. There may be an official investigation of rates. The company can present its side of the question by means of statistics covering any phase or period in the business through special information drawn from the cards.

The sales department may report that a certain manufacturing industry is backward about installing electric drive for machinery. Graphic figures covering electric power for that business can be quickly made up and put into salesmen's hands. The company may get a new executive, whose demands for

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# THE WHISTLING MAN

XVII

## By Maximilian Foster

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

ADAIR! The revelation that it was to him, to this grim, indomitable person, that his father owed all his years of tragic misery, burst upon Craig with a shock painful in its unexpectedness. It seemed incredible, far too grotesque to be true. Yet the more his mind dwelt upon it the more he was amazed he had not guessed it before. For would a man that could first ruin his own brother, then destroy him, stop at the ruin—the destruction either of a man who had merely been his friend? Hardly! Craig, in fact, wondered that Adair had shown himself so lenient. It was a wonder to him that the man and his agents had let his father live even so long.

But now that he knew, what was he to do about it? That was indeed the question. By giving that packet to Adair's daughter, Craig, in so many words, had also delivered himself to Adair. The man had him in his hands.

Silently Gawtry led the way back to the house. The hall was vacant. In the brief moment that had followed the going of the Adairs, Hilda Gawtry had disappeared, while the servants, their duty done, had in turn withdrawn. As Craig reached the living-room door, however, he chanced to look up, and there at the stair-head stood Barr, the valet. The fellow was staring down at him, his eyes alert and his whole air evincing a close and hearty interest. Then as his eyes met Craig's he shrank back guiltily. Craig wondered at that too.

Closing the door Gawtry turned to him, his face drawn. His emotion, however, he had by now managed to control; and there was in his voice when he spoke neither reproach nor resentment, only a deep regret.

"Leonard," he said gravely, "for years I tried to save your father and couldn't—why, you now know. It wasn't once, it was a dozen times that I had everything made ready for him to come home, only to have the same thing happen. It was always the same, always! Each time, just as he and I thought it would be safe to return, that warning was sent to him. In other words he was threatened that if he returned to New York his life would pay the forfeit. You knew that, didn't you?"

"Yes, Mr. Gawtry," Craig answered dully. "I knew."

"Very well then," said Gawtry, and he drew a sigh; "I hardly need tell you why all these years Adair has sought to ruin me. It was because I had tried to help your father. In that I'd made myself virtually his accomplice. You know that, too, don't you?"

"Yes, Mr. Gawtry, I know," again dully answered Craig.

"Tell me now," Gawtry asked abruptly, "did your father ever suspect who it was that threatened him? Did he?"

"I dare say, Mr. Gawtry," Craig drawled indifferently. "If he'd tried to blackmail Adair it's likely he'd suspect him!"

"Yes, but how do you know your father did try to blackmail him?" Gawtry demanded quickly. "Remember, we have only their word for it!"

It was true. The only evidence of it had come from the Adairs; and at the thought of how he had been played with, Craig grew hot, then cold. Divining evidently what was passing through Craig's mind, Gawtry grimly smiled at him.

"That's not all either," he remarked, his tone significant. "We have only their word for all the other things of which your father stands accused. How are we to know any of them are true? Yes, I leave it to you to judge!" But Craig was past giving any judgment now, one way or the other. With his jaw set, his face almost sullen, he gazed dully at the floor.

"Now, I want to know," said Gawtry, abruptly clearing his throat, "just what have these people told you about this affair—the Adairs, I mean."

Craig dully shook his head.

"What could they have told me?" he returned, and at that Gawtry looked at him quickly.

"Do you mean they told you nothing? What?" he exclaimed.

It was practically that. To be sure he had once forced from Mary Adair the admission that his father had been accused of murder, and she also had vaguely warned him of the peril he ran in venturing to New York; but that was all.

"It Was Because of My Wealth—My Husband's Father—That I've Been Attacked"

However, though he told all this he did not tell its source. Even if Mary Adair had helped to trick and cozen him he was too loyal to admit it.

Gawtry, however, at once guessed.

"Yes," he said bitterly, "I dare say she'd tell anything to serve her purpose!" And then when Craig stopped him, saying, "We'll leave Miss Adair out of this, please," Gawtry laid a hand quietly on Craig's shoulder. "Leonard, let me tell you something," he murmured quietly. "These people have left no stone unturned to hurt me. They have set against me even my own nephew. In reward she is going to marry him. Don't you know that?"

Craig answered doggedly: "Yes, so I've heard, Mr. Gawtry!" Dropping his hand from Craig's shoulder, Gawtry breathed profoundly, a sign of utter weariedness. "Now tell me, Leonard," he asked, "just what was it you gave that girl?"

He waited, his eyes anxious, while Craig listlessly shrugged. "Well?" he prompted.

Craig, with both his hands shoved deeply into his pockets, stared morosely at the carpet. "What's the use of talking of it?" he growled. "What I gave her is gone, isn't it? Doesn't that finish it?"

Gawtry waited patiently till Craig's little outburst had finished.

"If you and I hope to pull out of this, Leonard—clear your father's name, save me, too—we must stand together. Come, now, tell me what it was you gave her."

"It was a statement, Mr. Gawtry," Craig said, utterly disgusted now—"a statement my father drew up."

"A statement!" exclaimed Gawtry, his voice rising sharply. "What kind of a statement?"

Craig described it as accurately as he could; and again Gawtry moistened his lips.

"Was that the only paper you gave her?" he demanded; "a list of securities? You're positive: sure you gave her nothing else?"

Craig nodded. "Yes, absolutely positive! What other paper do you mean?" he asked.

But Gawtry did not answer. His face tense, he turned away and, walking to the window, for a long minute stood there looking out. When he returned his manner had suffered an entire change.

"Look here, Leonard," he said quietly; "stand by me, my boy, and I don't think you'll have cause to regret it. I am your father's old friend, let me remind you; and if he were here now I know just what he'd tell you to do. And besides, my boy," Gawtry added quietly, "did your father never tell you what was his dearest wish?"

"Why, no!" replied Craig, bewildered. "His dearest wish, you say?"

Gawtry came toward him, his face drawn and weary. "I am an old man, Leonard," he said heavily. "I have no son of my own. Your father hoped some day you might become a son to me." The note in Gawtry's voice was curious enough to make Craig prick up his ears. He began to get now the drift of the conversation, to realize what the kindly tone of his voice conveyed.

"You say," said Craig, "that he wished me to become your son? Why, how, Mr. Gawtry?"

Then Gawtry twisted his lips into a little smile.

"Well, Leonard," he said quietly, his air appealing almost, "if son isn't plain to you, is son-in-law any plainer? Be loyal, Leonard, stand by me, and for all you and I know your father's wish may come true. There!" he exclaimed, and he leaned toward Craig, beaming.

A great tide of color had swept up into Craig's face, and he gazed at Gawtry wonderingly, bewildered and embarrassed too. Then the realization of it burst upon him.

Hilda Gawtry had been offered to him!

Craig very nearly gasped in Gawtry's face, and it is little to be wondered at that he did. Penniless and unknown, he found himself virtually betrothed to a girl that one day would inherit millions—wealth and a high position in life as well.

But though this were true, Gawtry gave Craig little opportunity to let his mind dwell upon the sudden rise in his fortunes. Stammering with confusion, he was striving to say something—to defer, to protest perhaps—when Gawtry clapped him jovially on the shoulder.

"There now!" he cried, his air buoyant; "that's all right! You don't need to say anything, my boy. Let it go for the present. Yes, wasn't I young once, and don't I know how you feel? Why, naturally!" And with a bob of his head, a wink and a smile together, Gawtry grasped Craig by the elbow and led him to the door. "Come along now, Len!" he laughed, giving Craig's arm a friendly squeeze. "You must get out of these torn clothes of yours and into something else! Gad! I'd forgotten, too," he exclaimed, "that you haven't eaten either. Why, you must be starved! And, besides, there's all Mrs. Gawtry's dinner going to waste! Hah! I'll wager by now she's fairly hopping—all her party spoiled, you know!" Chaffing and rattling on in this cheerful tone, Gawtry led Craig upstairs and there gave him another friendly slap upon the back. "Now you keep up your spunk, Len!" he cried gayly. "You stick by me and we'll beat 'em yet, won't we?"

Craig could not but respond at such courage and good nature too. He even was smiling a little when Gawtry left him; but his good host's cheerfulness and courage would have inspirited any one.

Then Craig's face grew suddenly grave.

He thought of Hilda Gawtry! And since he had lost all else, why not?

It was not until after he had dined that he saw her. Gawtry and he ate alone. His host, when he came downstairs again, had fallen silent; and what little talk there was between them was entirely in patches. After the coffee Gawtry excused himself, saying he would return presently; and left to his own devices, Craig wandered

back to the huge, softly lighted library. As he entered by one door Hilda glided in at the other!

A filmy scarf was thrown over her bare arms and shoulders, and as she came toward him she wound it about her like a cloud, her fingers playing among its folds. Somehow at that instant she was revealed to him as younger, more delicate and dainty than he had ever seen her before; and he was thrilled. Her face held him. All the frail color of her cheeks again had waned, and in contrast with her pallor her lips were vividly scarlet. As he looked down at her he could hear her breath come fluttering from between them.

Then she spoke, and her voice, though low, was as clear as the note of a lute.

"I have just seen father, Leonard," she said, "and he has told me."

There was no mistaking to what she alluded, and Craig felt himself color to his brows. Before he could speak, though, she laid her hand gently on his arm.

"I'm glad, Leonard," she said, her voice faltering momentarily; "I'm glad it's you. I know you're kind and I know you're gentle—I've learned that even from the little I've seen of you." Then suddenly she raised her face to his, her red lips parted, trembling. "If it had been some one else, some one not you, Leonard, I'm afraid I don't know what I'd have done!" And silenced, breathless, Craig looked down at her. A little smile had sprung both in her eyes and on her lips. "Though it's all so swift, so unexpected, I begin to believe, Leonard, I'm not even sorry. I almost think I'm glad. Are you?" she asked.

The question was still upon her lips when from the direction of the driveway under the porte cochère there came an interruption. Footfalls crunched on the gravel and there arose the murmur of animated voices. A moment later the doorbell vigorously rang.

"Why, who's that?" Hilda swiftly whispered.

It was already late and Craig's eyes sprang instinctively to a clock upon the table. Its hands marked five minutes past ten; and he wondered, too, who the callers might be. Butes, the second man, passed along the hall presently and the door was opened. A louder murmur of talk ensued; and Hilda, her eyes drifting away from Craig's, faintly caught her breath.

"What is it?" she exclaimed, her tone now startled.

Then outside Butes suddenly was heard, his voice raised to an impatient key.

"Ain't I already told you?" he stoutly protested; "my master don't never see reporters!"

Hilda drew a sharp breath.

"Reporters?" She looked at Craig, her eyes rounding. "They've heard about Mr. Adair—heard already! Who could have told them?"

Craig did not answer. He was listening intently, keenly, his face tense. In the hall one of the men with a hint of raillery in his tone was addressing the disdainful Butes. "All right, sport!" he said succinctly. "If your boss won't see us, tell young Mr. Craig we're here, will you—seven of us, all from the New York papers. We've been tipped off that he knows all about it."

Craig looked swiftly at the girl beside him. Her eyes were full of bewilderment. "Oh!" she gasped; "and they know, too, about you! Who could have told them?"

A new voice broke in there on the colloquy; and it was as if its owner divined the question she had asked.

The voice was Gawtry's, and he said: "Who in thunder sent you men to see Mr. Craig? Was it Hemingway?"

Abruptly leaving him, Hilda Gawtry glided swiftly toward the door; and without a moment's hesitation Craig turned to the open window near him, and darting out on the verandah climbed the rail and dropped the twelve or fifteen feet into the garden terraces below.

Then he ran.

### XVIII

THIS was the second time that night that Craig had gone racing through the dark, but now it was a known, definite goal he had in view, not the pursuit of a shadow, that evasive will-o'-the-wisp, The Whistling Man, whose form he had only vaguely glimpsed in the shadows of the garden. Moreover, with the smooth metal of the roadway underfoot he ran surely and steadily, not as he had run before, tripping and stumbling at every other step. And bearing on he came presently to the gate that opened on the river highway. There, without faltering, he turned southward out into the clear.

For Craig, in short, had at last figured that if any one held the key to the complex tangle that enmeshed him it was his mysterious, picturesque friend of the morning, Mrs. Belden; and just as half-past ten struck, emerging out of the darkness he rang her doorbell, then gave his name to the servant that answered.

Mrs. Belden came down at once. She apparently was much astonished to see him, though she made a wellbred effort to restrain herself.

"'Pon my word!" she exclaimed as she swept into the room; "I begin to believe, Mr. Craig, you're one of the most surprising young men I've ever met! What's happened now?" she demanded; and with what self-control he could muster, Craig plunged straight at the heart of the matter that had brought him running to her door.

"Mrs. Belden," he appealed, grinning ruefully, "I beg of you, what do you know about that fellow Hemingway?" For it was this that had stirred Craig. It was not the first time, either, that the man had stirred him. What hand had Hemingway had in the business? Why was he feared? Why had those men in his club turned their backs on him? Surely, though Mary Adair might have turned him against his uncle she could not have turned him against so many others, nor so many others against him. Particularly, what was Willie Hemingway's relation to the world, that when scandal was feared he should be the first suspected?

The instant, in fact, he uttered Hemingway's name a quick light of comprehension sprang into Mrs. Belden's eyes.

"Ah, I see now what's brought you!" she cried. "Tell me at once what it is!"

Briefly Craig related his story. He told of the coming of the reporters, of how they had asked for him by name, and finally how he had been led to infer that Willie Hemingway had sent them. His host's name, of course, he did not mention. However, Mrs. Belden had at once guessed that he was the one who had suspected Hemingway. In train with it her face hardened.

"Sit down, Mr. Craig!" she invited him abruptly; and she and Craig having found themselves seats, she leaned toward him, her face intent. "Now first of all," she directed shortly, "tell me—you know who I am, don't you?—what's happened to me—I mean?" When Craig shook his head she exclaimed: "That's almost queer! Why not, pray?"

"I've never asked," Craig replied, whereat Mrs. Belden smiled a little dryly.

"I wish the rest of the world, Mr. Craig, had been as considerate of my privacy! I'd have had an easier time of it, I fancy!" Then her air grew grave again. "I told you this morning, didn't I, that I'd had a shocking experience, that I'd been in the newspapers, my name bandied from mouth to mouth? Well, that hardly expresses it. To be frank, Mr. Craig, really through no fault of mine my home has been broken up, my family disrupted, and I estranged from my husband. And all this," she added quietly, "I owe that fellow Hemingway!"

*And With Angie Wept Her Father*

Craig felt, not without reason, that he trod the brink of a revelation. He waited silently.

"You would think, Mr. Craig," she said, her tone even, "that my wealth, my position, would protect me from a creature like that! The fact is, though, wealth and position have literally laid me open to him. It was because of my wealth—my husband's rather—that I've been attacked, just as, I dare say, he's attacked many others!"

But here Craig interrupted. It seemed incomprehensible that even Hemingway should be so malignant. He said so, and Mrs. Belden stared.

"Malignant? Why not, pray, when one considers the stakes?"

"Stakes!" echoed Craig. "What stakes?"

"Money, naturally!" retorted Mrs. Belden. "What did you suppose?"

Craig, however, had yet to comprehend. "But I thought Hemingway had money; that he was a man of wealth!" he protested; and again Mrs. Belden smiled a dry little smile.

"The man has a great deal of money—that is, a great deal for him, Mr. Craig. Where he gets it, though, is another matter—I assume it's in Wall Street! It wasn't I, you know, he attacked, it really was my husband. As they wished to ruin him any way they could, they included me in their attacks." Then she drew her brows together, her air as if helpless. "But that isn't the staggering part of it, Mr. Craig! The attacks on me each had a grain of truth in them, intimate details that only some member of my family could have known! How in the world they got hold of them Heaven only knows! They even had bits from my private letters!"

Craig's mind was swiftly working.

"Mrs. Belden, is Adair an enemy of your husband?"

"Why, no! Why?"

"You're sure?"

"Positive. They scarcely know one another."

"Is Gawtry then?" Craig swiftly demanded.

"Gawtry? Of course not!" said Mrs. Belden, surprised. "Mr. Gawtry is my husband's most intimate friend! He has even tried to bring Mr. Belden and me together."

"Then tell me," Craig asked hurriedly, "what happened in that room tonight when Adair had his stroke? Did Gawtry say anything to enrage him?" At the question Mrs. Belden leaned back, her eyes narrowing suddenly.

"Mr. Craig," she said curiously, "that's what made me ask you tonight to come to see me. I long have suspected Hemingway, but I have never known who was behind him. However, I believe I know now the man that not only I but you have to fear!"

"Gawtry?" gasped Craig.

Mrs. Belden stared at him.

*"The Three Millions That They and Your Father Took Twenty Years Ago From the Vaults of the Island Trust"*

"Gawtry? Nonsense!" she exclaimed. "I heard Gawtry stoutly defend you tonight!" Then before Craig could speak she raised her hand to silence him. "Mr. Craig, what was it happened to your father?" she inquired, and wondering, Craig told her.

"Killed, Mrs. Belden that is, he died from fright, but virtually he was murdered!"

"And Tevis, whoever he may have been?" she asked. "What road did Tevis go?"

Craig, pale to the lips now, told her.

"Murdered, too, Mrs. Belden! Only in his case," he added, "he was shot, not killed with fright."

"Well, Mr. Craig," said Mrs. Belden shortly as she laced her fingers together in her lap, "tonight when Adair had his stroke I heard him threaten to send Gawtry over the same road that Tevis went—fix him, Mr. Craig, the way they fixed your father!" Having said this much, Mrs. Belden leaned back and smiled.

So Gawtry, after all, had told the truth. By and large there was no possible reason to deny it now, for this was the confirmation. Craig, his brow beaded with moisture, in silence stared at Mrs. Belden; and before long she spoke:

"It's all as clear as day to me, Mr. Craig! Unquestionably through all my trouble Adair has been the man behind that fellow Hemingway—behind Gaines and Pelton too—though why, I can't imagine. However, whatever the case, I want to thank you, Mr. Craig. I long had suspected Hemingway, but until you came to me this morning I had not even dreamed whose tool he was."

But even yet Craig could hardly believe it. That such rapacity should exist even in Wall Street seemed incredible.

Mrs. Belden smiled grimly when she heard him.

"Yes," she murmured, "but after the passion I saw in Adair's face tonight I could fear anything from him. Never in my life have I beheld such rage! For a moment I thought he meant to carry out his threat there before us all, to strike down Gawtry in our presence. Then something happened—what, I'm not sure. Gawtry ran out of the room and Adair fell to the floor."

Craig felt he could well hazard a guess as to what that happening had been.

"You heard him, didn't you?" he asked; "the fellow outside, I mean!"

Mrs. Belden, mildly astonished, stared a little.

"The fellow outside?" she repeated; and Craig felt the grotesque absurdity of his reply.

"The Whistling Man," he said; "the man that whistled."

Mrs. Belden, however, did not seem to find it as absurd as he had feared. She looked at Craig, a quick air of inquiry in her eyes. "Why, yes, I heard some one whistle," she murmured; adding then: "I saw him too!"

"Closely?" asked Craig. "Did you see his face?"

"Yes, Mr. Craig. Why?"

He evaded the question.

"Could you describe him, Mrs. Belden?" he inquired. "He was middle-aged, wasn't he, and thickset?"

"Why, no!" Mrs. Belden returned instantly; "the contrary rather! As he peered through the window I distinctly saw him, and he was a young man, tall and thin. A moment after he disappeared I heard him whistle." Here her eyes grew sharp. "You called him The Whistling Man, Mr. Craig. What did you mean by that?"

Craig dropped his eyes, unwilling that she should read his thoughts in them.

"I was just wondering, Mrs. Belden. I wondered whether it was not a man I had seen before."

He was, however, more than wondering. He was dumfounded.

For twice he had seen The Whistling Man—once at Madame's door, again upon the dunes—and then each time the fellow had been the same, not a young man, thin and tall, but thickset, middle-aged, gray. Who then was the man that had whistled tonight? He awoke from his wonder to hear Mrs. Belden speaking, and at what she said Craig straightway forgot all else.

Said Mrs. Belden quietly: "I can tell you something else, Mr. Craig. When Adair fell and Mary Adair ran to him, I distinctly heard Hemingway say to her: "Craig did that, I saw him!"

The room, for an instant, swam before Craig, but somehow he managed to preserve his self-restraint. But he dared not trust himself to speak.

"Well?" inquired Mrs. Belden tentatively.

Craig, however, still did not speak. He still had nothing to say.

There was a clock upon the mantel, a small silver-gilt affair with a sonorous, tinkling little chime, a crystal note. It struck now the hour of eleven; and dully he sat back and counted the strokes. Then, as the last stroke sounded, he raised his eyes to Mrs. Belden's. "Well, good night, Mrs. Belden," he said doggedly. "I don't suppose I'll ever see you again, so thank you now for your kindness!"

As Mrs. Belden clasped hands with him she looked at him curiously.

"What are you going to do, Mr. Craig?" she asked.

He smiled weariedly.

"I? Why, hang on through thick and thin, Mrs. Belden! Gawtry's given me a place in the bank, you know; and I'm going to stick to it till I find out the truth—all the truth!"

She gave him a sudden look.

"Why!" she murmured, her tone wondering, "you don't believe there's any mistake, do you—that we are still in error?"

"I don't know," Craig answered heavily. "I've got to the point where I don't believe anything or any one! Now I'm going to find out for myself!"

"How?" asked Mrs. Belden; and staring at her, Craig vaguely smiled.

"I don't know," he bluntly replied.

As Craig, homeward bound, swung into the driveway that led to the Gawtrys' door, he saw that all the house but the living room was dark. There, however, a light still softly glowed; and swayed by a sudden impulse he crept silently toward an unshaded window and looked in. Gawtry sat at the farthest end of the room, and in his arms lay Angie.

She was weeping, not softly and quietly, but with tempestuous bitterness, her slight frame shaken by her sobs; and with Angie wept her father. He, however, was crying silently, and as the tears fell upon his cheeks he smiled, soothing the child in his arms.

Craig had not expected anything like this, and with a quick sense of shame and contrition he withdrew as hastily in silence as he had approached. Then he rang at the door.

It was Gawtry himself that admitted him. In the brief interval he had managed to rid himself of his recent emotion; but as he saw Craig he gave a little cry. "Why, Len!" he exclaimed; "I thought you'd gone upstairs!"

Craig shook his head.

"I've been for a walk, Mr. Gawtry. If you don't mind, though, I think now I'll go to bed."

Gawtry made no objection. With his eyes wearedly drifting away he said heavily: "Very well, my boy. And Leonard," he added as Craig started for the stairs, "I'm taking you up to town with me in the morning. I wish you at once to get started in the bank; besides you'll want to find lodgings for yourself. Barr will call you at seven. That will give him plenty of time to pack for you while you're at breakfast."

It was all agreeable to Craig.

Having already decided to leave Arcadie as soon as possible, he was greatly relieved that his departure had been made so easy.

"Remember, seven o'clock," reminded Gawtry. "Don't be late. Tomorrow I must not be kept waiting!"

After a brief good night Gawtry withdrew into the library; and thoughtfully climbing the stairs to his room, Craig stood there in the dark, looking out from his window at the stars that blazed in the velvet summer sky. A little strain of music, a few bars of ancient melody, familiar and with more meaning than ever now, ran lilting through his mind; and it was still vaguely humming in his ears, a half-hour later, as he dropped off into a deep and troubled sleep.

*Dear were her charms to me . . .*
*Dearest her constancy . . .*

Man proposes and Providence disposes. If Hilda Gawtry was the object of Craig's dreams he did not again behold her in the morning. Nor on that day either did Craig begin his duties in the Island Trust Company, Gawtry's Wall Street bank.

There were reasons. At seven o'clock Barr knocked upon Craig's door. "Your bath, sir, please; and it's a bright day and warm, sir!" he announced as he drew up the shades.

Craig sprang from the bed. Half an hour later, glowing from his tub, he sped down the stairs to the breakfast room. Gawtry was already there. His face was drawn and his eyes glittered feverishly.

"Come, you must hurry!" he said bluntly. "I can't be late this morning!"

Then, having uttered this, Gawtry plunged anew into the depths of the morning paper he had been reading; and presently, glancing across the table, Craig saw clearly what so deeply engrossed the man.

On the paper's opened first page there was printed in huge, full-faced type the heading:

ADAIR STRICKEN AS WALL STREET RAIDS HIS STOCKS

After he had seen that, Craig peered at the man behind the opened newspaper and again he wondered.

Gawtry sat there, his face tortured into a grin—a snarl, rather, of deep and rancorous hate; but, as Craig watched, it passed. A gray and pasty pallor succeeded it, after which Gawtry, closing his eyes, suddenly expelled his breath, a deep and forcible expiration.

Craig's hands itched to get themselves on that newspaper.

### XIX

THE Onontio, her engines keyed up to their topmost speed, raced southward to New York, and during the run Craig had her decks to himself. Only when the yacht hove to off the Battery seawall did Gawtry show himself. Then, in the same feverish activity in which he had come aboard, he clambered down into the tender, and there, his back to Craig, his eyes fastened on the city, he sat perched upon the edge of a seat, ready to leap ashore the moment they touched the landing stage.

The clock in Trinity's steeple was just striking nine as Gawtry and Craig alighted from a taxicab at the door of the Island Trust Company. Already the doors of the bank were open for the day; and in and out of the huge vaulted entrance a stream of people poured like ants in a formicary. Gawtry hurried up the steps, and looking neither to right nor left bustled toward his office. In its doorway stood Mr. Vilas, waiting.

The little man was still clad in his seedy, boardlike suit of black; and as he saw Gawtry he sped toward him, his shoes piping as loudly as ever on the floor. That he was agitated was evident. "Beg pardon, Mr. Gawtry!" he exclaimed without even so much as bidding his employer

(Continued on Page 41)

"I Have Just Seen Father, Leonard, and He Has Told Me"

# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Reg. U. S. PAT. OFF.

FOUNDED A.D. 1728

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PHILADELPHIA, MAY 31, 1913


## If You Move This Summer

When you go away this summer remember that the Post-Office Department will not forward THE SATURDAY EVENING POST from your home to your new address unless request to do so is sent to your postmaster and postage stamps are furnished for the purpose.

If you are going to be away for some time we will, upon request, change your address upon our list, but we must have at least two weeks' advance notice before the time when the change is to become effective and another two weeks' notice to change back again when you return. Furthermore send us not only your new address, but your old address.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

## The Business Outlook

THE Federal Government, as President Taft pointed out, spends a thousand million dollars a year "without adequate information" and "without a plan or program." Besides the disadvantages of that system—or absence of system—which he mentioned, another was illustrated very recently when the English chancellor presented his budget for the fiscal year 1913–14. The British budget is virtually the work of permanent treasury and departmental officials who are almost continuously engaged upon it, and who consequently become experts. Not only are the needs of the various departments studied throughout the year, with a view to adjusting appropriations, but the whole business situation of the kingdom is carefully examined; opinions as to condition and outlook are taken from many lines of trade.

Thus, when the chancellor announced that, though expenditures in the new fiscal year would be increased by nearly seven million pounds, no new taxes would be levied, because estimated receipts from the old sources showed an increase virtually as great as the increase in expenditures, that announcement was of great significance to the business community. It meant that, according to the most authoritative and trustworthy forecast obtainable, trade in Great Britain would continue for another twelvemonth at the present high level.

Of course all forecasts are fallible and in business any twelvemonth is a long look ahead. Nevertheless a comprehensive opinion taken once a year is worth while. After all, a general opinion that business is going to be good comes nearer to a guaranty that it will be good than anything else you can find.

## Canadian Immigration

OUR immigration is often spoken of as though it created a problem unknown to any other country; but as a matter of fact our immigration is small compared with Canada's. With less than one-twelfth of our total population, the Dominion during the last two years has been gaining by immigration positively almost as fast as we have—and relatively, of course, eight or ten times as fast. Net immigration there for the fiscal year recently closed was about four hundred thousand, or roughly five per cent of the population. In the same period our net immigration was about one-half of one per cent of the population.

Canada wants all these immigrants and more too—of the same sort. No doubt she will continue to get them so long as she can hold out the lure of cheap land, procurable on easy payments extended over a long term of years, and ready for cultivation with comparatively little capital investment. We had a population of about forty millions before our immigration was as large as Canada's is now, though long before that we had more cheap land than Canada possesses. The difference is explained by modern means of communication and travel. The Western World continually grows more fluid. It is all on the move. A thousand Marco Polos march through Ellis Island every day.

## Protection in the South

ARRANGE any system that tends powerfully to concentrate wealth in relatively few hands and naturally the fortunate few who possess the wealth will become leading citizens of the community. By simple force of gravitation social and political power will flow to them. To a considerable extent position and preferment will depend upon them. Presently they will not only mistake themselves for the whole community, but persons professionally engaged in speaking for the community will heartily echo the mistake.

Thus Louisiana, for example, has every appearance of being as staunchly in favor of protection as ever Pennsylvania was—and for the same reason. Interests have grown so rich and powerful through protection that their advantage seems to be the advantage of the community. Statesmen and journalists there speak of the proposal to remove the duty from sugar in exactly the same heated terms that Pennsylvania representatives apply to proposals to lower the duty on steel.

The same system will produce the same fruit anywhere. For a good while it will be exceedingly difficult to get a tariff bill considered as a whole or in its effect upon the whole country. So long as a complex system of protection is retained every tariff bill will be a local issue, and every special interest that is touched will get its bitter protest voiced, whether it is located in the North or South.

## Law and Poverty

THE world is at last really beginning to look about for a cure for poverty. Backed by the Labor party, a resolution was recently introduced in Parliament for a fixed and universal statutory minimum wage—meaning virtually that whoever in the United Kingdom works at all shall be assured decent living pay. The resolution will hardly pass this year; but, if the present temper of the British public holds, it is very likely to pass a year or two hence.

In this country Massachusetts has already passed a minimum-wage act applying to women in some trades. More far-reaching bills to the same end have been before several other legislatures. In Massachusetts it is now proposed in effect that indigent and widowed mothers shall be pensioned by the state. These are only a few of many signs that the world is beginning to consider quite seriously whether poverty can be cured.

It is a large order, but not hopeless. In comparing his budget for this year with Gladstone's in 1861 the British chancellor showed that yearly expenditures for army and navy had risen by nearly fifty million pounds; while for education, old-age pensions, workingmen's insurance, and like social services—which figured little if at all in Gladstone's budget—the state this year will spend another fifty million pounds. Eliminating these two items—and allowing for increased postal expenditures that are covered by increased postal revenue—expenses of government have risen only nine million pounds since 1861.

In other words, the state's economic and social waste on armaments equals its disbursements for fighting ignorance and poverty at home. We think that is the crux of the problem. Poverty can be cured only when preventable waste is prevented. Socialism itself could no more avoid that rule than capitalism can.

## How Not to Do It

THE various recent city investigations and exposures of vice have served the useful purpose of showing the worst method of dealing with that subject—which is the present method. The method consists in passing a general prohibitory law, without the least expectation that it will be obeyed; then making some police regulations in contravention of the general law; and finally of vesting the police with discretion as to what violations of the law shall be punished.

Now the combined secular wisdom of mankind does not really know what to do about vice; so we turn the problem over to the policeman, having first made him a policeman because he has found favor in the eyes of his ward boss. We should not think of taking his opinion on the simplest question that involved scientific knowledge, taste or conduct; yet we virtually asked him to make our social regulations with respect to vice. Of course he failed.

This method has not reduced the old vice, but to it has added two new ones—the commercialization of vice, and police graft. Both are shoots from the same root, for the purchase of police tolerance is the basis of commercialization of vice. The old idea was to make general hard-and-fast laws against crime. We have broken away from that with the juvenile court, which seeks to deal personally with each individual offender rather than with his particular offense. A like court—or a commission—vested with very large discretion and with complete power over the police as regards enforcement of vice regulations, could go very far, we believe, toward suppressing the commercialization of vice, because, though it could not eliminate vice, it could make its practice unprofitable.

You cannot keep a vicious person from practicing vice; but you can keep him from hanging out a sign and establishing a trade. And such a court or commission could go far toward eliminating police graft upon vice by taking all discretion out of the hands of the police.

## Considerable Restraint of Trade

THREE times within recent months the country has witnessed, without a word of protest, the abhorrently monopolistic spectacle of more than forty railroads meeting together by duly appointed representatives and jointly agreeing as to the price each and all of them would pay for a certain commodity. It was all done in broad daylight, too, and was widely advertised in the newspapers.

The first time was when the engineers of Eastern roads demanded an increase of pay; the second time when the firemen made a like demand; the third time to meet the demand of the trainmen. A conference committee of managers, openly representing all the roads and acting for them jointly, dealt with each demand. To be sure, the commodity in question was labor; but the law acknowledges no difference between that and rails, coal or ties. Obviously there must have been considerable getting together and combining—above all, there must have been at least a tacit agreement not to compete—or we should not find a single body acting for all the roads. No doubt the Pennsylvania, being richer, could pay more wages than the Wabash—the Lackawanna could pay more than the Erie; but all stand together, and no official trust-buster so far has said them nay. Indeed, it would take an exceptionally obtuse trust-buster to say them nay when it is so clear that, the men acting as a unit, the roads should act as a unit also.

Moreover these same railroads have recently appointed a committee to represent all of them in petitioning for an advance of freight rates in which all shall share equally. There must have been considerable agreeing and combining before that uniform application for a uniform advance in rates could have been made.

We mention this simply as another illustration that the Sherman Law will work only on condition that the Government shuts one eye.

## Retail Prices of Food

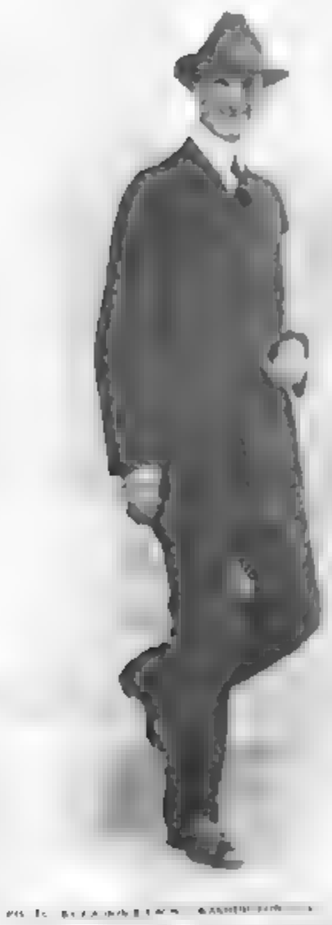
IN DECEMBER last your food probably cost you fifty-eight per cent more than in 1898. It is well to be exact upon a subject so much discussed. The Bureau of Labor finds out the kinds and quantities of food actually consumed in some twenty-five hundred typical workingmen's families, from which it compiles an average workman's family budget. It then finds the retail prices of those articles of food at many points in the United States, from which it deduces the average price. It can thus state with mathematical precision what it costs to set the table this year as compared with previous years, assuming that the table contains just the same kinds of food in just the same quantities.

The cost in December—the last month reported upon—was fifty-eight per cent higher than in 1898. The average for 1912 was almost one-third higher than in 1905, by which time increased cost of living had begun to attract considerable attention. Also the average for 1912 was eight per cent higher than in 1911 and twenty-two per cent higher than in 1907. It mounts year by year.

It is well to be as exact as possible, because Mr. Hill's famous declaration that what ailed the country was mainly "cost of high living" rather than high cost of living still finds a good many willing believers—especially when an increase of wages is under discussion. For many people, of course, that declaration is true; but for the rank and file of wage-earners high cost of living is a very tangible and stubborn fact. Unfortunately several years have passed since a comprehensive report upon wages in this country has been published. It is doubtful whether such a report, when published, will show wages to have advanced as fast as the cost of food.

# WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

## Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great



He is Said to Resemble the Beardless Lincoln

### Who's McAdoo?

THERE was considerable hostile comment among the ancient and unhappy warriors of the Grand Old Party who managed to survive the cataclasm of last November—how few they are!—how fewly few! as the cubist poet says—to the general effect that it is a durned shame the way the larcenous though triumphant Democrats are stealing the Republican stuff.

Pressed for particulars, the ancient and unhappy pointed with sneering derision and deep-seated indignation to the claim made for William Gibbs McAdoo, secretary of the treasury, and a Democrat—mark you, a Democrat!—that he resembles Abraham Lincoln. Imagine the feelings of horror and protest that swept the bosoms of Uncle Shelby Cullom and Uncle Joe Cannon, which pair of Illinois uncles have had the practical monopoly of looking like Abraham Lincoln for lo! these many years. While it is but fair to state that the looking-like is objective in the case of Uncle Joe and subjective with Uncle Shelby, both are homely enough to qualify, goodness knows! And the idea of putting up William Gibbs McAdoo as a looker-like also seemed coslosterous—as the first of our futurists, Mr. Luke Schoolcraft, was wont to observe.

The citing of Mr. McAdoo's facial angles and depressions as of the Lincoln variety had various inspirations, none more tactful or complimentary than that of Joseph W. Folk, erstwhile governor of Missouri and himself a Democrat. You see Mr. Folk is somewhat of an expert on physiognomical similitudes—kind regards to Senator Morris Sheppard!—for one of Mr. Folk's specialties is looking like Napoleon Bonaparte. Mr. Folk, greeting Mr. McAdoo pleasantly, observed that Mr. McAdoo bears a strong resemblance to Lincoln. Those present regretted Mr. McAdoo's failure to seize the opportunity to remark graciously on Mr. Folk's striking facial analogy to Napoleon; but Mr. McAdoo said no word and contented himself with the wave of a deprecatory hand and a smile of a similar nature. Mr. Folk did not pursue the subject further.

However Mr. Folk was not the only one. We read in a tribute to Mr. McAdoo prepared pending his appointment to the Cabinet: "It has often been remarked that in features and manner of speech he bears a striking resemblance to Abraham Lincoln; but in these respects he does not resemble the great Emancipator so much as in qualities of character. He has Lincoln's patience and forbearance, his desire to see justice done to every one, and a readiness to overlook the shortcomings even of those who have wronged him." Though thus reassured, I hesitate to go further in this discussion of Mr. McAdoo, lest I may unintentionally misjudge a man who comes to bat as secretary of the treasury with such a recommendation as that.

#### Life in the Spot-Light

STILL it must be confessed that Mr. McAdoo has shown himself to be a person who deserves discussion, whatever the dangers may be; for when we come to consider the topic of secretaries of the treasury we have a wide though diversified field through which to range. One might go back to Foster or Carlisle; but that is not necessary. Take the latest two before McAdoo—Cortelyou and MacVeagh—for purposes of comparison: Cortelyou, who made no noise whatsoever and did his treasuring in an entirely silent and reserved manner; and MacVeagh, who spent four happy years fixing up a new office for himself and supervising the installation of a private elevator thereto.

I venture to state that, in all their time in office combined, Cortelyou and MacVeagh were not so much in the public prints as Secretary McAdoo has been since he went into office on March fourth; and by that I do not mean McAdoo has been on the first page more than he should have been either. I mean that McAdoo seems to be the sort of a chap who just naturally gets on the first page. It appears to be his idea that, whereas he is secretary of the treasury, therefore be it resolved he is secretary of the treasury, with all functions thereto appertaining; and, as a further mark of respect, he intends to continue as the same during the entire period of his incumbency in the office.

The Treasury Department is a large affair, containing much money of various denominations, and much politics, of which there is a mere trace of the undenominational species. As has been said truly and numerously, the Treasury is the heart of the nation, from which the golden blood of our commerce flows through the arteries of trade. As an anatomical figure of speech that is of much excellence; but those who have used it have rarely gone into the matter deeply enough to carry it to its conclusion, which is this: The Treasury is the heart of the nation. The golden blood of commerce flows through the arteries of trade. Correct! Also, there are so many political fingers on the pulses thereof that it sometimes seems as if every favored hand in the Republic had an inquiring digit placed thereon.

Naturally, as the Treasury has been strongly Republican in its tendencies during the past sixteen years, special pulse-feeling facilities have been placed at the disposal of Republican fingers; and McAdoo found every throb counted first by earnest pulse-feelers of that brand. Not unmindful of the eager desire of his colaborers in the Democracy to have a chance at the diagnosing, McAdoo has been busy getting them that chance—but a stickler for it that those whom he chose himself should be first in line. And this has occasioned some small bickering and some large bickering, which, when totted up with other activities, has kept McAdoo out in the limelight constantly. As secretary of the treasury he appears to be a worker who objects to being worked.

#### The Maker of Tubes

HE WAS at the head of a large corporation when he came to Washington to become the head of a larger one, but it is quite likely he had a say in the naming of his board of directors for his former connection. Almost immediately he discovered that the board of directors of the United States Treasury has some five hundred and thirty-one members—four hundred and thirty-five in the House of Representatives and ninety-six in the Senate; to say nothing of a few millions on the patriotic outside who imagine they have a say, not one of whom was named by Mr. McAdoo. This makes it reasonably difficult for a man who has been accustomed to direct his directors to continue in his former manner. And, as Mr. McAdoo is a person quite set and determined in his ways, it is possible—indeed probable—he will continue to figure extensively in the dispatches for many days to come; especially when it is known that no person among our recently acquired Democratic executives has half McAdoo's skill in publicity.

Moreover he has been doing things during much of his life that entitle him to publicity. He was born in Georgia in 1863 and passed his boyhood in that state in the distressing after-the-war period. His family had lost all their possessions and he felt the pinch of many privations. Later his family moved to Tennessee, and McAdoo, when he was old enough, entered the university of that state, but was forced to leave in his Junior year to take a clerkship in the United States Circuit Court. He was admitted to the bar when he was twenty-one and practiced law at Chattanooga until 1892. In that year he went to New York to continue in the law, and in 1898 he formed a partnership with another McAdoo—the McAdoo who was once police commissioner and assistant secretary of the navy.

Ten years later he took over the work of completing the tunnels under the Hudson River, to connect the terminals of Jersey City with the business and shopping districts of the city of New York. It was not a new plan. Other men had had the same idea and had begun the work; but all had failed. He had little money, but he had courage and imagination and reputation—and he succeeded. In six years the system known as the McAdoo Tubes and the Hudson Terminals was under partial operation, and it has been completed since that time; for McAdoo had—besides courage and imagination and reputation—energy and practical ability. He was one of the early men in the Wilson movement and acted as vice-chairman of the Democratic National Committee during the campaign.

McAdoo is tall, thin, quiet in speech and quick in action. His ability is unquestioned, and his tenacity of purpose has been proved time and again. Hence there seem to be no reasonable grounds for the supposition that the Treasury of the United States will not continue as a lively and recurrent subject in the news; for there is no disposition on the part of the politicians to allow Mr. McAdoo to do as he wants to do—and no evidence on his side that he will not continue to do just that.

### Keeping Up With Providence

"IN AMERICUS, Georgia," said James L. Fort, secretary to Representative Dudley M. Hughes, of that state, "there is an old man who has quite a record for marrying. Four wives have died on him and he has married the fifth.

"After the fifth wedding a neighbor met the old man's son and said:

"'Well, John, I hear your father has married again.'

"'Yes, sir,' said the boy. 'Every time the Lord takes one the old man takes another!'"

### Buried in Installments

A WELL-KNOWN local character of Townsend, Montana, lost a leg in a switching yard on the railroad.

The railroad boys raised a little purse for the victim, who was rather down on his luck in other ways aside from the accident. After paying his board and hospital bills he went down and bought a coffin and a lot in the cemetery, and had his amputated leg buried in good style.

"Now," he said, "when I cash in, all they will have to do will be to dig up the coffin and put me in with the leg!"

### A Watery Diamond

A CERTAIN land magnate of Harlowton, Montana, is heavily interested in the townsite of Shawmut, which is a few miles farther along.

One year he had a lot of hay standing in July and heard his hands talking of laying off for the Fourth to have a ball game. A band was hired, refreshments were secured and everything was arranged for a big celebration.

It happened that the diamond for the ball game was on a field that the magnate owned and which he had formerly farmed and irrigated. He wanted hay cut. So, on the night of the third, he went down to the field and opened a couple of irrigating ditches. When the boys came along next day to play ball they found about nine inches of water over the home plate—and there was nothing to do but keep on cutting hay.

### Friendly Frankness

TWO constituents of the late Senator Clay, of Georgia, arrived in Washington one day with a model for some sort of machine that would revolutionize something or other. They asked Senator Clay to help them get it patented.

A week or so later the inventors visited the senator and said:

"Senator, we're getting tired waiting for our patent. Hasn't that examiner examined our device yet?"

"He has," replied Clay.

"Then what did he say?"

"He said," replied the senator gravely—"he said this to me: 'Senator Clay, if it wasn't for you I wouldn't even look at this thing—for it ain't worth a damn!'"

### To Maude's Kind Friends

THIS—from a Kansas paper—is quoted in that state as the last word in cards of thanks:

"Mrs. Mary McEnanay desires in this manner to thank those who so generously gave their assistance during the illness of her driving mare, Maude."

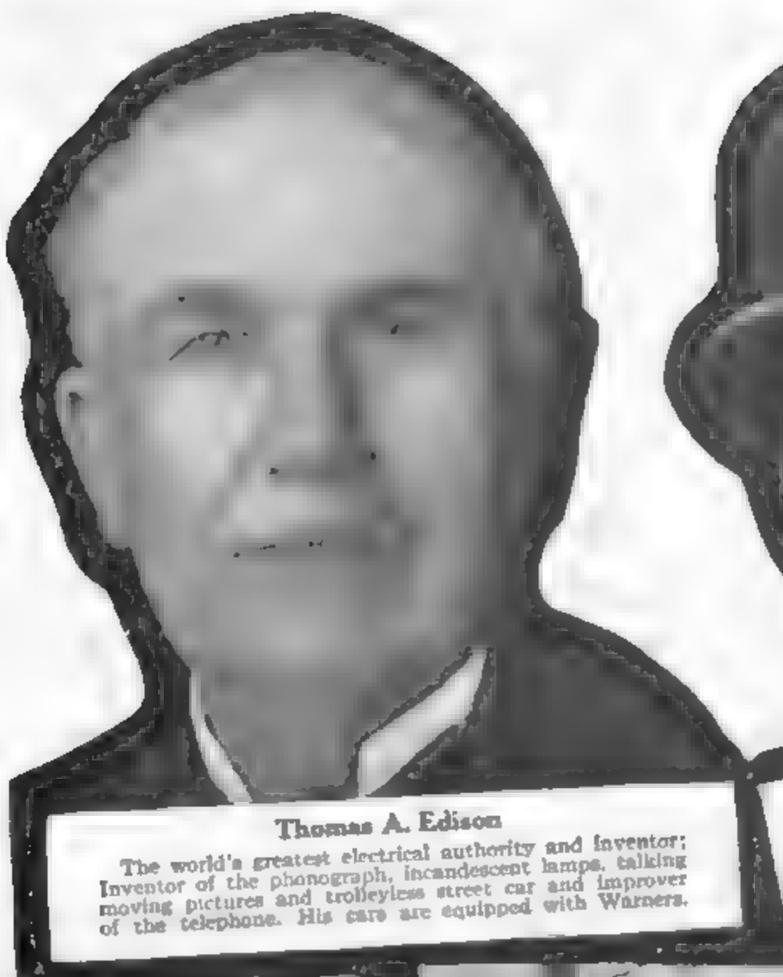
### Toast Limits

A RIGHT Honorable Member of Parliament had the first response on the toast list at an English banquet.

He began drearily and talked soggy politics without end.

After he had been on his feet for an hour, the chairman, or toastmaster, sent a note to the man sitting next to the talker, who also was scheduled for a toast. The note read: "For Heaven's sake twitch his coattails and tell him he has long exceeded his time limit!"

Presently a note from the man who was to talk came back to the chairman. That note read: "I am astonished at your request. If I cannot speak longer than this I must refuse to speak at all."



**Thomas A. Edison**

The world's greatest electrical authority and inventor; Inventor of the phonograph, incandescent lamps, talking moving pictures and trolleyless street car and improver of the telephone. His cars are equipped with Warners.

**Elihu Root**

U. S. Senator from New York and former Secretary of War, under Presidents McKinley and Roosevelt, one of our most distinguished lawyers. His cars are equipped with Warners.

**John D. Rockefeller**

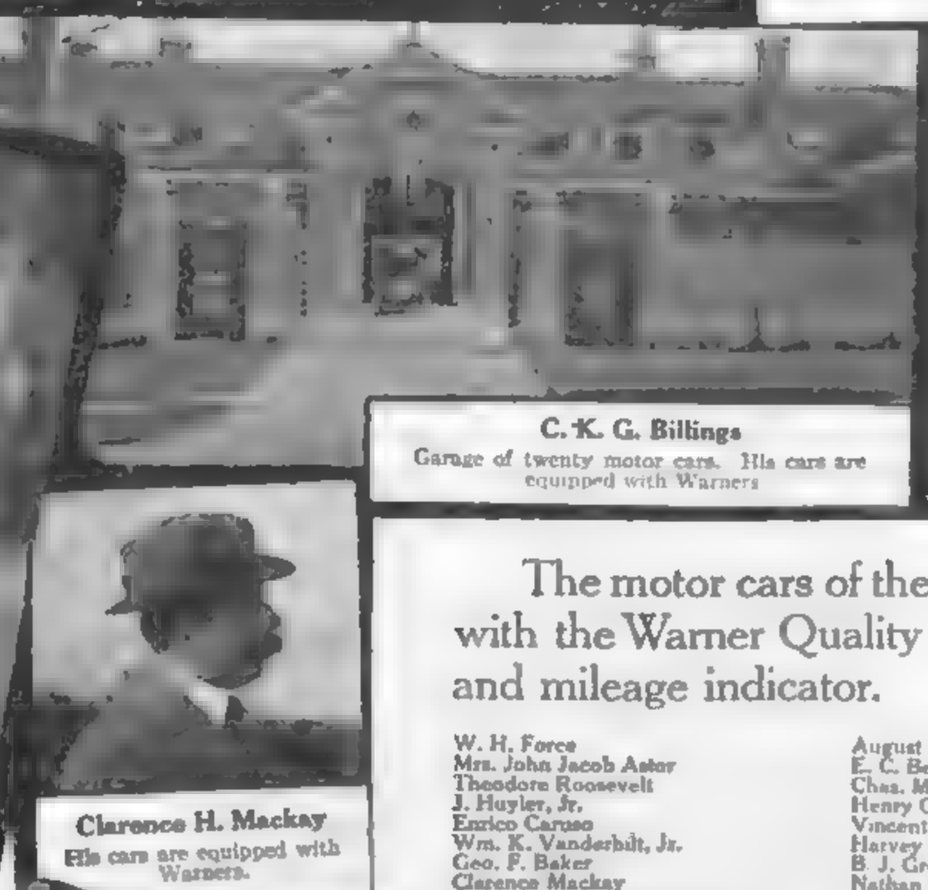
President of the Standard Oil Company. Said to be the richest individual in the world. His cars are equipped with Warners

**Col. Theodore Roosev**

Former President of the United... Governor of New York... New York City; now contribut... He has always used the Warner.

**W. K. Vanderbilt**

His cars are equipped with Warners



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# THE FOREHANDED MAN

## By Will Payne

HERE is one of the most spacious and well-appointed brokerage offices in the Wall Street district, with a numerous corps of employees and a score of telephones. It has a rather busy air too. The signs on the windows and doorposts, the letterheads and all the advertising matter contain the firm's name and the legend: Specialists in Odd Lots. A middle-aged man slides up to a desk and asks: "Have you got me those six shares of Southern Pacific yet?"

Ten years ago Stock Exchange literature contained scarcely a reference to odd lots. You might see that term used in an obscure paragraph once a week. Now columns are regularly written about the trade in odd lots, and it has been considered an encouraging sign that, though the total volume of business on the exchange has fallen off greatly, the odd-lot trade has been quite steadily increasing. All of which means that nowadays Wall Street is vigorously pursuing the small investor—and the small speculator too.

One hundred shares is the standard unit of trading on the New York Stock Exchange, and a hundred-share transaction is necessary to "make the market." The ticker ignores all transactions of less than one hundred shares; and, as a rule, only trades in a hundred shares or more are entered on the official sheet that gives the daily business of the exchange, though occasionally smaller transactions are put on the sheet by special request.

Technically an odd lot is anything less than a hundred shares; but practically the great bulk of odd-lot trading is in quantities of less than fifty shares—ten, fifteen, twenty-five, and so on. But you can buy any number of shares of any stock—one, three, seven, thirteen; in fact, any number.

Only a few years ago the man who wanted to buy less than a hundred shares was rather generally looked down upon as a piker. Many brokerage houses really did not care for that small-fry business, and some of them made no bones about saying so; but nowadays great pains are taken to cultivate the odd-lot trade.

### The Odd-Lot Man at Work

In most stock markets the man who wants to buy or sell an odd lot is at a decided disadvantage. If he wishes to buy or to sell, say, seventeen shares of a given stock he must wait until somebody turns up who wants to buy or sell exactly the same number of shares of the same stock. Suppose the stock is Boston Elevated and the market—made by the last hundred-share sale—is 108. You could buy a hundred shares at that price, but there is nobody to sell you seventeen shares. The market may move up to 108⅛, 109, 109⅛—and still nobody offers seventeen shares. If you wish to sell your seventeen shares when the market is 108, somebody may bid 108⅛ or even 109 for twenty shares; but that does you no good. You might even have to sell your seventeen shares at 108 when somebody next door was paying 108⅛ or 109 for twenty-five.

On the New York Stock Exchange, however, you can always buy or sell your odd lot exactly one-eighth of a point above or below the market. In other words you can always buy your seventeen shares at just twelve and a half cents a share more than the purchaser of a hundred shares pays, and you can always sell it at just twelve and a half cents a share less than the seller of a hundred shares gets.

This is made possible by the odd-lot specialists. In brief, they stand ready to buy or sell any odd lot at an eighth of a point or twelve and a half cents on a hundred-dollar share—away from the market. To illustrate, suppose you have made up your mind to invest a thousand dollars in a standard railroad stock, and have picked out Northern Pacific, selling round a hundred and fifteen dollars a share. You give your order and cash to a broker, who sends the order down to his floor representative on the Stock Exchange. The floor representative goes over to an odd-lot specialist. The last hundred-share sale of Northern Pacific was at 115¼. The odd-lot specialist immediately sells the nine shares at 115⅜. Or, if you had nine shares of Northern Pacific you wished to sell—the last hundred-share lot having sold at 115¼—the odd-lot specialist would take your nine shares at 115⅛. Bear in mind that one-eighth means an eighth of a dollar a share, or twelve and a half cents; one-quarter means twenty-five cents a share—and so on.

Or, suppose your odd lot was in some stock that was rather inactive at the time—say, Brooklyn Union Gas. There had been no actual sales for some little time, but the stock was offered at a hundred and thirty-two dollars a share, while a hundred and thirty dollars a share was bid for it. The specialist would at once sell you your odd lot at the offered price of 132. However, if you preferred, you could wait until a hundred-share sale took place. Say this actual sale was at 131. He would then sell you your odd lot at 131⅛.

Of course, to a degree this arrangement penalized the odd-lot investor. He must always pay an eighth more than the hundred-share man, and always sell at an eighth less. Yet, on the whole, it is a far better arrangement for him than having to wait until somebody turns up who wants to buy or to sell his exact number of shares. In the latter case the market may get clear away from him before he can make his trade; but under the New York Stock Exchange arrangement he can always buy or sell at a moment's notice.

Obviously that arrangement would be impossible except where there was a large volume of odd-lot business. Otherwise there would be nothing in it for the odd-lot specialist. He finds his profit, of course, in the margin or handicap of twelve and a half cents a share he imposes on the odd-lot trader. Go back to the Northern Pacific case. The market is 115¼. The specialist has sold you nine shares at 115⅜; but by the time he has sold enough other odd lots to make up a hundred shares the market may have moved up to 115⅝. He buys a hundred shares at that price and his profit has been wiped out. In practice, of course, he is always both buying and selling odd lots, and the nine shares he sold you at 115⅜ may come out of a twelve-share lot that he has just bought at 115⅛. On the whole, evidently he does make a profit or he would not continue in business.

No doubt the broker who takes your order for an odd lot finds that the business pays, on the whole, or he would not continue it; but you can see that he has to figure it very fine, because he charges only the same commission on an odd lot as on a hundred-share order—namely, an eighth, or twelve and a half cents a share—and an order for ten shares involves exactly the same amount of bookkeeping and clerical work as an order for a thousand shares. Moreover, the broker must divide his commission with the specialist on the floor.

### The Big Sum of Little Trades

One broker recently put the case this way: "We get an order to buy ten shares of New York Central. Our commission on that order is a dollar and twenty-five cents, out of which we have to pay the clerical expenses involved in entering and executing the order, the telephoning, and so on. Moreover, when we get the ten-share certificate we have to send it up to the Grand Central Terminal to be registered in the name of the purchaser, which costs ten cents carfare—to say nothing of the time of the employee. What do we get out of it?"

Very little evidently; but the transfer offices of most stocks are nearer to Wall Street than the Grand Central Terminal is, so, in most cases, carfare may be saved.

Having bought you nine shares of Northern Pacific, or ten shares of New York Central, your broker will send the certificate up to the railroad company's stock transfer office and have a new one made out and registered in your name, with your address. That certificate you put away in your strong box, and thereafter the railroad company will send you a check for the dividends on it.

This makes a lot of clerical work at the railroad office too; and, all round, the odd-lot business involves a great deal of trouble. But from the Street's point of view the trouble is well worth while. First, in the aggregate it brings in a large volume of business. One brokerage house says that its odd-lot business sometimes runs to ten thousand shares a day. The books of another house show that, whereas the total volume of business on the exchange fell off during a year by about thirty per cent, the house's odd-lot business increased twenty per cent.

Then, in the aggregate, a great quantity of stocks are absorbed by these small-lot buyers and taken permanently out of the Street. Immediately after the panic of 1907 a flood of odd-lot buying orders for cash appeared in the Street. One man with good facilities for judging estimated that fully fifty thousand separate odd lots of stocks were purchased in that post-panic period and taken entirely out of the Street, to be locked up in small investors' strong boxes all the way from Maine to California. Another man declared that in the fortnight succeeding the acute stage of the panic ten million dollars' worth of small lots of stock were bought, paid for in cash, and taken home.

Naturally that sort of buying helps tremendously at such a juncture. It has been found, too, that the small-lot investor is much more apt to buy for keeps than the large operator is; in fact, a heavy break in stocks is rather more likely to bring in odd-lot buying orders than selling orders. In September, 1911, for example, there was a grievous commotion in Steel. In a week the common stock dropped about ten points. An odd-lot specialist reported that during the week he had only nine selling orders in Steel common, though, on the other hand, he was shipping tidy bundles of it out to odd-lot buyers every day.

### Small Investors Welcome

All the railroads and big industrials are anxious to see the number of their stockholders increase. They figure naturally that the more extensively the public is interested in their securities, the safer they are on the political side. And it is largely through the odd-lot buyers that the number of corporation stockholders does increase. So, on the whole, the Street regards this odd-lot trade with a most friendly eye.

The Street also likes the trade for another and much less creditable reason. I have spoken of the odd-lot business so far only on the investment side—as representing purchases by people who actually want the stocks to keep, at least for some considerable period; or sales by people who had the actual stock to dispose of.

Unfortunately, however, about half the odd-lot business is purely speculative, and that half I regard as rotten.

First and last, I have known a good many men who were by no means professional speculators—and a fair majority of whom were clear-headed, conservative business men in their own lines—to buy stocks on margin. I should say offhand that about four times out of five the game gets them before they are through. As a rule, they begin with a very plausible program like this: Standard stocks are quite cheap at current prices; business is good; the country prosperous; there is every reason to suppose stocks will go up rather than down. I will buy only the best stocks, and then only in such quantities that I can keep them margined if they do go down for a time. Having bought the stocks, I will simply sit on them until they go up!

It sounds plausible; but very few men can be long in any place without absorbing more or less of its atmosphere; and the atmosphere of the stock trade is gambling. Four times out of five your conservative man is infected by it. His stocks go down a bit, and he buys more than he had intended to in order to get a lower average price on his line. They go up a bit and he sells part of his line; then buys it back again. Presently, in short, instead of buying a given number of shares and sitting on them, as he had proposed to do, he is in the market—buying and selling.

And the speculator in odd lots has the constant handicap of that one-eighth to contend with, besides his commissions and interest. Every time he buys he pays an eighth over the market. Every time he sells he gets an eighth under the market. It takes only four complete transactions to cost him a full point on every share. For investment this one-eighth is immaterial; but do not buy odd lots on margin!

# NINE ASSISTS AND TWO ERRORS

(Continued from Page 13)

When I saw how she felt about ball-players I sort of stalled along. She got the idea that I was quite a pitcher and I—well, I didn't deny it—I didn't have the nerve to tell her the truth; and now it's got to the point where she expects me to make good—and I'm not there!"

"She knows little about the game, I take it," said Shamus, "else ye wouldn't have got away with your bluff thus far."

Martin winced.

"On the level," he asked, "am I as bad as that?"

Kehoe nodded.

"Patsy has had your number fr'm the first day," said he. "'Tis as plain as the nose on your face that ye will never be a pitcher."

Martin Luther sighed heavily.

"This girl knows the practice games begin tomorrow," said he, "and she expects me to go in there and pitch. If I could get away with it only once—only once!"

Shamus Kehoe shifted his chair and stared into the boy's face incredulously.

"Ye think it would make a difference?" he asked.

"All the difference in the world!" said Martin. "But what's the use of talking about it? If I went in there they'd hammer me all over the lot."

"Yes," said Kehoe. "They would. They would so."

There was a long silence. Sentiment, the birthright of the Irish, was stirring in the depths of Shamus Kehoe's heart. It brought his youth back to him and the memories of the days when he walked with Veronica Shaughnessy—the light in her eyes.

"She's a good girl, me son?" asked Shamus softly.

"So good that it seems strange she should care for me at all," said Martin humbly.

"'Tis not like ye to be so meek," said Shamus. "What makes ye think 'tis love an' not a mere passin' fancy?"

"When you met Mrs. Kehoe," countered Martin Luther, "did you have to stop and ask yourself any questions? You knew, didn't you?"

"Yes, me son—I knew." For the feeling in the boy's voice Shamus could have forgiven him everything—even his middle name, had he thought of it. He thought of other things instead—the moon, for instance; and remembered that it was the same one which shone down on his own lovemaking. And when an Irishman stares at that calm silver face long enough and recalls all that it has seen of the best in him—the joy and the sorrow—his calm judgment is apt to suffer a severe moonstroke.

"But what's the use?" mourned Martin Luther. "She thinks I'm a great pitcher—and I'm a piece of cheese!"

Shamus Kehoe spoke suddenly, his voice thick with moonbeams and gruff with newborn resolution.

"Ar-re ye game?" he demanded. "Ye'll take a chance?"

"On what?"

"On the girl!" said Kehoe. "Suppose ye had a chance to pitch agin the reg'lars tomorrow—would ye be willin' to try?"

"I'm not afraid—if that's what you mean," said Martin slowly. "She'll have to know sometime. Yes, I'm game."

"Glory!" exclaimed Kehoe. "I'll send ye in tomorrow. Six innin's is all we play the first week. And Martin?"

"What, sir?"

"Don't leave it get yer goat. Often I've seen 'em this early in the season when they could not hit a mess av balloons."

Long after Martin Luther had gone indoors Shamus Kehoe sat on the porch and looked at the moon.

"Ah, 'tis a grand thing to be young!" he mused. "It is so! If he wins the game he wins the gir-rl. God forgive me f'r a sintimintal old fool, but it runs in me mind that the lad will win tomorrow, even if we have to crowd the game on to him unbeknownst. Glory! All me life have I been readin' mushy tales about the heroic young pitcher an' the lovely girl in the grandstand. I was almost believin' there wasn't anny such animal, an' here I run into it in real life! . . . I wonder now, is it the blonde or the wan in the red hat?"

*IV*

THE first practice game of the season is always more or less of a joke to the seasoned veterans. Almost anything may happen that early in the spring, and almost everything does; but the word Kehoe passed along to his hired men convinced them there was still something new under the sun.

"'Tis like this, boys," Shamus said: "The lad is goin' back home to make shoes. He is—bar none—the worst pitcher in the world. His heart is set on winnin' wan game; an', speakin' strictly in confidence, there is a girl tangled up in it. I look to ye, as true Irishmin, to see that the lad gets away with it. An' I'll fine the man wan hundhred bones who blabs afterward!"

To a man the Harps entered enthusiastically into the spirit of the thing. To be ordered to throw a game was a novelty and, under the circumstances, a joke—though Patrick Henry O'Meara, selected to catch for the yanigans because of his familiarity with Martin's erratic delivery, expressed grave doubts and drooled pessimistically all the way from the hotel to the baseball park.

"It will be no cinch, I warn ye," said that honest man to Messrs. Gilligan, Finnigan and Costigan. "Do not think 'tis a mere matter of strikin' out in a pinch. He will not get more than seven or nine balls over the plate all day. His conthrol this mor-rnin' was unusual wide an' promiscuous. Whoever catches f'r ye had better heave wan to hell-an'-gone occasionally an' let in a mess av runs. Martin will need thim."

"Nix!" said Gilligan. "If we hippodrome it he'll tumble an' so will everybody else. It's got to be a close score. Since we're out to toss a game, let's do it right!"

Shamus Kehoe sat on the bench and scanned the crowd in the grandstand with deep interest.

"Pickin' wan girl out av that flock is a tough job," said he to Francis X. Shea. "Yer eyes are better than mine. Do ye see annything av a nervous blonde who looks as if her future happiness is thremblin' in the balance?"

Patrick Henry O'Meara, catching McCall's practice shoots, offered encouragement and advice.

"All ye need is conthrol," said he. "Their battin' eyes are ba-ad, an' their legs are stiff an' sore. Ye can beat thim by keepin' the ball over the plate. Conthrol'll do it."

Whereupon Martin Luther proceeded to heave a few that caused O'Meara to groan.

Windy Jawnny O'Brien was selected as umpire and privately instructed to call everything a strike that came within reaching distance of the plate.

Kehoe gave the signal and the yanigans trotted to their places—alert, overanxious and firmly convinced that their future careers depended upon making a favorable showing against the veterans. Contrary to his custom, Martin Luther did not make a theatrical entrance. He was the first man on the diamond—pale, nervous to a pitiable degree, but plainly determined to give the veterans the best that was in him. If he heard the pattering of gloves in the grandstand he gave no sign.

Little Malachy Dugan was first at bat. Martin Luther, observing O'Meara's sign for a fast ball, whirled his arms like a dervish and threw the fastest one in stock. Malachy Dugan leaped nimbly away from the plate; but, even so, the ball grazed the tip of his nose. This so unnerved Martin that, in spite of all Jawnny O'Brien could do, Malachy had a buse on balls forced upon him.

"Tell him to catch me off first," whispered Dugan to O'Meara as he left the plate. "I'll take an awful lead."

Patrick Henry strolled into the diamond, mask in hand.

"F'r the love av Heaven," he pleaded, "more conthrol an' less speed! Take y'r time an' t'row 'em on the side where ye see the bat stickin' out. Try a peg to first; Dugan is often caught napping."

Martin Luther cuddled the ball under his chin; out of the corner of his eye he saw Malachy creeping down the baseline. There was a shrill chorus of feminine squeals and twitterings as Martin whirled and threw the ball toward McCafferty, the recruit first baseman. It was Dugan he hoped to catch napping, but it was McCafferty who was sound asleep—and the ball whizzed on into right field. There was nothing for Dugan to do but to continue on his way, which he did, calling down the black curse upon all the McCaffertys, their heirs and assigns forever. He stopped at third base.

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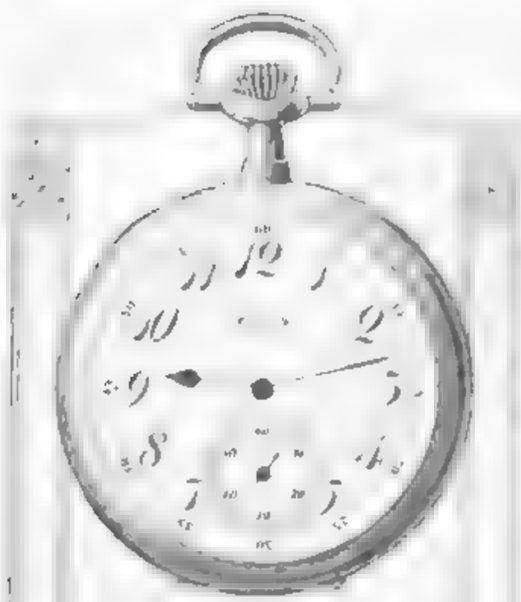

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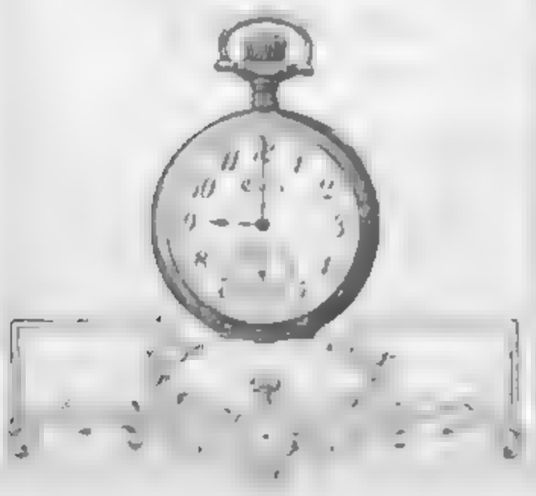


"Mulligan," breathed O'Meara into the ear of the next batter, "do ye shpill wan down to Martin an' leave him t'row Dugan out at the plate. 'Twill make a gran' play f'r him an' may cheer him up."

Mixed-ale Mulligan's great specialty was pushing a ball through a gap in the infield; and it was no trouble for him to shorten the grip on his bat and send the sphere hopping directly at Martin.

"Home wid it! Home wid it!" howled O'Meara.

Martin Luther rushed forward to meet the ball, juggled it for an instant and then hurled it at O'Meara with all his strength. The throw was high and wide, but Patrick Henry swept it into his capacious mitt and stooped to tag the sliding Dugan. He missed him by at least eighteen inches.

"Ye're out!" snapped Umpire O'Brien sternly; and for the first time in his life Malachy Dugan took the worst of a decision at the home plate without trying to pull the buttons off the umpire's coat.

"What kind of baseball is that?" demanded Patricia Kehoe of her sister Cornelia. "That lobster bunted—bunted with a man on third base and nobody out! Of course it's only a practice game, but a man ought to be fined for 'pulling a bone' like that."

Finnigan, the next batter, stood still while two atrocious strikes were called on him, and then swung brazenly at one a foot over his head. He missed it as far as possible.

"A-a-ah!" scolded Patricia. "What's the matter with Wolfe Tone? He went after a wild pitch!"

Gallegher, next up, contrived to end the inning with a weak infield fly and the grandstand cheered Martin Luther hysterically as he went to the yanigan bench.

"Make it a close score!" ordered Kehoe as the Harps took the field.

Red Timothy Tierney, whose left arm is famed in song and story, mowed down the recruits with slow, tantalizing drops and wide curve balls, and three men fell before him in order.

In the second inning Martin Luther essayed a few curves on his own account, which caused O'Meara to leap about like an agitated bullfrog, cursing wildly under his breath.

One of these random shots smote Aloysius Gilligan, the first batter, a resounding thump in the ribs and he went to first base. Tad Costigan did his honest best to force Aloysius at second base and would surely have succeeded had not Ignatius Daly, the shortstop, fumbled the ball, both men being safe.

"Now then," said Shamus to Francis Xavier Shea, "help him out av the hole—poor lad!"

Shea, first ascertaining the exact position of Dominick Murphy, the recruit third baseman, hit the ball as straight to him as he knew how.

Dominick made a nice pickup, rushed to third ahead of Gilligan and then whizzed the ball across the diamond to McCafferty in time to double Shea.

"Aw, what are those fool women clapping about?" sniffed the keen-eyed Patricia. "The play at third was all right, but Shea stumbled getting away from the plate and it took him twenty minutes to get started again! They're playing like a lot of applewomen."

Bartholomew Burke, the catcher, who had some of the instincts of a dramatist, took three terrific swings at three pitched balls and closed the second inning.

"Easy there!" cautioned O'Meara. "That looked pretty raw."

"Aw, what t'hell!" growled Burke. "I ribbed up a swell exit f'r him, didn't I?"

The Harps deserve no credit for holding the recruits runless for five innings; but in holding themselves in like case for the same length of time they performed a feat seldom if ever equaled in baseball history. Martin Luther, instead of settling down, grew worse with each inning, and seemed determined to lose the game in spite of tenacious opposition of nine experienced and resourceful men.

It was in the fourth session that Patricia Kehoe marched out of the grandstand and left the park, with fire in her eyes.

"I'm as game as anybody," said she to Cornelia; "but I can't stand for this! Think of that fool of a Shea trying to steal second—with the bases full! A Swede did that once in the National League and they laughed him out of baseball!

"Martin is in there without a thing in the world but a glove and a lovely disposition, and they ought to be hitting him all over the place. You can stay if you want to, but I'm going. I think they're all crazy with the heat."

By inventing miracles upon the spur of the moment, and contriving errors of omission and commission, the Harps managed to struggle to the end of the fifth inning without a run; and Shamus Kehoe offered himself a fresh chew of tobacco and summed up the situation tersely:

"Glory be!" said he. "I had no notion 'twould be so raw. Hurry an' get it over—'tis makin' me ill."

Gallegher and Gilligan hastened to retire themselves, but Tad Costigan made an unpardonable blunder and was forced to do some quick thinking in order to redeem himself.

Tad took a careless swing at the first ball pitched and accidentally connected with it. It rolled to the center-field fence—an honest home run; but Tad was thinking hard as he galloped down to first base.

"The miserable fool!" grunted Umpire O'Brien. "No—'tis all right, O'Meara! He cut first base by ten feet—an' McCafferty seen him do it."

When the ball came back into the diamond McCafferty yelled for it and Jawnny O'Brien soberly declared Costigan out for failing to touch first base. Tad howled like a wounded wolf, and Dugan, Finnigan and Shea had their hands full to keep him from assaulting the umpire. It was all very realistic and thrilling; but, even as he struggled, Costigan was saying:

"I took no chances. I missed 'em all on the trip round. Did ye notice?"

The recruits swarmed to the bench to take their last turn at bat.

"Let's have a run, fellows," pleaded Martin Luther. "Who hits first?"

"Little me," said O'Meara. "An' if I get on, Martin, bust wan a mile—d'ye hear?"

Judge Jimmy O'Houlihan had succeeded Tierney in the box for the regulars. The descendant of Irish kings winked openly at Patrick Henry and threw him a straight ball, waist-high and on the outside—in the very spot where O'Meara always liked them best.

The fat old catcher sent a humming grounder down toward Dugan at short, who dashed forward, made a snatch at the ball and, missing it by a hair's-breadth, executed something very like a drop kick, which gave the slow-moving O'Meara time to reach second base.

"Fine wor-rk, Malachy, me son!" wheezed the old gentleman. "'Tis a gran' stage settin' f'r Martin. If he can hit the ball at all he's a hero an' he wins his own game."

Martin Luther advanced to the plate, clutching a long, heavy bat. The grandstand broke into applause, with here and there the flutter of a handkerchief. The boy did not hear it. His face was white, his jaw was set at a pugnacious angle, and his eyes glittered with stern determination. He knocked the dirt from his spikes, rubbed dust on his palms and crouched, every muscle tense, the bat jerking in short, nervous circles.

Judge Jimmy tied himself in a knot and stood on one leg, flinging the other one high in the air; but the ball that was born of such cataclasmic effort wabbled feebly up to the plate—a fair, fat mark for any but a blind man. Martin Luther whipped the bat back round his neck and stepped briskly forward, swinging with every ounce of his eager young strength. There was a loud crash; a streak of white between short and third; a puff of dust on the far green; a swirl of outfielders' flying legs—and, in the midst of a cackling ovation from the stand and joyful whoops from the yanigans, Patrick Henry O'Meara came trundling home with the run that won the game. And nobody seemed to notice that Aloysius Gilligan ran in the wrong direction.

"Glory be!" chuckled Shamus Kehoe. "'Tis exactly the way it always happens in the magazines—the hero wins his own game in the last innin'. I'll believe anything after this."*

▼

OF COURSE it was too good to keep. That evening after dinner Shamus Kehoe sat on the porch with Veronica and they looked at the moon.

"My, but Patreeshy was mad as a hornet when she came home from the park this afternoon!" said Mrs. Kehoe. "By what she says, the boys played an awful game. What ailed thim?"

"Ah, that's a secret!" said Shamus; and because it was he told Veronica the whole story from beginning to end.

"'Twas a fearful struggle," said he in conclusion; "but we finally forced it upon him. That poor misbeguided girl of his thinks he's a pitcher; an' it ain't our fault if he didn't have all the earmarks av a Chris Matchewson. The boys certainly done noble!"

Being a woman, Veronica noticed that Shamus had overlooked the most important point in the narrative.

"Who is this girl?" she demanded.

"He did not say," said Shamus; "but I have an idea 'tis the large blonde who's at the park so reg'lar. O'Meara see him talkin' with her."

"Humph!" said Veronica scornfully. "If she's the same girl I see traipsin' about the streets with a poodle dog, she's not good enough f'r him."

"Martin is no child!" argued Shamus. "He's seen plenty av girls. I'd trust the boy to know which wan he wants."

"All men are fools about women," said Veronica sternly; "an' I'll have ye to know, Shamus, that ye're no fit figure f'r a Cupid! Ye should have kept out av it. Hush! Here comes the lad now, with the girls."

"What do you think of him, ma—getting away with his own game in the last inning?" asked Patricia.

"I've just been hearin' about it, Martin," said Mrs. Kehoe. "When are we to congratulate ye?"

"Begin now!" said Martin Luther; and stooping quickly he imprinted a rousing kiss upon the plump cheek of that astounded lady.

"Bless the boy!" sputtered Veronica, blushing furiously. "I sh'd box your ears f'r that, Martin! Where's the girl?"

"Here she is," said Martin, taking Cornelia's hand. "We're engaged!"

"Ye're what?" shouted Shamus, leaping to his feet.

"Dear heart alive!" gasped Veronica. "My Cornelia—ingaged!"

"Well, what do you know about that?" squealed Patricia, launching herself upon Martin Luther like a young thunderbolt. "Now I can never be anything but a sister to you, Martin! You may kiss me too!"

"Will you give her to me, sir?" asked Martin anxiously.

Shamus Kehoe glared and swallowed hard.

"Do ye want him, Corney?" he asked at length.

The girl moved closer to Martin Luther and leaned her head upon his shoulder.

"Take her!" exploded Shamus, and under his breath he said:

"'Tis the second time I've given her to him—the rascal!"

Patricia stood on tiptoe and whispered in Martin's ear.

"I hope you'll be a better husband than you are a pitcher," she said.

"I hope so too," said Martin Luther.

Shamus Kehoe sat down heavily and stared at the moon. "Glory be!" he murmured. "An' I thought it was the blonde!"†

*Note to the scorekeepers—This is the place to divide the nine assists.

†Note to the scorekeepers—Give Kehoe an error on the color of the lady's hair.

# THE ALIEN CORN

(Continued from Page 10)

and a path that led down into the village. In the road below she found the woman who had come with her, weeping, with a shawl over her head. She received her in her arms.

A carriage that had been prepared to take this woman out of the country was waiting. The girl got into the carriage with her—and in the confusion they escaped. She did not know how badly the grand duke had been injured, but he had not been killed outright—that much she learned on the way out. Still, he must have been terribly hurt, else he would have taken some measures to intercept her. She did not know where to go; so she had come here—and here she was in all manner of uncertainty. It was only an hour of respite any way she looked. If her husband were alive he would presently seize her as a chattel that he had purchased. Hope lay in no direction that she could see. The very immunity in which she moved for the hour was sinister. She felt that something threatened—prepared itself—was beginning to move toward her.

Madame Nekludoff rose. The declining sun and the wandering shadows lay soft about her. She stood with her arms hanging and her lips parted, the daughter of some pitiable legend; her eyes big and her face made slender by the memories of peril. I stood up then and said what any man would say, in the courage and in the vehemence of youth. She should go free of these accursed vultures—and I grew white and desperate and hot with the words.

She looked at me with a sad, adorable smile, like one who would believe in the prowess of her champion against a certain and determined knowledge. But she shook her head.

"My friend," she said, "you are fine and noble! You are, in very truth, the fairy prince! But I am not a fairy princess and this man is not a fairy beast. I am the wife of Dimitri Volkonsky!"

"But if he should die!" I cried.

Her feet on the hard path did not move, but her whole body seemed to spring up, as though cords binding down wings had been suddenly severed. Then she turned swiftly and put her cool, firm hand over my lips.

"Hush!" she whispered.

I took the hand and kissed it, and kept it in my own. And I said the words again:

"If he should die?"

She looked up slowly into my face, her eyes blue as the cornflower—hazy with a mist of tears—deep and saddening.

"Oh, *mon prince*," she said, "things may happen like that in your fairy kingdom, but not here—not in this world."

It did happen, though—and in this world!

I do not know what I did on this evening or this night. At the gate of the convent in Cimiez I was banished, but I had wrung from Madame Nekludoff her permission to remain for another day—and that day, as the Fates willed it, was time enough.

That evening I doubtless smoked innumerable cigarettes on the terrace, under that halo-circled balcony; and that night I doubtless slept like one who guards a treasure. But in the morning destiny knocked on the door.

I got my breakfast and was smoking by the window, looking out over this city of celestial colors, blended like the beauties of an Oriental carpet, where any extravagance of romance might happen in the coincidences and verisimilitudes of life. There was a timid rapping on the door, and the old woman I had seen on the balcony below entered. She seemed in confusion from some event and startled.

Madame Nekludoff wished to speak with monsieur. Would he come down to her apartment? I went down like one who travels upon wings, though step by step and no faster than the maid on the stone stair. At the salon door I stopped.

Madame Nekludoff was standing by a curtain, with her face turned away, while in an armchair, behind a table, sat a huge monk, his shoes and his clothing covered with dust. He wore the garb of those isolated monastic orders dwelling in the waste and perilous places of the earth. He seemed overcome with fatigue, like one who has traveled far. There was a bottle of wine on the table and some cold meats.

The maid closed the door and withdrew. Madame Nekludoff moved along the curtain until she finally stood before the window, but always keeping her face turned away. Finally she began to speak. Her voice jerked along as though now and then some great emotion choked it.

"Father Augustine is here. . . . He has had a long journey—all the way down from Haute-Savoie. . . . The Grand Duke Dimitri is dead!" She moved along the window, still keeping her face turned away, until she reached the door to her bedchamber. "Sit down there by the table. He will tell you." And putting her hand out to the knob of the door she turned it and went in.

I was not, in truth, very greatly startled. I had somehow profoundly believed that this thing would happen—as a child profoundly believes in the ultimate beneficence of God. I bowed to the monk and sat down. The old man poured out a glass of wine and drank it very slowly. Then he put his hand into the bosom of his robe, took out a packet and laid it on the table. The packet was some twelve or fifteen inches long and several inches thick. It was wrapped in a silk cloth. Then he addressed me, speaking like one who is very tired.

"My son," he said, "the Duchess Dimitri will need the counsel of some one more familiar with the world than an old monk of Savoie." He paused and put his big hand on the packet. "I have been in great doubt about this matter; but it was the dying command of the Grand Duke Dimitri, and we are not permitted to disregard even the wishes of the wicked in the presence of death. That God permits the evil to work their will in this world is a great mystery—but He does permit it. How far, then, may we prohibit what He permits?

"When it became certain that the grand duke would die he had a curious seizure. He railed at Satan, calling him a sneaking and detestable coward. He had spent a fortune and years figuring out a method to outwit Satan at one of his own devices; and, now that he had at last hit upon it, the Evil One had foully got him murdered before he could put it into effect."

The packet lying on the table had evidently been opened and discussed before I entered, for the silk cloth lay only loosely round it. The monk reached over and unfolded the cloth. Within it lay a great heap of hundred-franc notes and a letter with the seal broken.

"This man," continued the monk, "was the most inveterate gambler in Europe. He lived in that anteroom of hell at Monte Carlo, and he was forever laboring to invent some system of play that would win against the devices of Satan there. At the time of this mad, shameful marriage he believed he had perfected such a system, and he had prepared this money with which to test it." The monk stopped, looking down at the floor. "It was a fearful thing to see this evil, impotent man in his frenzy! We bade him remember God and the saints; but he replied, cursing, that his concern was with Satan, who had played him false; and if he could think of anybody he could trust he would be avenged. But he could think of no one who would not take his money and betray him, as the devil had—for all he knew were in the devil's service."

The old man tasted the wine and set it back on the table.

"Then one night, as the end approached, we spoke to him of this young girl, and reminded him that this marriage would not be recognized in Russia—and that his estates would go to his family there; nor would it be recognized in France, there having been no civil ceremony. And we urged him to take some steps to provide for and establish the young Duchess Dimitri in her marital rights. The dying man was sitting in his bed bolstered up with pillows. At the mention of the Duchess Dimitri he burst out into a great bellow of exultation. He would beat Satan with her! And he had a dispatch box brought to him, took out this packet of notes and scrawled a letter. The letter and the money he charged me to deliver into her hands. . . . After that"—and the monk again looked down at the floor—"the grand duke died in great peace."

He remained silent for some moments, as though lost in thought over this strange event. Then he looked up and handed me the letter.

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It was an impressive and medieval thing—this letter. In spite of the abominable way in which he had treated this woman he now addressed her in a manner stately and noble. It was a letter from the grand duke to the Grand Duchess Dimitri Volkonsky, setting out how treacherously he had been dealt with by the Evil One and begging her to avenge him according to the plan that he pointed out. It was written in the most formal manner, but in words simple and direct, as became a great noble addressing the great lady of his house.

Then followed the directions. He was sending her one hundred thousand francs; this money was to be played at Monte Carlo according to a system he inclosed. This system would overcome the percentage in favor of the tables, insure the duchess an enormous fortune, and finally bankrupt the Casino. Thus the Evil One would be discomfited and the duke avenged. Then followed a brief description of a system of martingales, which even one but little acquainted with roulette could presently master.

The monk indicated the packet.

"My son," he said, "what shall the Duchess Dimitri do?"

I was in no doubt.

"Play the money at Monte Carlo," I said, "as the dead man has directed."

I was moved by worldly wisdom here. I knew that this woman would never take the money before me on the table, and there was no dowry for her except what might be gained by following this bizarre request. Besides that, the thing pressed upon her as a great sinister trust, from which the romantic nature of a woman could never escape. It lay too strangely within the atmosphere of a crusade.

This thing had impressed the monk—the design of the wicked working out the will of God. Suppose the profligate dead man had, by chance, devised a system that would make roulette impossible! Even in this brief moment over the duke's plan of play I saw that it was devised to recoup losses and escape the danger of the zero.

The monk drummed on the table with his fingers.

"I do not know," he said simply—"even after long reflection. Perhaps one who has served for life with Satan, and near his person, may have learned the joint in his armor where the arrow may smite him. Who can say? By the evil are the evil overthrown." He remained for some time quite motionless; then he added: "But the Grand Duchess Dimitri cannot go into a gambling house like any common woman."

"I will go for her," I replied.

"My son," he said, "I am only an old monk, accustomed to simple peasants. This thing is beyond me. Will you tell the grand duchess what you have decided?"

I rang for the maid and asked for Madame Nekludoff.

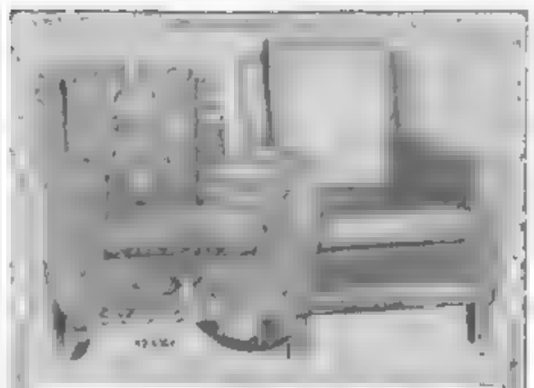
Presently the door of the bedchamber opened and she appeared, but she did not enter. She stood on the threshold like one in great distress, and she looked wistfully to me as to one upon whom she now depended. She was all in black.

She listened without speaking a word; but when I had finished she said with a gentle dignity that she would be governed by my counsel. If I thought this bizarre trust ought to be carried out she was content. But would I please not go a step beyond the very letter of the directions? Would I play only the identical money the grand duke had sent for this strange purpose and come away when this money had passed out of my possession? She did not care whether this system won or lost. She only cared to be rid of this obligation as quickly as it could be done. . . . And then would I come back to her?

Would I come back to her!

These were the only words that the woman seemed to speak. The others—all the others—were dead and unimportant trivialities; they were nothing. But these words were a bridge of light arching over an abyss of misery. She stood with her head lifted, her eyes dreamy, her slender face gleaming like a flower. . . . Would I come back to her!

At noon I went out to Monte Carlo. A mistral had come in from the sea and there was a fine, drizzling rain. I went up in the lift to the terrace below the Casino, and walked along on the gravel beside the great balustrade. The eternal pigeon-shoot went on in the tiny circle of greensward beyond the railroad track. A live bird would be thrown up by a trap and killed before the bewildered thing recovered its balance, and

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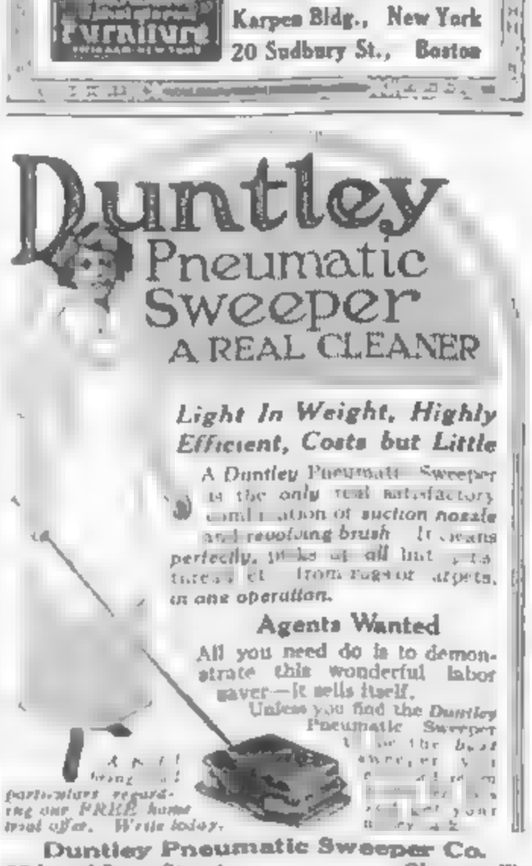

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a brown dog trotted out and carried it in. The bird had no chance and the brown dog was like some abominable fate. I passed round this end of the Casino and went up the steps to the main entrance before the beautiful gardens.

In the bureau, after an examination as before customs, I got a red octagon-shaped card, with my name on it and the date, gave up my coat and hat at the window of the cloakroom, and went into the main salon of the Casino. There was the usual crowd round the tables, even on this depressing day—that silent, strained, hideously eager crowd, moving noiselessly and speaking low, as in the presence of the dead. There were no voices except those of the croupiers—"*Messieurs, faits vos jeux . . . Jeux sont faits. . . . Rien ne va plus.*"

I wanted to find a seat; so I paid twenty-five francs admission and went into the salon beyond. There was also a crowd here; but finally I got a seat before a table, put my packet of notes down beside me, and began to play according to the Duke Dimitri's directions.

I put a hundred-franc note on the black. The black won. I took the note which the croupier gave me and put it into my pocket, leaving the original note on the black. This time the red came up. I put another of the Grand Duke Dimitri's hundred-franc notes on the black—for I was always to play the black. Again the black lost.

I was now behind; and, according to the system, to recoup this loss I must advance on the martingale. I put three hundred francs on the black. Again the black lost and again I played three hundred francs. This time the black won. The winning canceled the losses of the single hundred-franc plays, but the bank remained ahead on the first three-hundred-franc play; and to overcome this I now put five hundred francs on the black. The black came up. I had now overcome the total loss.

The grand duke's system directed that when the loss was overcome the play was to begin again with a hundred-franc note on the black. So long as the black won, the play was to remain a single hundred-franc note on the black; but when there was a loss the play was to advance on the martingale—3, 5, 7, 9, 11, 13, 15, 17, 19, 21, and so forth—until the loss was overcome. Then, no matter how far up one had gone on the martingale, when the loss was wiped out he was to begin again with a single hundred-franc note.

As the play went on I began to realize how exceedingly ingenious this system was. The maximum play permitted at roulette is six thousand francs. On a system of simple doubling with an initial play of one hundred francs, after the first loss, this maximum would be reached in five plays; but under this system the player could advance on his martingale twenty-nine times before he reached the maximum. Again, in simple doubling, the loss on the zero might be ruinously great; but, with this system, the chances on the zero were distributed.

I saw, too, how safe this system was. I seemed, all that afternoon, to be merely exchanging the grand duke's money for that of the bank; but in reality I won steadily. Often I was forced far up on the martingale, but never beyond the thirty-seven; and five times I lost on the zero—but fortunately at low plays. There was no great difference in the return of the black and the red. I had no luck; but, so long as the black returned as often as the red, I won enough on this cunning system to meet the occasional loss on the zero and gain a little on the bank.

The system was slow. It required a large sum of money; and it was as safe as human ingenuity could make it.

I was surprised to learn, however, from the whispers about me, that the Grand Duke Dimitri was mistaken when he believed himself to have invented this system. It was known to the players round the table.

The colors returned in an almost equal rotation during the afternoon. But that night I had a run of luck, and I got up from the table with a hundred and thirty thousand francs.

I was tempted to go on, but the Duchess Dimitri had bade me come away when I had technically carried out the dead man's directions. I got my coat and hat and went out. On the steps of the Casino I stopped.

The whole world had changed as under the enchantment of a magician. The mistral and the rain had vanished. A sky sown with stars arched over a city of the fairy. Everywhere were the lights, the sounds, the splendors of a pageant. I seemed to have entered, through the door behind me, into a garden party of some princely despot with the wealth of Midas and the imagination of a dreamer. And out of the stagnant air of the Casino I came now into the perfume of sweet, wet groves. I went down the steps and round the Casino on to the great terrace.

Long shadows lay across an enchanted sea, reflecting a million lights; and thin quivering lines of silver slipped in over the burnished water. And out of that mysterious hazy distance, where the water and the heavens joined, any strange craft might have entered this fairy port. All the romance of it entered and possessed me.

I got the midnight express and returned to Nice, and in fancy I put my shoulder to every turn of the carwheel, for I traveled back to the Duchess Dimitri and the paradise of life that now lay before us. The flaming sword was gone out of the gate of it now. The profligate beast was dead; his trust had been carried out and she was free!

The maid was waiting when I knocked gently at the door of the salon. No lights were burning, but the long casement windows were open and the tropical night filled the room with a soft radiance.

The Duchess Dimitri, a vague figure in this fairy light, sprang up with a little startled cry when I entered.

"Oh," she said, "you have come back! Nothing terrible has happened?"

"Nothing terrible has happened," I said. "I have brought back one hundred and thirty thousand francs." And I laid the packet of notes upon the table.

A stifled murmur, as of great anxiety removed, trembled in her mouth.

"Oh," she said, "I am so glad that dreadful thing is done! I was afraid!"

It was late and the maid was waiting at the door, but I went over and took her two hands and carried them to my lips.

"Sweetheart," I whispered, "you shall not be afraid any more forever!"

I got up early—for joy does not lie abed—got a cup of coffee and went down to smoke on the terrace and wait for the window behind the hallowed balcony to open. But another was before me—the tall, gray figure of the prefect of police sat at a table, trifling with a cup and a very black cigar.

"My friend," he said when I was seated and the pleasantries were over, "the consignment of money sent from Paris to the banks in Algeria was not stolen on the sea. It was taken en route to Marseilles. But we shall presently have the thieves, for the notes are marked. Every house in Europe has been advised and they cannot be presented at any bank."

Out of my observations of yesterday, but without a thought of any relation to this matter, I replied:

"But they could be played at the tables at Monte Carlo."

The body of Monsieur Joncquel did not move, but his fingers snapped the cigar into a dozen pieces.

"*Mon dieu!*" he said very softly. "I have the head of a pig! This robbery will be the work of that big old Slav, Dolgourky, and his devil daughter. I wish he had kept to his trade of actor in the theaters of St. Petersburg instead of setting the police of three nations by the ears. He is a genius at impersonation, and he speaks all languages as they are spoken in their capitals. . . . There was money enough in it. . . . And that woman, in tragedy, would carry Paris off its feet at the Odéon."

He mused a moment, crumbling the bits of cigar to dust in his fingers.

"*Ah, oui!* They will remember where I have forgotten. But they will require a catspaw—for old Dolgourky is known at the tables."

I no longer listened. I got up slowly and went into the bureau to ask a question of Monsieur Boularde.

There is an Eastern tale of a magician who hypnotized a corpse so that it walked and uttered voices. I went in like that.

The proprietor met me, with his genial smile.

No—Madame Nekludoff was no longer a guest. She had gone aboard a yacht at Villefranche at five o'clock in the morning!

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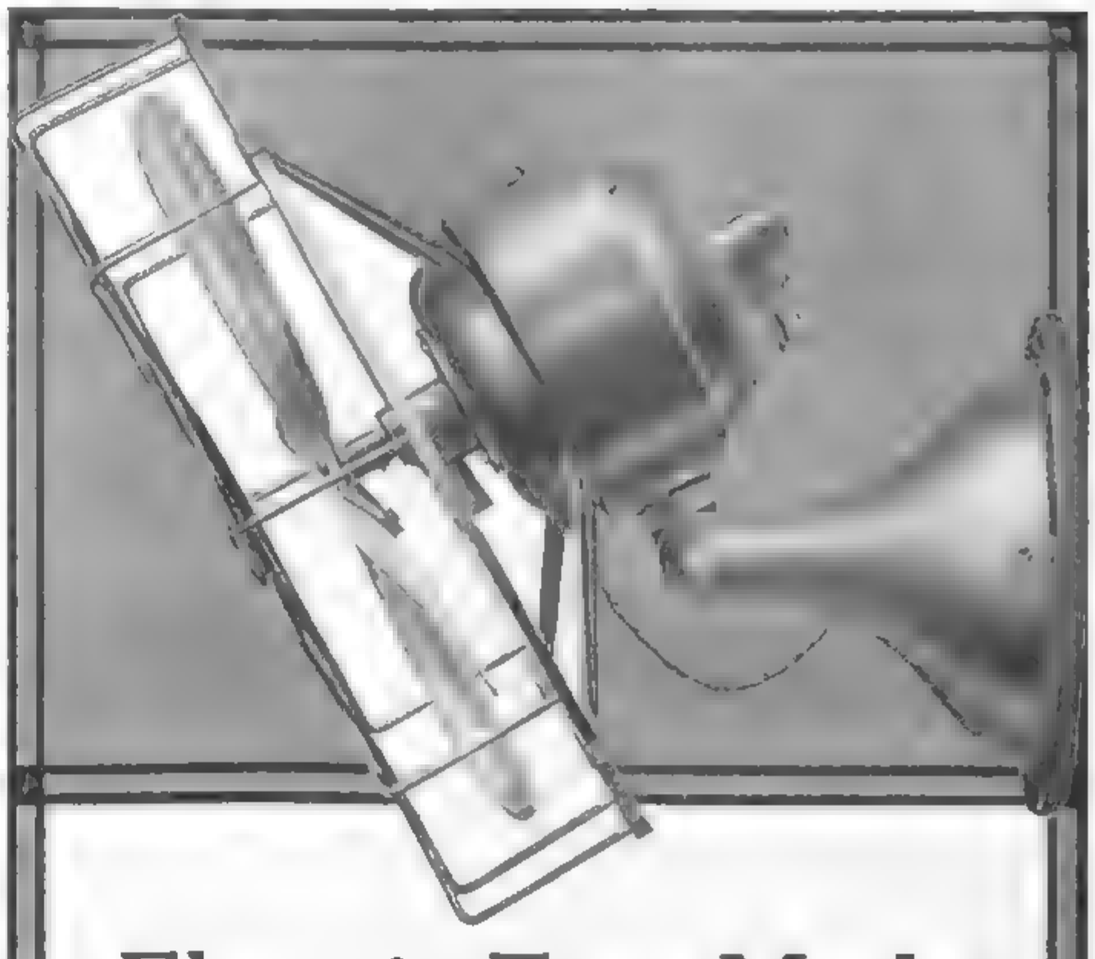
Author's Note—Neither the above system nor any other can be depended upon to win at Monte Carlo, though the system here described was admirably adapted to the purpose of the conspirators.

M. D. P.

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SAVAGE ARMS CO., makers of the famous Savage rifles, 75 Savage Ave., Utica, N. Y.

# FOR LIVES OF MEN

(Continued from Page 5)

because she thought a man should go that young Mike went. So she loved his boy for the part of him that was like the old stock, not for his new ways that were different. The flood of love for them both, his lad and his lad's lass, choked up in his throat.

He leaned over toward his boy so his lips were near his son's ear and shouted against the wind:

"If we don't get back—if I've no other time to say it——"

Young Mike laughed—the steady, loud laugh of a brave man.

"We're going to get back all right, father. I think now we're going to make it!"

He struck his father across the chest with his forearm. The ice, mantled there like armor, dropped in flakes. Ice was all about them; it weighted the bow of the motor boat in a white smear; it sealed the hatches of the engine-pit; it clicked upon old Mike's eyelashes as he winked to clear his sight. Blinded, he now could see no lights; but the character of the water had suddenly and strangely changed—the waves had no crests. He heard young Mike's voice calling a command and he stubbornly twisted at the wheel. As he did so a lantern blazed forth close before them and close above the waves. Now he understood—they had run straight into the lee of the steamer they sought.

He slowed the engine—rubbing with his mitten to clear his eyes. Voices desperately strained in chorus came to his ears. The boat ran slowly toward the bloated, misshapen thing, so swollen and loaded down with ice that it was hardly distinguishable from the floes. Over its low hogback amidships the waves washed clear, and the wash of water in its lee, as it showed in the light of the lantern, was red as blood with something that, below the waterline, sucked and filtered through the opening seams—the red dust of iron ore. Oreladen then—the cargo surest and swiftest of all to drag the ship down! Now the red fire burst forth and for a moment flamed again, and he plainly saw it all.

The red fire, running up the stubby masts, traced wide circles against the sky as the steamer sullenly and monotonously rolled in the ceaseless rush of the waves. He saw the cabin doors and windows barred, crusted over with half a foot of ice; the railings of the bridge; the cable swelled by the ice to the thickness of a man's leg. As through a screen of the reddened, furious snow he saw this; and saw, too, the little group of desperate men upon the bow. And aft—separated from the first ones by the waves—another group at the stern, where some were swinging axes frantically about a mound of ice to free the fast-frozen liferaft.

"How many are yez?" he trumpeted behind his hand to the vague men nearest.

The answer came back faintly with the gale:

"Twenty-two! Fourteen here—forward!"

"We'll take the fourteen!"

The motor boat, even here in the steamer's lee, hurled upward level with the steamer's deck upon each wave, then dropped far below. Young Mike, leaving his father to steer, stepped back and shouted: "Ready!" The frozen heaving-line flung out upon the wind, which seized it from the numbed hands above that tried to throw. The boy secured it, his father holding the motor boat doggedly to its place with wheel and screw while, at each roll of the steamer, a man slid and struggled or was lowered down the rope—men ice-cloaked, with features strangely swelled by ice, who muttered or cried aloud unmeaning things and, falling into the boat, collapsed in helpless heaps about old Mike's feet and knees. And now all the men forward on the steamer had come off. With the rope cast off, the motor boat was dropping away.

Old Mike saw, as the circle of the turn bore him about, the eight upon the stern. Down the wind their voices came—thin, reedy, wild in their appeal. He cried back to them that he would return, knowing they could not hear, yet hoping they would understand; and, because he made the promise as much to strengthen and sustain himself as them, he tried to throw off the dulled numbness filled with pain that had come over him, and tried to make his frozen muscles respond as they had at first.

His boy, working to keep life in the stiff figures on the boat-bottom, could not help at the steering. The motor boat, sunk deep, now raced before the waves; but, iceladen, the water curled behind it to overflow and crush it with its weight. Level with the cockpit combing at the father's side the waves ran forward, reaching to pull him down. Wind and snow dragged at him, tugged at his clothing, snarled against his face. He sensed the terrible peril they were in—the greater peril of his son who now had sprawled and edged himself forward over the ice-covered bow, heavy wrench in hand. The old man, checking his impulse to forbid, watched with heart contracted by anxiety while the boy, beating with the wrench, cleared of ice the ring of the bow-shackle, rove through it the freed end of the anchor rope, brought the end back and, after many efforts of his stiff, numbed hands, hitched it to the anchor.

The boy was preparing to be ready to return after these men were taken to shore! Pride—wild, fierce pride in his boy leaped in old Mike as the lad reached the only less perilous safety within the boat. And spontaneously the old man's thoughts—out of his control—leaped to Rider. A grim, derisive laughter rose in his throat as he now thought of Rider who had all but taken his boy away from him and tried to make young Mike—like himself—afraid to go out! He knew already how Rider would act in his defense—the elaborate plans Rider would form; the public sentiment he would stir; the committees he would gather; the laws he would have passed to prevent such a wreck as this happening again. But, somehow, in the acuteness of the old man's mind, which accompanied his terrible pain, the laughter did not reach his lips.

One of the half-frozen men, clamoring at his feet, was trying to stagger up, and was clutching his clothes and calling aloud in his delirium:

"I said they shouldn't have let us sail! But owner's orders! We hadn't been repaired; and they laded the cargo anyway to get us out of port ——"

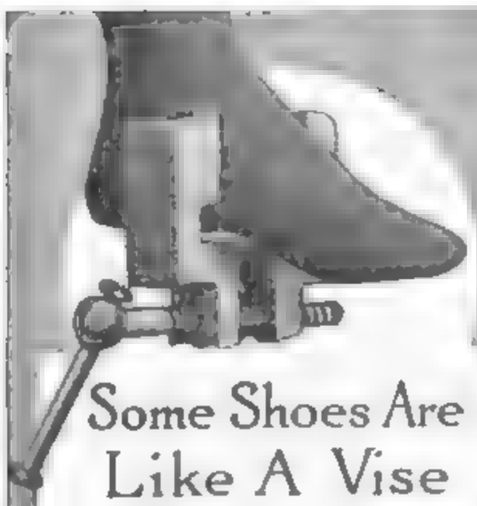
The man raved on; but his ravings forced understandings and instant appreciations in old Mike—understandings of the vessel laden late in haste by the owner's orders and hurried out, so as not to miss this trip before the lakes were locked with ice.

Wind and sleet dimmed old Mike's sight. On shore a great fire had been started, lighting the rear parts of his own great house. People were about the fire—he could see black figures moving, men and women; but need of swift action swept the sight of them away. The boat was in the breakers again; and by a desperate effort of will the old man forced into his aching arms the strength to hold steady the boat now so deeply loaded and more unmanageable than before. As the white comb of a breaker swept past him toward the bow he brought the boat round.

"Let go!" he cried; and by some sense he caught the splash of the anchor into the wild water at his side. Helm, screw, and the frozen anchor rope, which stretched like a bar of iron through the shackle at the bow, forced the boat round with head to the waves before the next breaker could swamp it. It backed slowly, as the anchor rope ran out. On shore men had linked their hands; sustained by one another, they pushed the end of their line of men waistdeep into the surf; and, as the anchor dragged, one by one the rescued men went over the stern into the seething water and were swept to these waiting hands.

"Cast off!" old Mike cried when all but his son were gone and he saw, as the screw churned at full speed, the boat gain on the anchor.

Now, however, his strength was going fast indeed. As he fought the boat forward again into the waves and wind his promise to the men he had been forced to leave alone sustained him. His body was drugged insensible; he neither saw nor heard consciously now. Yet somehow he knew that there were no longer any lights out there on the lake. It was gone, then—the steamer, whatever its name had been! Yet there remained the slender, desperate chance of men on the liferaft—and that chance would remain for minutes only; they must be dying fast out there in the merciless cold, the waves washing them off the raft one by one as their hands froze and lost their hold! As he thought of this he fought for an instant bitterly to hold to his



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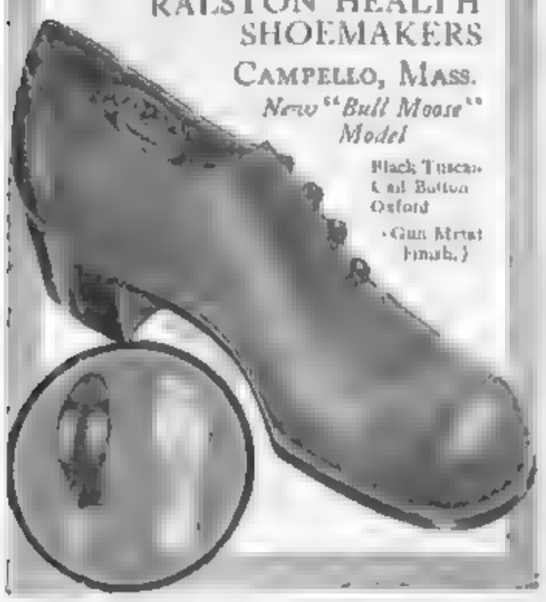

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place when he felt young Mike's hands pushing away his own. But his will only remained—his body failed. Once he roused himself and found that it was young Mike's hand shaking him awake. Blindly he rose and, knowing only that the boat was alongside something that bumped and bumped against it, and from which ice-sheathed men were to be dragged aboard, he staggered up and dragged and dragged until there were no more.

After that came blackness and uncertainty again, and dreams—dreams terrible in their suffering at first, though he knew they were untrue; for he was in the conduit again—young and fighting for the lives of men; stretching out his own to seize their clamoring and bloody hands which, for some reason of the dream, he could not reach. He knew he had reached them—for he had pulled them out. But always more stretched before him; always there were more men's voices crying for help—more than he could possibly save; and still he heard more voices. Voices they were, not from the conduit now, but of men high up on the tall, bare steel frame of a building—men shrieking as they suddenly toppled and began to fall; and now they were cries of frozen men from ice-weighted ships, screaming, imploring, raving—raving as they raved beside him on the bottom of his motor boat.

He knew he did not hear them though, for he was not in the motor boat any more. Slowly, dreamily he sensed that he was lying between soft sheets, with his head on a pillow—he was in his own bed, in his own room in his house. Now his body throbbed with pain; and when he tried to raise his hand he found it unwieldy with bandages. It was gray day and, beside his bed, his wife was watching. She rose and bent over him now, patting his cheek with her wrinkled old fingers and crying as she looked down at him—but they were tears of love and pride.

"The house is full of people, Mike," she said. "They've only just begun to go away."

Weakly his lips whispered the question: "Then we got them all, Nora?"

"All! Every one! Twenty-two, Mike!" the reply came back proudly. "Every one!"

"Twenty-two!" his lips murmured.

Dully he recalled that that was the number of the men on the boat—they had got them all! He tried, in the satisfaction of this thought, to sink back to sleep; but only half-consciousness now came—the terribly acute, merciless half-consciousness in which, without at all willing it, one sees himself and others as, when he has complete control of his mind, one will not let himself see. And he saw himself, not as the man going down into the conduit to save the men shut in there, but as the foreman letting the men dig and dig without proper protection and running the risk because it was cheaper for some one else; he saw himself, not as the man of steady nerves walking the beams with his men, but as the man willing that those of less sure foot should fall; he saw himself, not as the savior of his fellows from sinking ships, but as a powerful man, without thought as to whether ships sailed from port safe or not. And as if to answer the trouble of these awful thoughts his wife again whispered to him:

"Mike, Misther Rider, hearing ye're awake, wants to see ye. He's been waiting all night without the door. He won't go till he has seen ye."

The young man came in; old Mike raised to him a bandaged hand. Very gently Rider held it between his own, tears—unshamed—standing in his eyes.

"I'm not worthy to speak to you again after what I've said and what you've done," the young man muttered.

The old one shook his head.

"Ye're worthy to take my boy away from me—as ye have, Misther Rider; as ye have—but only partway; remember that—only partway! Tache him to prevent like yerself—tache him to prevent; but don't let him forget how to save!"

"No one can ever make him forget that!" a new, sweet-spirited and very young voice said. "No one, Father Conroy!"

With an effort that must have cost pain—but the old man did not feel it—he raised himself to see little Betty; and beside her young Mike.

"No fear with ye two together!" the lips said with content. "'Twas what I was to say to ye, bye, out in the lake. No fear with ye two together!"

Very quietly, after all but Nora had left him, he watched—his hand in hers—the happy dawn of day.


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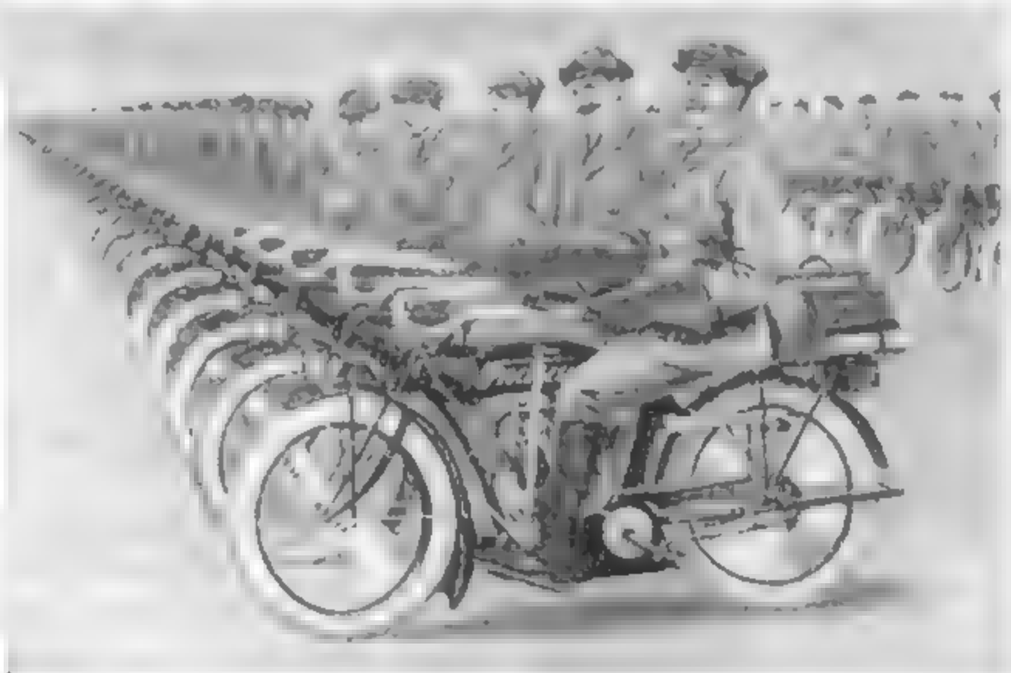

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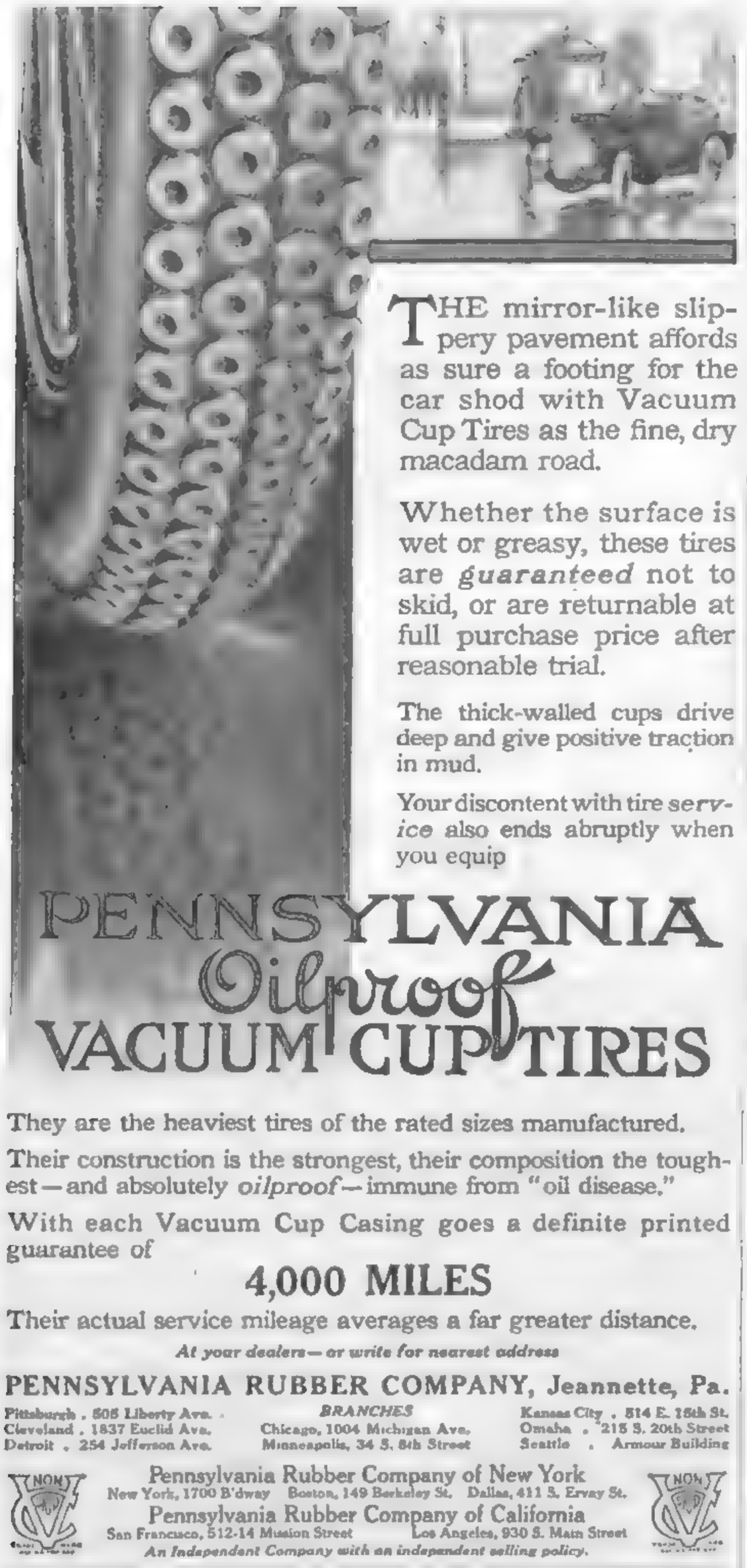

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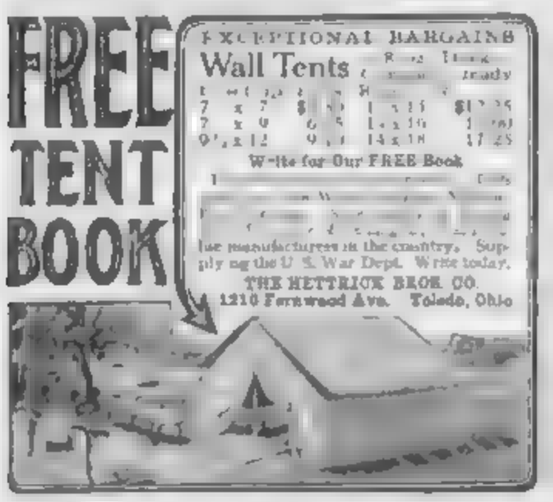

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# WHAT NEXT?

### Low-Priced High Flyers

SLOWLY cheap aëroplanes are coming. A London paper in its engineering edition recently ventured the prediction that in ten years good machines will be sold for $1200. A small one for that price was shown at the last Paris show. It was a steel-frame aëroplane with a three-cylinder engine and was intended to carry two persons at the rate of sixty-five miles an hour.

Small output means high prices. Deperdussin spent sums running into six figures on the first few of his speed machines. A dozen aëroplanes of one model might well mean a cost of more than $10,000 each. The greater the output of one model, the less the cost of each machine, and large outputs of aëroplanes are not probable for several years.

### Pests and Their Parasites

THE new scientific method of fighting an insect pest is to find some parasite that will kill the insect and then turn loose a great number of parasites to do their duty. In Hawaii one of the most successful applications of the idea is now being developed. Sugar-cane plantations have had such trouble with the caneborer that the planters established an experiment station to find a remedy, and the scientists are now delivering parasites to the plantations.

The tachinid fly was found to be fatal to the borers; so the station has a tachinid fly farm. As fast as the flies can be bred they are made up in shipments and sent out to the infested districts. On seventeen big estates already the flies have been made at home, and a recent report of results shows that at least half of the borer grubs on these estates have been killed before they grew large enough to do any damage.

### Pocket Wireless Outfits

A POCKET wireless receiving station has now been perfected, bringing a little nearer to accomplishment the dream of pocket wireless telephones, though the actual use of the new device is very limited. The outfit is equipped only for receiving messages and not for sending them. It could be used, for instance, to catch the time signals that are sent out at Arlington or from the Eiffel Tower, in Paris. The instrument measures only six by three inches, and consists of an electrolytic detector, a battery of three volts, two condensers, and a telephone in which to catch the wireless message.

In order to use it one must attach it to some elevated wires, or antennæ, which will pick up the message, and also to some metal connection with the ground; so that, even when equipped with the pocket wireless, an enthusiast is liable to have difficulty in finding the necessary wires.

### A Substitute for Gasoline

AUTOMOBILES that can use coaltar, crude oil or almost any kind of vegetable oil for fuel are just enough within the limits of possibility to be the cause of a great amount of study and experiment now. These are the fuels that will operate the Diesel engine, which is being rapidly adopted for ocean vessels; so the problem is to adapt Diesel engines to automobile conditions and get the benefit of fuel at a fifth or sixth of the cost of gasoline.

Like ordinary gasoline engines, the Diesel engine burns its fuel in the engine cylinder, but it uses a much slower burning than the explosion of gasoline vapor; and the burning is not started by an electric spark, but automatically by compressing the vapor until it catches fire. This means that Diesel engines must be heavy to withstand high compression; but a German experimenter believes this difficulty for automobile service can be overcome easily. Another difficulty with this engine lies in measuring exactly the very small charge of fuel needed for each power stroke, and so far this has been hard to do in an engine that may be used for an auto.

### Making Allowances

A COMPASS has now been made for aëroplane pilots that will automatically make the necessary allowance for the side drift of the machine. An aëroplane flying across the wind may drift to one side as much as twenty miles in an hour's flight, so that in such a wind an ordinary compass would be useless, while the standard methods of a ship's captain for calculating and allowing for the drift are hardly practical for an airship. The new compass has a transparent bottom, so that the aviator can see the earth below through it.

On starting his flight he sets an arrow to the direction he wishes to go, and then watches to see if objects on the earth move parallel to the arrow or go across it diagonally. If they move parallel the arrow is correctly pointed and he knows there is no side drift. If the objects on the earth go across diagonally he must straighten out his course until their movement is parallel to his arrow, which will make an exact allowance for the drift.

### Fortunes in Ground and Air

IN ONE neighborhood in Montana, Government geologists have discovered vast quantities of two natural resources that together will make a very valuable plant food.

Phosphate rock dissolved in sulphuric acid is a fertilizer; and at the Garnet Range the experts have found immense deposits of this rock. It is in layers often eight feet thick; and, with an average of four feet in thickness, fourteen thousand tons could be taken from an acre.

Within sight of the phosphate beds, thirty-five miles away, rises the enormous chimney of the Anaconda smelter, and there is the sulphuric acid. Tons of the acid could be made from the waste products that go up that stack every hour. The sulphuric acid now being wasted will some day be recovered, for much progress has been made in recent years in recovering valuable products from the smelter gases, and more progress is in sight.

### Throwing Light on Frauds

AN ELECTRIC light that apparently gives no light at all, but can expose many frauds, such as imitation precious stones and substitutes of many other kinds, is a practical application of modern abstract science. It is an arc electric light constructed of such materials that it gives out a large proportion of ultraviolet rays. These rays are in all sunlight and electric light, but they are not visible to human eyes.

All the other rays in this arclight are then cut off by screens; so the only light given out is composed of invisible ultraviolet rays. When these rays strike an object they make it glow to a greater or a less degree. If it is desired to test the genuineness of stones represented to be diamonds the operator first learns how a diamond glows in these rays and then compares the glow shown by the stones in question. Very definite results are possible with a great number of substances.

### An Automatic Cut-Off

ONE of the most ingenious of recent inventions is a simple device to prevent steamship propellers from "racing" when there is a heavy sea running. If the waves run high and the ship tosses the propellers often are entirely out of water when the ship's nose is down, and consequently the engines race wildly. The old remedy for this condition was to have an engineer turn off the steam just as the propellers were rising out of the water, and turn the steam on again as the propellers returned to the sea. The new invention consists of a little tube partially filled with mercury that flows back and forth with the tossing of the ship. This tube can be so adjusted that it will turn the steam off just as the vessel kicks her propellers in the air, and turn it on again when they are due to strike the water.

PAT JAN 5TH 1909

OLUS

REG U.S. PAT OFF

DON'T work, play, travel or rest another day until you've put on your first OLUS.

Wear it with *short* undershirt if you prefer; *we've turned the shirt-tails into drawers.*

*Coat Cut*—opens all the way down the leg. *Closed Crotch*—no flaps, bunching, nor binding. *Closed Back* and perfect fit from neck to crotch. *Can't work up* out of trousers.

OLUS comes in all shirt styles and in all shirt materials—madras, percales, silks, silk mixtures, mercerized fabrics, flannels.

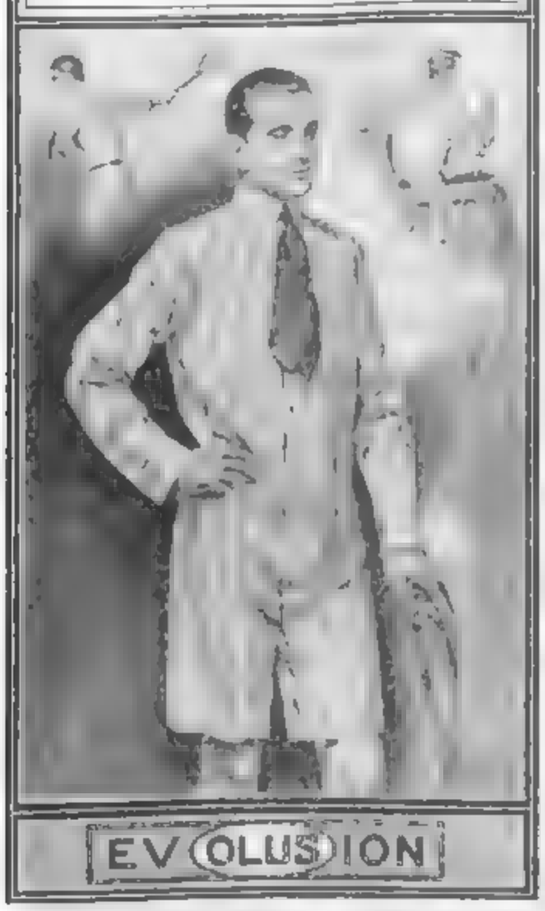
*Prices:* $1.50, $2, $2.50, $3, $3.50, $4, $4.50, $5

Ask your dealer for OLUS. We will send prepaid, if he cannot supply you. Write for free booklet.

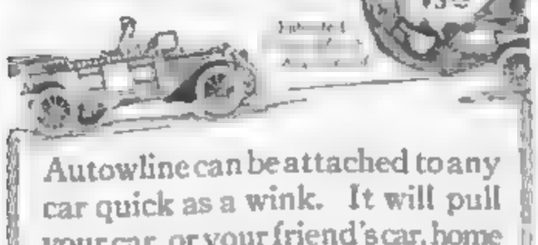
PHILLIPS-JONES COMPANY

Dept. O, 1180 Broadway, New York

*Makers of "Emperor" Laundry-Proof Shirts*




Pulls 4000 Pounds
Up 20% Grade




Autowline can be attached to any car quick as a wink. It will pull your car, or your friend's car, home every time. It will also start a stalled wheel on its own power.

BASLINE AUTOWLINE

Made of famous Yellow Strand Wire Rope

is 25 feet of finest flexible ¼-inch steel wire rope on earth; weighs only 5 pounds. Coils up flat under a cushion until you need it.

Buy a Basline Autowline from your accessory dealer for only $3.75 today. Then you're good and ready for any emergency of the road.

FREE Autowline circular tells the whole story in pictures. Write for it today.

*The Little Steel Rope with the Big Pull*

BRODERICK & BASCOM ROPE CO.

811 No. 2nd Street, St. Louis, Mo.

New York Office, 76 D. Warren St.

Makers of "Yellow Strand" Wire Rope, used the world over.

FOR SEWING LEATHER

The Speedy Stitcher is the latest and best of anything ever offered for $1.00

Agents make over 200% profits.

Send at once for catalog and terms

Automatic Awl Co., 77 Gardner Terrace, Worcester, Mass.

# HOCUS-POCUS IN CONSOLIDATIONS

(Continued from Page 7)

work. My great interest in this question is due to the fact that men when owners of their own little factories or stores are conservatives, and interested in all that is for the good of the nation; but when they are compelled to work for the trusts they become socialists or radicals, interested only in themselves.

Do I blame them? No; certainly I do not. If I had given my life to establishing a factory or store I should feel pretty badly to have the trust or chain-store system force me to the wall. I think I should surely become a socialist under those conditions. I certainly should feel that a system of government that allows honest, independent endeavor to be stamped out and crushed in any such legal way is wrong. I should naturally flee to the politician who offers me any remedy, whether or not it is economically sound.

On the principle that "in union there is strength" the small independent manufacturers and storekeepers of Germany organized their *Gesellschaften* or societies—other nations also have the same system—and have combined for mutual protection. They have guilds and societies that give them an influence and power with which the trusts are unable to cope. These guilds fight the legal battles for their members; study the markets; tell members where to buy and sell; lend them money when in need; and perform other functions the independent members could not exercise for themselves. In other words the small manufacturers and merchants of Europe, through these guilds, are always able to go the trusts one better.

### The Hook in the Bait

Of course I hear some independent American manufacturer saying: "That would have been good advice a few years ago when we really were being crushed—but now we are receiving better treatment; in fact, many of us are truly profiting by the high prices the trusts maintain." To such as think this, let me say that there is a sharp hook hidden within the bait. For the moment the trust is hiding its teeth and is using molasses to catch you rather than vinegar; but the end will be the same.

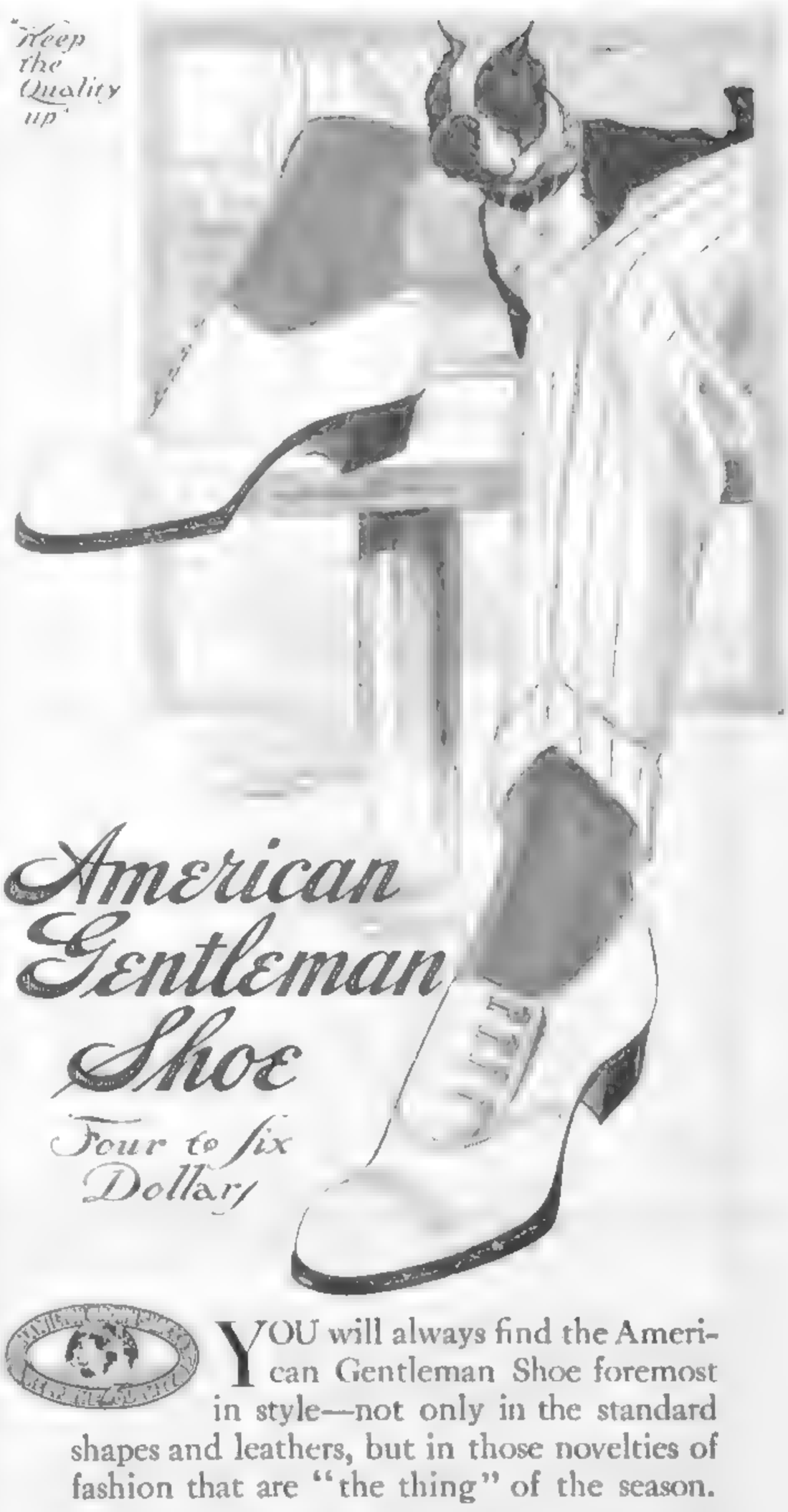
American manufacturers and storekeepers who have not already been swallowed up should likewise combine. It is well enough to ask Congress to investigate the Money Trust, so called; but it would be much better for you to organize *Gesellschaften* or societies of your own, so you can get all the money you need without recourse to any Money Trust. It is well enough to complain that the big corporations have systems whereby they know best when and where to buy, thus being able always to undersell you; but it would be much better for you to combine and organize a reporting system of your own, so as to get the same information or better information than the trusts get.

Even in advertising and selling campaigns European manufacturers and merchants, who are strictly competitive, have combined so that the accumulative and collective power of their publicity will exceed that of the trust which attempts to crush them. But this is not all. There is another lesson we can learn from Europe.

2—The consumers of Europe are also organized. One of the many questions I am unable to answer is: "Why do not the people of the United States have such coöperative buying systems as have the people of Europe?" The only explanation I can give is that Americans have made money so easily that we have never been compelled to institute coöperative schemes for lowering the cost of living.

Europeans, however, have been forced to save at every opportunity. As a consequence they have organized a most complete system of buying and distribution. Some of the finest and largest stores of Europe are strictly coöperative, while almost every little village has its coöperative society. Moreover it is not necessary to trade at the coöperative stores to enjoy their benefits. As a protective tariff raises prices of goods manufactured in the United States as well as goods imported, so one strong coöperative store in a community lowers prices of all goods sold at the other stores.

"Keep the Quality up"



American Gentleman Shoe

Four to six Dollars

YOU will always find the American Gentleman Shoe foremost in style—not only in the standard shapes and leathers, but in those novelties of fashion that are "the thing" of the season.

This year, the white buckskin will be the rage for dressy summer attire and as usual this attractive footwear will be found at its best in the American Gentleman Shoe.

Not only will the styles be right, but the quality will be there—and the proverbial comfort always to be found in the American Gentleman Shoe.

After forty years of quality shoe making, it would be impossible for us to make any shoe that does not "Keep the Quality Up."

The Hamilton, Brown dealer, anywhere, can show you the American Gentleman Shoe. Look over his line—if he doesn't have the particular style you want, he will get it for you in a few days' time. If there is no Hamilton, Brown dealer in your locality, we will supply you direct, upon receipt of your order, stating style and size desired, and enclosing remittance to cover price of the shoes.

*Our little book, "America's Finest Footwear," will be a big help to you. Send for free copy today.*

Hamilton, Brown Shoe Company

St. Louis Boston

HALLMARK
SHIRTS
Reg. at U S Pat Of

—the best named of all shirts—because they give their wearers that hallmark of personal refinement which only really fine shirtwear can give

—and the best famed for value—because they have everywhere established a new and higher standard of worth at the prices—

**$1.00, $1.50 and up**

Guaranteed not to show the slightest fading from any cause. Haberdashers everywhere.

SLIDEWELL
COLLARS

—the collars with the little back button shield that makes your tie obey your slightest pull—and makes you wonder how you ever got so used to the daily tie-tying struggle. You tie your tie just so every time—neatly, quickly, and with a smile.

All popular styles—highest quality—15c; 2 for 25c.

*Haberdashers Everywhere*

HALL HARTWELL & CO. Troy, N. Y.



# Any Boy May Have a Watch Of His Own

IF you have no watch, or if your watch is not a good time-keeper, you need a good watch like the ones we are giving without charge to boys who sell

## *The Saturday Evening Post*

The watch we offer will keep accurate time. It is a splendid time-piece—has a gold-filled case guaranteed for twenty years. A heavily plated gold watch chain goes with it, all free of cost.

We need a wide-awake boy in your neighborhood to do some pleasant work for us after school and on Saturdays. In addition to the watch and chain, you may earn a dollar or more each week. Thousands of boys are doing it.

Upon request we'll tell you how to obtain the watch and chain and any one of 600 other splendid prizes listed in our Book of Rebates. Write to

**Sales Division, Box 50**

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA


It is another feature, however, of this cooperation among European consumers of which I wish to write. They not only combine to form stores but they combine to fight! They constitute a great factor in politics, labor and all vital questions. Today, in America, capital is organized and labor is organized—but how about the poor consumers? We have no organizations to represent us in Congress or at disputes between labor and capital. When a great strike occurs the only parties represented at the settlement in the United States are capital and labor. In Europe, however, the consumers are represented and there are three parties to be considered. The consumers are organized to an extent equal to the organization of the trust. They "beat the devil at his own game"!

In the same way the consumers of the United States should organize and fight for their rights. This is very important at the present moment, since the trusts have begun to seek the good-will of the independents. Our Government at Washington is simply a reflex government. No republican form of government has ever yet led its people. Mr. Wilson and his attorney-general will cease prosecuting the trusts as soon as complaints cease.

Therefore the consumers should be so organized that we can employ the best lawyers and litigists of the land; that we can operate bureaus to get proper publicity in the press; and that we can take up the work where the independents drop it. Prices cannot be lowered by passing resolutions and appointing commissions to investigate the cost of living. Prices can be lowered only by combining and fighting.

### *A Swiss Critic on Our Trusts*

As I began this article with some remarks by a New York banker, let me close it with what a Swiss banker said the other day to me. Said he:

"Of course one reason why trusts prosper in the United States is because their officers and directors have two ways of making money. They not only raise prices, but they work the stock market in the securities of their trust. You American people, though very able in many ways, are exceedingly gullible when it comes to investing. You buy stocks only when they go up and you seem possessed to sell when they go down. Consequently you are always giving your money to the men who run your trusts. They buy their stocks when they go down and sell them when they go up.

"Once upon a time the big industrial men over here tried the same game. They owned the press, they controlled the banks, and at certain times boomed their stocks. Their press at such times became very optimistic; their banks freely loaned money; and everything was done to make people buy—and people bought. But as soon as these men had sold the stocks of their companies they became very blue! Their press became pessimistic, their banks raised rates and called loans—and down went the stocks in price! In fact, the people were so frightened that they sold back these same stocks to these same men for one-half what they paid for them two years previous. Again, as soon as the people sold, the press became optimistic, dividends were resumed, money loaned—and prices again advanced!

"We bankers, however, over here are the servants of the people and not of the corporations. Our real clients are the small investors of the street and not the big corporations that have securities to market. We are agents of the buyers and not of the sellers. Therefore we soon got on to this game. We put the people wise to sell when everything appeared optimistic and dividends were being increased, and these big men were giving optimistic interviews; then to buy again when money was tight, dividends were being reduced, and all looked dark! The result of this was that these trust managers lost money by their little game instead of making it, and were compelled to buy back at much advanced prices the stocks they sold. Moreover many of them found that, after losing the profits coming from the people through working the stock market, there were not enough left to make the trusts worth while; and so many trusts were dissolved."

Whether such a plan would work in the United States I leave the reader to judge; but, whatever the answer, all must agree that the consumers should combine so as to be able to play some game on the same footing and with the same deck of cards used by the American trusts.


The Florsheim SHOE

*The Zenith*

A "good" shoe is one that wears well, fits right and has distinctive appearance—all in a measure a little beyond your expectations. Did you ever wear a Florsheim?

Look for the Florsheim Sign—You'll find a live dealer ready to show you correct styles to fit your feet.

**Price $5.00**

**"Imperial" Quality $6.00**

*Style Book FREE upon request*

The Florsheim Shoe Company
Chicago, U. S. A.

*The Duke*
*Look for Name in Shoe*

GILBERT
Vest-Pocket
Silk Hat

*Entirely Different*

*ALL SIZES*

THE IDEAL HAT [illegible] Traveling Business Cool Dressy Light [illegible] PURE SILK, [illegible] Oiled silk sweat band [illegible] Price $1.50. State size. Also boy's and girl's sizes $1.50. Ties to match hats, four in hand and [illegible] $1. Ladies' Hats, water brim and fuller [illegible] $1.75. Belts to match, 50c. Satisfaction Guaranteed.

GILBERT & COMPANY Decatur, Illinois

Cheap and Reliable Water Supply

For irrigation, mining, and on the farm. If there's a stream on your ground install a NIAGARA HYDRAULIC RAM. Write for catalogue and estimate

NIAGARA HYDRAULIC ENGINE COMPANY
P O Box No 1019 Chester, Pa.



PATENTS SECURED OR OUR FEE RETURNED
[illegible] free. How to Obtain a Patent and What to Invent with list of inventions wanted and prizes offered for inventions sent FREE
Branch Offices, 192 Nassau St., New York. 1429 Chestnut St. Phila.
Main Offices, VICTOR J. EVANS & CO., Washington, D. C.

**UNITED STATES TIRES ARE GOOD TIRES**
They cut down tire bills

# Just what kind of a tire do you want?

Pick out the features you want to find in the tires you buy. You want generous mileage, full rated size, flexibility, protection against rim cutting, ease of manipulation and security of fastening.

Measure up this ideal tire against every other tire on the market and then compare it with a United States Tire.

You will find United States Tires combine all these identical features of your ideal tire.

We believe that every tire maker in the country has been making the very best tires that his facilities would permit.

Some of these tires have been greatly strengthened at one or two points—some at others.

But it is a matter of general comment among dealers, car owners and car manufacturers, that never has any tire combined *all* these special points of superiority as do

# United States Tires

**In the matter of mileage**—the most accurate tests have proven that United States Tires today yield on an average from 25 to 50 per cent. more mileage than was ever given previous to the organization of the United States Tire Company.

**No tire has ever been made** with a larger average size or a larger average air capacity than the United States Dunlop.

**No tire has ever been made** more flexible or more resilient than the United States Dunlop.

**This is the first** and only tire that has ever been *absolutely guaranteed* against rim-cutting.

**It is by long odds** the easiest tire in the world to put on or take off—yet it can't possibly come off the rim until you are ready to take it off.

**In fact if you were** to have a tire built to your order it would be difficult for you to specify a single desirable feature that you can't get today in a United States Tire.

If this is the kind of a tire that you want to use, United States Tires ought to be the exclusive equipment on your car this season.

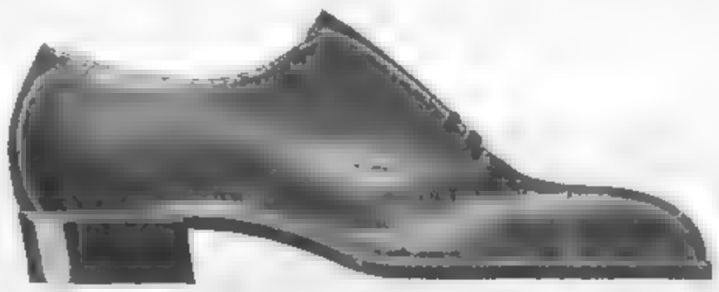
They are made in Plain, Chain and Nobby treads and in three styles of fastening, including the famous Dunlop (straight side).

**Cost no more than you are asked to pay for other kinds**

Tire-by Satisfied

United States Pneumatic Tires are guaranteed when filled with air at the [illegible] and [illegible] bearing [illegible] W[illegible] with any substitute for air or allowed to any other rims than those specified. Our guarantee is withdrawn

United States Tire Company
New York



*The Arlington—$4.50*

We Comb The World For Regal Styles

WHENEVER in the offing of Fashion there looms a new "last" or leather that is *legalized* by the Code-of-Style, it is *Regal-ized* by to-morrow.

***The Arlington—$4.50***

Black or Russet Calfskin Oxford, so artfully simple that it tallies to a dot with pre-advanced London boot modes. "Custom tip"—receding toe—flat tread—broadish shank—low-to-the-ground heel. Quarter is lined with indestructible "non-slip" leather, ooze finished. Back seam locked with an "anchor" stay. Heel can't "ride" or slide. You are not price-punished for *Pre-advanced Regal Styles.*

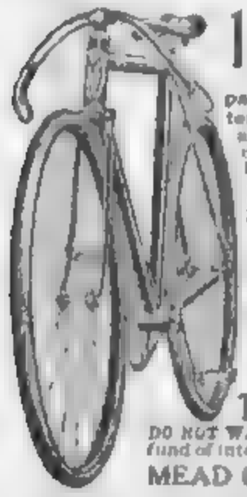
***Exclusive Custom Styles,***
**$4 *to* $5**

REGAL SHOPS: 97 exclusive Regal Shops in all the principal cities, London and New York and from Boston to San Francisco.

REGAL AGENTS: In each of 900 towns, including 54 foreign countries, there is an Accredited Regal Agent. Send for Regal Fashion Sheet. It will help you in ordering by mail—if more convenient. Also, in making a selection in one of our exclusive Shops, or in those of our Authorized Agents.

Regal Shoe Company
269 Summer Street Boston, Mass.





10 DAYS FREE TRIAL We will ship you a "RANGER" BICYCLE on approval, freight prepaid, to any place in the United States *without a cent deposit in advance*, and allow ten days free trial from the day you receive it. If it does not suit you in every way and is not all or more than we claim for it and a better bicycle than you can get anywhere else regardless of price, or if for any reason whatever you do not wish to keep it, ship it back to us at our expense for freight and you will *not be out one cent.*

**LOWEST PRICES** We sell the highest grade bicycles with puncture-proof tires, imported roller chains and pedals and many exclusive features at exceedingly low prices. You cannot buy a better bicycle than our "RANGER" no matter what you pay and you cannot buy a good bicycle at a lower price than we offer you.

**RIDER AGENTS WANTED** in each town and district to ride and exhibit a sample 1913 "Ranger" Bicycle furnished by us. You will be astonished at *the low Prices* and the liberal propositions and special offer we will give on the first 1913 sample going to your town. Write at once for our *special offer.*

DO NOT BUY a bicycle or a pair of tires from anyone at *any price* until you receive our catalogue and learn our low prices and liberal terms. BICYCLE DEALERS, we can offer you very attractive and liberal terms on exclusive models. Orders filled the day received.

**TIRES, COASTER-BRAKE** rear wheels, inner tubes, lamps, cyclometers, parts, repairs and everything in the bicycle line at lowest prices.

*DO NOT WAIT*, but write today for our *Large Catalogue* beautifully illustrated and containing a great fund of interesting matter and useful information. It only costs a postal to get everything. Write it Now.

MEAD CYCLE CO. Dept. B-55, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

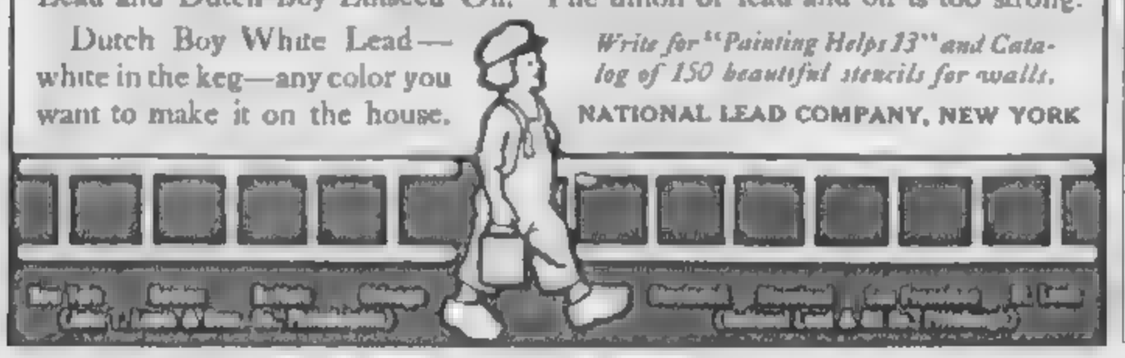


Neither snow, rain nor moisture can penetrate paint made of Dutch Boy White Lead and Dutch Boy Linseed Oil. The union of lead and oil is too strong.

Dutch Boy White Lead—white in the keg—any color you want to make it on the house.

*Write for "Painting Helps 13" and Catalog of 150 beautiful stencils for walls.*

NATIONAL LEAD COMPANY, NEW YORK




## THE FIGHTING SIX

(Continued from Page 15)

and he could not find any way out. Circumstances had led him along by the nose into a very fair job—such instances are not uncommon, you know—but he could not stick there when Bob Hotchkiss came out of the desert with a big batch of new ideas on traffic-getting. I do not want to seem egotistical and I merely offer myself as a type. Since I got into the traffic business I have had to step along pretty fast to keep ahead of other chaps who were coming out of the desert on my trail. It is inspiring to know men of this class—and the world is full of them, in all lines of business.

Selling transportation is not very much different from selling other things. The main proposition is to create a hankering for your product. Poor old Tite Patterson did not know how to do this. I have made it a fine art to stir up this hankering on the part of the people to ride on my railroads. Long ago I quit the Mountain Pacific to take a better job on the Western Air Line.

One evening, in a city that was strange to me, I dropped into a vaudeville theater. One of the acts was pulled off by a couple of idiots who called themselves Moriarity and Ikenstein and lived on musty jokes.

"I was traveling on the Air Line," said Moriarity, "when there was a jolt and the train stopped."

"A rear-end collision?" asked Ikenstein.

"No—we'd just caught up with those cows again!"

Then Ikenstein told a humorous tale about the Air Line's rotten equipment and Moriarity got off something about the crumbling ties. Next they danced a jig and sang a song entitled: Rock Me to Sleep on the Air Line!

### *Big Results From Small Details*

Next day I entered suit against the theater for slander. The matter was compromised, but thereafter the theater clowns dropped us. Yet for ten years previous the Air Line had unjustly been the butt of every fool on the stage—and the company had not raised a hand to stop it! Before you can build up the right sort of hankering for your goods you have got to look to your reputation. It takes mighty little to influence a possible purchaser against you. I am merely illustrating some of the little paths to larger traffic—paths dug out of commonplace circumstances. These were the trails that converged into a wide thoroughfare as I went along, and brought me the reputation of being a passenger official with an unusual ability for building business.

I might tell you about some of the bigger things I have done in this art of getting business, but they are not the things, after all, that have really brought me my success. I came up because I saw in a myriad of commonplace circumstances things that other men had not seen.

I am sure, too, that this is the secret of many a man's rise in his calling—whatever that calling may be. I know a sales manager, for instance, who has done extraordinary things for the specialty he handles. He is looked upon almost in awe by the younger men in business about him. Yet only the other day he said to me as I lunched with him:

"Hotchkiss, I wish I could really believe myself the big man I am commonly reckoned to be. I don't know that I have ever done anything big or spectacular in all my life. The success of my house has been due to a million little ways I have discovered to turn the channels of trade in my direction. Every day some fellow asks me how I did it—as if I could write out a brief prescription, to be filled at his desk between lunch and dinner, and then swallowed with magic results! I haven't time to tell these chaps how I did it, for I should have to relate the detailed story of ten commonplace years."

So, in my own case, I can scarcely tell you how I came up without narrating homely episodes of salesmanship—for I was, in effect, sales manager of transportation.

Even the officials of the roads for which I worked often found it hard to grasp my viewpoints. One day, shortly after I had been called to an Eastern railroad to take a vice-presidency, I chanced to ride in a daycoach of our train Number Sixteen. I like to get out incognito and search for these blind trails to bigger profits.


*You will Need Money This Summer*

Now is the time to make ready. By giving us a few hours each week—as much as you wish—you can earn all the money you will need. If you will act as our representative for *The Saturday Evening Post, The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*, we will pay you liberally in commission and salary.

Many hundreds of women and men are earning from $3.00 to $15.00 a week in this way. You can do the same thing.

We will not only give you the opportunity to make money but at the same time will give you a splendid business training. We stand behind and coach our representatives. Let us tell you about it.

*Agency Division, Box 53*

*The Curtis Publishing Company*

*Philadelphia, Pennsylvania*

## The Garter for You!

Loaded with fresh rubber for stretch and strength; non-rustable nickeled mountings—finish up to sterling standards. Rubber buttons won't tear hose.

Wear the garter that wears best. It's a

Pad with rubber button 25c and 50c

PIONEER SUSPENDER CO.
Philadelphia

Continued in *The Saturday Evening Post* of June 14



It works from the inside

You can see in this picture that the new

## Carpenter
Spring Shade
## Awning

looks better, works easier, than the old kind; operates from inside without raising window or screen; almost invisible when rolled up.

Our book of photographs showing this awning installed on residence, office, apartment and factory buildings will interest you, it's free.

If you are especially interested in

**camping or boating**

you'll want our catalogues The camping catalogue is free, (No. 504 send 20c for postage on the marine book. No. 505.

If your dealer can't supply Carpenter goods write

GEO. B. CARPENTER & Co.
403-413 Wells Street Chicago
Makers to the U. S. Government



INCREASE YOUR EFFICIENCY

[illegible] more and wider your influence [illegible] T V Orr, is a text-book on Su[illegible] [illegible] $1.50 postpaid. [illegible]

The Efficiency Institute, 4146 Lake Avenue, Chicago


In the seat in front of me was Toz Smith, the head brakeman, who sprawled himself out for a nap. Presently I touched him on the shoulder.

"Well?" he demanded. "Whatcher want?"

"This car is cold," I said. "Please see if you can't get us some heat."

"You'd better see the engineer!" Toz retorted. Then he added as he settled back: "The climate is warmer down South!"

Next day I went over to the operating department.

"Unfortunately," I observed, "we cannot reach all the travelers who've been knocking us in various parts of the country. We can't find them and ask their indulgence while we remove the causes of their complaints. But one thing we can do—we can strike at the very root of their knocks, right here at home. To begin with, suppose we fire Brakeman Toz Smith!"

I was on a trail the road had not explored; and one of the high operating officials asked in surprise:

"What's the matter with Toz? He's worked for us five years, and I always supposed he had attended to his duties."

"An employee can attend to his duties with one hand and strangle his boss with the other," I said.

This railroad had hired me at a fancy salary to do big things in traffic getting, but most of the big things I did were made up of incidents as trivial as this Toz Smith affair. We fired Toz the next week.

While I was vice-president of this line we had two or three traveling passenger agents who were strong on landing conventions and things of that sort, and they were reckoned as mighty valuable men. So they were, in their own limited specialties. One of these men was Stad Swanson. As an experiment, one day I dropped in at a public telephone booth and called up our city ticket office.

### *The Jacking-Up of Swanson*

"I'd like to make inquiry about your overland trains," I said. "I am thinking of going west next week with my wife and daughters."

The clerk gave me the information I wanted, but forgot to ask my name and address. Then I dropped into another booth later in the day and said to the same office again:

"A little party of us may go fishing out in the Rockies next month; kindly give me your train schedules."

I got them, but the office was not interested in my identity. After I had repeated this experiment with variations ten times I sent for Stad Swanson, who had just returned from a week's trip on which he had landed a brewers' picnic for our line.

"Stad," said I, "if our road had to live on conventions and picnics a receiver would get us before winter. It isn't the melodramatic business that pays our steady dividends. Forget the conventions for a while and get after the every-day travelers."

When Stad Swanson once got my angle our passenger traffic grew steadily; and today Stad holds a mighty fat job. It's the every-day business usually that makes the backbone of growth.

One day, through an odd turn of events, the road of which I was vice-president absorbed the line running through my old town of Stony Bend. Then I was elected president and thus became the active head of the railroad on which Tick Baab taught me telegraphy.

One night, shortly after I became president of the line, I sat for an hour or two in the tiny telegraph room with Tick Baab. He was old, and I noticed that his Morse was very uneven.

"Tick," said I, "you deserve a pension. You've been a faithful worker, and I'm going to see what I can do for you in the line of an easy job—just some sinecure, Tick, that'll make life more agreeable."

Tick looked at me gratefully; he had expected for a long time to be fired for being so old.

"I'll appreciate it, Bob," he said. "I have worked faithfully, sure enough. I've done the best I could!"

As I walked up to Hen Hogan's house a little later I wondered whether Tick Baab really had done the best he could—whether he might not have found a road out!

Editor's Note—This is the third in a series of six articles by Edward Mott Woolley. The fourth will appear in an early issue.

## The Cool One Wears B. V. D. Do *You?*

IT'S no puzzle to find the B. V. D. Man. He's in the foreground of the picture and the forefront of comfort. You can "spot" him at a glance—*cool* and *contented* despite summer heat and fag. Stop fanning and mopping—wear Loose Fitting, Light Woven B. V. D. Coat Cut Undershirts and Knee Length Drawers, or Union Suits and be *cool*. To-day, get B. V. D.

To get *genuine* B. V. D. get a good look at the *label*. On every B. V. D. Undergarment is sewed
*This Red Woven Label*
MADE FOR THE
B.V.D.
BEST RETAIL TRADE
Insist that your dealer sells you only [illegible] with the B. V. D. Label
*The* B. V. D. Company,
New York

2 IN 1
WHITE
SHOE DRESSING
QUICK—CONVENIENT—LASTING
The perfect dressing for white buck or canvas shoes, belts, etc.
All Dealers sell it
10¢
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WORLD'S LARGEST BUILDERS OF SIX CYLINDER CARS

# Stunts The *New* HUDSON Six Will Do

No four-cylinder car will do all the things of which the New HUDSON Six Phaeton is capable.

You can drive on high at the pace of a man's walk, as slowly as two miles an hour, and do it with the smoothness of a steam engine.

You can drive at a mile a minute, with the same comfort with which you ride in an express train.

Vibration is scarcely noticeable. At any speed, this car rolls forward with the sensation near to that of coasting down a long grade in a heavy car on a smooth road.

The New HUDSON Six Phaeton gets under way almost as quickly as anything in existence. From a standing start to a speed of 58 miles an hour in 30 seconds is not impossible.

The New HUDSON Six Phaeton has met and mastered practically every famous hill and grade in America. On almost every grade where climbing contests have been held, the New HUDSON Six Phaeton has shown its mettle.

In San Francisco, Twin Peaks melt from under the energetic New HUDSON Six. Sport Hill at Bridgeport, Conn., the scene of many trying hill climbs, holds no terrors for this car.

A dozen well-known higher priced and (rated) more powerful Sixes than the HUDSON regularly drop into second on Sport Hill. A facetious Bridgeport owner carries a sign on his New HUDSON Six reading, "Excuse my Dust."

In Omaha, Denver, Cincinnati, Pittsburgh, Minneapolis and St. Paul, in the Rockies, the Alleghenies and in every section of the United States where there are grades that are the despair of motorists, you will find the HUDSON Six holding just a little better record than any other car.

In Kansas City, one of the hilliest towns in America, the New HUDSON Six was locked into high and driven all over the city, thus proving that in the maze of city traffic and on the steepest grades, the car performs as flexibly as upon a flat boulevard.

On crowded Fifth Avenue, New York, where double lines of automobiles extend fifteen miles long on any busy day, there is a congestion of traffic that is almost indescribable. Through this mass of motor cars, the New HUDSON Six Phaeton can be driven with the greatest ease, by an operator who possesses only moderate skill. There is no kilting of the motor. There is not that jerk and jolt, common to cars of lower power, and yet the New HUDSON Six is economical and costs less to operate than does a four of equal power.

That all well designed and carefully built Sixes will do many things that add to comfort and safety that no four will do is why Sixes are so rapidly increasing and why big four-cylinder cars and those costing $2,000 or more are daily becoming less popular.

More than three times as many Sixes were built last year as had been built up to that time.

This year the number has been doubled.

We know the plans of other makers. Most all builders of medium priced cars now have Sixes under way.

Some say the market will be full of Sixes after July or August.

Do you think you should buy a big four, or a four costing $2,000 or over now when there is every certainty that it will be less popular within the next four months?

## Why We Are The World's Largest Builders of Sixes

Everyone who knows anything about the development of the automobile industry expected Howard E. Coffin to build a wonderful Six, but not even we expected his car to so soon become such a leader.

Other Sixes have been on the market longer than the New HUDSON Six, but no other maker today is building as many cars of its type.

The reason for the success of the New HUDSON Six is the cleverness of its design.

No other maker can have an exclusive control of simple building. No one can have a monopoly of good material. But by combining the skill and experience of 48 expert engineers, the guess and experiment usual in automobiles has been eliminated.

In the particulars of engineering skill the HUDSON Six is distinctive. It combines the improvements that 48 experts working in combination have been able to create. It expresses the experience these men have gained in building more than two hundred thousand automobiles of 97 well-known makes.

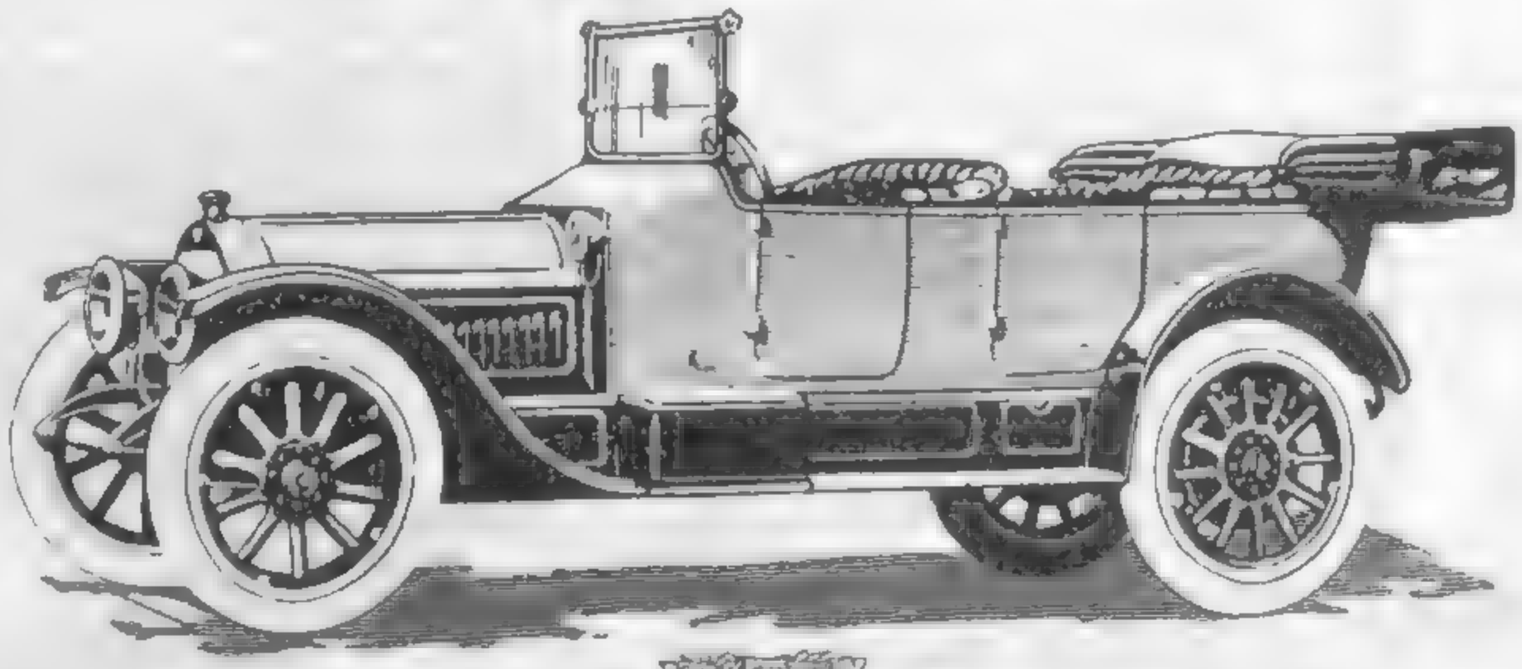
The New HUDSON Six has electric lights and is electrically self-cranked. The famous Delco system, patented, is used. It is exactly the same device that is in use on twice as many automobiles as you will find equipped with any other two electrically self-cranking appliances. Every essential detail of equipment is included—speedometer, clock, windshield, demountable rims, top, 12" upholstery, etc. The Phaeton seats five passengers, is large and just as comfortable as any chair in your house. The price is $2,450 f. o. b. Detroit. Canadian price, duty paid, $3,200 f. o. b. Detroit.

The HUDSON "37"—the four-cylinder car—has been announced by many as the masterpiece of this type. It sells at $1,875. In Canada, duty paid, $2,425 f. o. b. Detroit. It was designed by the same famous designers who built the New HUDSON Six.

*See the Triangle on the Radiator*

## HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY

7676 Jefferson Avenue, Detroit, Michigan



# THE WHISTLING MAN

(Continued from Page 21)

good morning—"Beg pardon, but have you and Mr. Craig seen the advertisement?" Then he turned impulsively to Craig. "They must be very anxious to find you, sir," he said excitedly. "It's in all the morning editions!"

An advertisement—and about him? Craig had indeed reason for the wonder that stole upon him! Gawtry, however, was the first to speak.

"Here, let me have that paper!" he ordered, and almost snatched it from his clerk. "What page is it on?" he demanded.

It was on the front page, Mr. Vilas meekly told him; and as Gawtry held up the sheet Craig peered across his shoulder. Then he saw the advertisement. It was set prominently among the morning's Personals.

A LIBERAL REWARD will be paid any one knowing the present whereabouts of Leonard Craig, recently of Etaples, France, who arrived yesterday in New York aboard the steamship Amsterdam. Address C. R. B., Box 16, Uptown Office.

Craig looked up from reading the paragraph to find Gawtry gazing at him raptly. Gawtry wet his lips then. "Leonard," he asked, his tone deliberately slow, "who is C. R. B.?"

But this, it appeared, was as much of a mystery to Craig.

"I don't know, Mr. Gawtry," he answered. "I recall no one with those initials."

"You are sure?" Gawtry persisted, his eyes fixed feverishly on Craig's. "Try to think, Leonard!" Then he leaned forward, his voice lowered so that his clerk should not hear him. "Remember, it may be some trick of theirs!"

That Gawtry meant the Adairs Craig knew. He was positive, however, it could be no friend of his, or even any acquaintance. That the Adairs were behind it seemed very unlikely. In the first place, why should they advertise? They knew clearly where to find him.

"It's no one I know, I'm sure, Mr. Gawtry," he replied. "I can't imagine why any one should hunt for me!"

Gawtry turned abruptly to his clerk.

"Telephone that newspaper!" he ordered bruskly. "Find out who inserted that advertisement. If necessary send some one up there!"

So far as Gawtry seemed concerned, for the moment the matter was ended. Craig, however, racked his brains to solve that added mystery. "C. R. B." The letters danced before him, tantalizing and tormenting. Who was C. R. B.? Somehow in their anonymity, the train of suggestive thought they created, they recalled to him that other anonymous message he had received, the wireless from Folkestone:

Under no circumstances show any one your papers.

Whoever had sent him that had proved himself a friend! Had Craig at any rate followed that advice he would have been far better off. He would anyway not have been played with like a child. The mere thought made him writhe inwardly; and he determined that, friend or foe, he would learn the identity of that mysterious advertiser before the day was out.

Gawtry had crossed the room. In the corner by the window he was hanging intently over the stockticker Craig had seen the day before, closely scanning its tape. Already the machine had begun to clack and clatter as it pounded out the London "closing"; and left to himself, Craig edged toward the massive oak table that ran down the center of the room. The newspaper that Vilas had handed Gawtry lay there; and Craig's hands itched anew now. The events of the day before, Adair's stroke, the return of The Whistling Man, and now this advertisement about himself, Craig was sure, all had some bearing upon what had gone forward here in Wall Street, and he wished to know what it was. The very voice of the ticker, in fact—its snarl, its persistent rasping, staccato chatter—cried of a keyed-up, pent excitement as tense as the stored static charge of an electric jar. And turning over the newspaper, Craig read swiftly:

ADAIR STRICKEN AS WALL STREET RAIDS HIS STOCKS!

There were columns of it! Leading it, however, was a heavily leaded introduction, a summary of the main news story. In a minute or more Craig was able to grasp a good deal of what that Wall Street raid conveyed. It meant, among other things, that panic was in the air, that millions were involved, that the raid the day before was but a skirmish preliminary to the battle. And Adair's enemies, whoever they might be, were doing their utmost to ruin him.

Although Craig knew little of finance—much less of Wall Street finance—Adair's weakness was evident even to him. The man, in the strict sense of the term, was not a Wall Street man. He was a producer, not a destroyer. In other words, he built railroads, he did not wreck them. He constructed, rather than stole! And to build, to develop, ever requires more capital than the usual Wall Street mercenaries employ. Adair, in short, had been a heavy borrower; he owed millions, and his foes, as if in fact scenting it, had set out at the psychological moment to squeeze, to slaughter him.

Had the gods themselves devised his utter destruction they could not have chosen a more fitting moment. The lightning stroke that had felled the man was likely to fell his fortunes too.

Then, reading further on, Craig came upon his own name. There it was, unfamiliar as he saw it in type, yet all the more vivid because of that unfamiliarity. He read and he was astounded. In the uncompromising black and white of ink and paper he beheld his own doings in the drama of the night set down as if he himself had written them. Had his conscience itself been the reporter, the narrative could scarcely have been more replete in its detail. And the marvel of it, too, was how deftly and certainly the responsibility for Adair's stroke had been planted on Craig's shoulders. It was only by inference, of course, by the usual practiced evasion of the libel law; but be that as it may, the paper's pages cried his name as clearly as if it had been shouted through a trumpet. Even his appearance was described—his soiled and torn garments, that and his agitation, his emotion when he learned that Adair lay dying in his daughter's arms. Upon that, innuendo followed innuendo. Even Hilda Gawtry's interview with him was hinted at, her prolonged colloquy with him in his sitting room. Nothing was omitted. There was even the suggestion that he was betrothed to her. Staggered by it he read on to the end, gaping in consternation. Then when Craig read finally that declining to be interviewed he had fled to Mrs. Belden's, dismay as well as disgust got the better of him.

Who had supplied all these facts to the reporters? It could not have been Hemingway. It was not humanly credible that even he could have spied out so much; and tossing the paper from him Craig looked up to find Gawtry staring down at him.

His voice, though brisk, was in nowise curt.

"Vilas has found you rooms, Leonard. They are where he has lived for years. I've already sent your luggage up there."

Craig stared at him. In his heart there grew a little chill and the chill spread. He was still standing there, gaping silently at the man, when in the background he saw Vilas enter swiftly, his face, his air, everything about him more agitated than ever. Craig could have sworn that the man made him a subtle signal as he came toward them, but Craig was not concerned now in anything that revolved about so humble a figure as the seedy little clerk. It was the master, Gawtry, who engrossed him; and as he stood there hunting for a word to express himself, his eye was attracted by a sudden brisk movement at the door.

Two men had entered, following closely at Mr. Vilas' heels.

"What's wrong? What's the matter with you?" Gawtry harshly asked.

Craig did not reply. He walked toward the table and stood there waiting, his eyes not on Gawtry now but on the two newcomers behind his clerk.

They were old men, each well on past middle-age. One had white hair, full white whiskers and a heavy beard through which his thick fleshy lips showed red and vivid. The other, though, wore no beard. His face was fat, pouched under the eyes and flabby, with a heavy dewlap at the chin. Gawtry gave them a curt good morning, which was as curtly answered by the fat man, but obsequiously by the bearded one.

Somehow Craig knew them at once.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VACATION COAST

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A region of wonderful vacation places. Nowhere else in the world will you find such a rugged coast-line—rocky headlands, beaches, islands, lovely harbors.

Or so much of the

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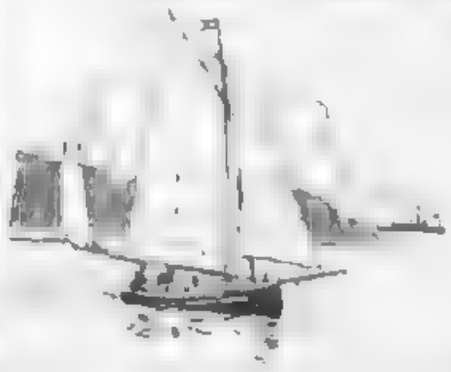
Summer is one round of delightful pleasures.

The German Emperor's own yachtsmen are coming over to race.

The great yacht clubs will have their regattas and cruises.

Glorious bathing, sailing, fishing, motoring, tennis, golf. And, Oh, such sea-air!

You can find just the vacation you want. A modern, up-to-date hotel. Perhaps a smaller hotel or boarding house filled with congenial people. Perhaps a sleepy fishing village, perhaps some island paradise. And you can suit your purse.



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.22 Repeater MODEL 1897

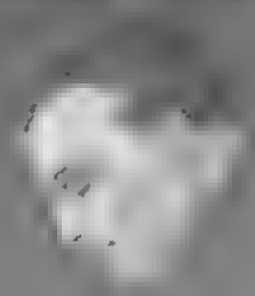
This is no ordinary 22 rifle: It's the only 22 repeater made with the dependable lever action—like a big game rifle. It has better weight, better balance, greater stability than any other 22. It's guaranteed in accuracy and reliability, handles rapidly, gives 25 shots at one loading. Shoots 22 short, 22 long and 22 long rifle cartridges without adjustment. For rabbits, squirrels, hawks, geese, foxes, for all small game and target work up to 200 yards, just get this Marlin.

It's a take down rifle, convenient to carry and clean. Has tool steel working parts that cannot wear out. Beautiful case hardened frame, superb build and balance. Ivory bead and Rocky Mountain sights, the best set furnished on any 22. The solid top and side ejection mean safety at rapid, accurate firing.

Ask your dealer—or send us three stamps postage for new big catalog of all Marlin repeating rifles and shotguns.

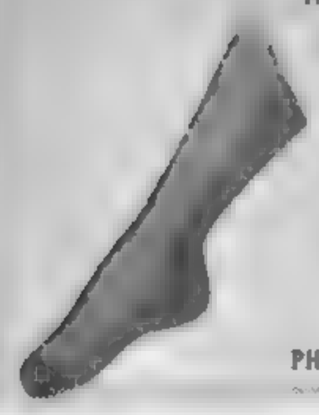
The Marlin Firearms Co. 19 Willow Street NEW HAVEN, CONN.

# PHOENIX SILK HOSE



combines remarkable durability with perfect style and assured economy for everyday wear.

Phoenix Silk Hose is luxurious in its soft, clinging texture, brilliant shimmer, perfect shaping and flawless finish. Made of the same high-grade, pure-dye thread silk used in the costliest silk hose. Absolutely free from injurious "loading" or artificial "weighting."



Bought by the box and worn daily, Phoenix Silk Hose costs no more in the end than good cotton hose.

In distinctive 4-pair boxes

Men's 50c, 75c, $1.00 pair — Women's 75c, $1.00, $1.50, $2.00 pair

At the best haberdashers, dry goods and department stores

"Made in America" by the

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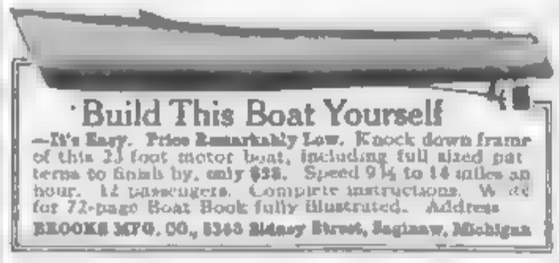


Build This Boat Yourself

—It's Easy. Price Remarkably Low. Knock down frame of this 23 foot motor boat, including full sized pattems to finish by, only $38. Speed 9½ to 14 miles an hour. 12 passengers. Complete instructions. Write for 72-page Boat Book fully illustrated. Address BROOKS MFG. CO., 8348 Sidney Street, Saginaw, Michigan



## Genuine Panamas Direct from the Importers

Style A

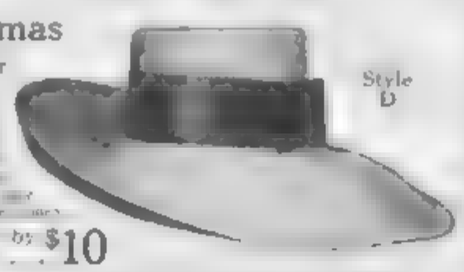
Style B

We import thousands of extra quality Panama Hats every year, direct through the Port of Galveston, and personally inspect, block and trim every hat. Through our buying facility, proximity to the point of manufacture and the fact that we sell direct to the wearer, we are able to offer exceptional values. Our **binding guarantee protects you. Your money will be refunded promptly without question if the hat is not equal to your expectations.** Our $6.00 Panamas for men are closely woven, beautifully finished and trimmed with neat silk bands and leather sweat bands. We Guarantee our $6.00 Panamas to be equal to hats usually priced at $15.00. State size and style desired; whether style A or B Fedora or peak style. Sent prepaid by Parcel Post for . . . $6

Style C

Ladies' Panamas

Here are two popular styles of fine white fibre, [illegible] closely woven Style C at $6 and Style D trimmed [illegible]



Style D

Sent prepaid by Parcel Post . . . $10

HOUSTON HAT COMPANY, Dept. A, HOUSTON, TEXAS


"Sit down," said Gawtry, and the two sat down side by side.

Crossing his legs, the fat man leaned back nonchalantly and stuck both thumbs in his armpits.

He addressed himself to Gawtry.

"Well, you saw the London closing, didn't you? H. N. & B. lit off at 1¾ under the opening, and Central Eastern at 2½. Guess that fellow's on the run, ain't he?"

Gawtry gave no reply. He sat thinking deeply.

Then the white-bearded, red-lipped man, indicating Craig, spoke. Craig marveled at the unctuous, fawning flattery of his tone. He was more than ever convinced from it of Gawtry's eminence in Wall Street.

Said the man, his fleshy lips parting: "Is this the young gentleman, Mr. Gawtry—the one you were speaking about?"

Again as he looked up Craig saw little Mr. Vilas surreptitiously signal to him. He still gave no heed however. His eyes once more were on Gawtry.

Gawtry spoke.

"Leonard," said he, "these gentlemen are friends of mine. I have taken the liberty to tell them what happened to your father. I have told them only briefly however. What they really wish to know, though, is about the papers you have with you. You understand, don't you?" Gawtry asked, and he wet his lips as he smiled.

"What papers?" asked Craig.

Gawtry smiled more seductively.

"The papers I asked your father to draw up for me—the statement about the Adairs' defalcation."

"Their defalcation?" echoed Craig, his voice even, though inwardly he was staggered. "What defalcation, Mr. Gawtry?"

Again Gawtry wet his lips.

"Why," he said, "the three millions that they and your father took twenty years ago from the vaults of the Island Trust."

But Craig did not even quiver. With his eyes on Gawtry he crossed to the door and opened it. Little Mr. Vilas stood shrugged up against the wall, and as Craig reached out his hand the little man passed him a folded telegram. Taking it, Craig glanced at its contents, then looked across the room at Gawtry.

"You scoundrel!" he said quietly, and he did not even raise his voice. "If you and Gaines and Pelton there think you can use me in your games you've got another guess!" He smiled blandly. "Good day, gentlemen," he observed, and passing out of the room he left them staring dumbly at one another.

Then, once he was outside, Craig took another look at the message in his hand. Afterward he buttoned his coat about him, and stepping briskly out, his best foot forward, he headed west to Broadway. There he turned northward, his head in the air and his face shining.

He hadn't a cent in his pockets, and Arcadie was thirty-five miles away. He was young, however, and hopeful. Besides, there was the message in his pocket.

It read:

"If you do not come to me by noon tomorrow I shall have to marry Willie Hemingway. MARY ADAIR."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

## Shaken Faith

A CERTAIN famous bronco-buster of Montana belongs to a lodge which keeps him out late of nights occasionally. When he gets in and his wife asks him what time it is he always says, "A little after ten!"—or something like that.

One night—or morning rather—he returned just as dawn was breaking.

"What time is it?" called his sleepy spouse.

"A quarter to eleven," replied the husband.

His wife lighted a lamp and looked at an alarm clock that stood near her bed. It showed twenty minutes after four.

She took her husband to task; whereupon he put on his coat and hat and started out in a dignified manner.

"Where are you going?" she asked.

"I am going away," he replied—"away never to return! When things have come to such a pass in this house that you, the wife of my bosom, have reached a point where you will rather believe an ordinary, tin, six-bit alarm clock instead of your loving husband, it is time I left for parts unknown!"


## *Attending College at 20-Cents-an-Hour*

This is the average amount paid to college students while "putting themselves through." Early in the morning, late at night—working five hours for a dollar. Attending lectures between-times—studying when the chance presents itself.

If you want to pay your own way through college, we can offer you something better. Be the master of your own time. Attend your lectures when they are scheduled. Prepare your work when it is most convenient. Spend the rest of your time outdoors, earning from two to five times twenty-cents-an-hour.

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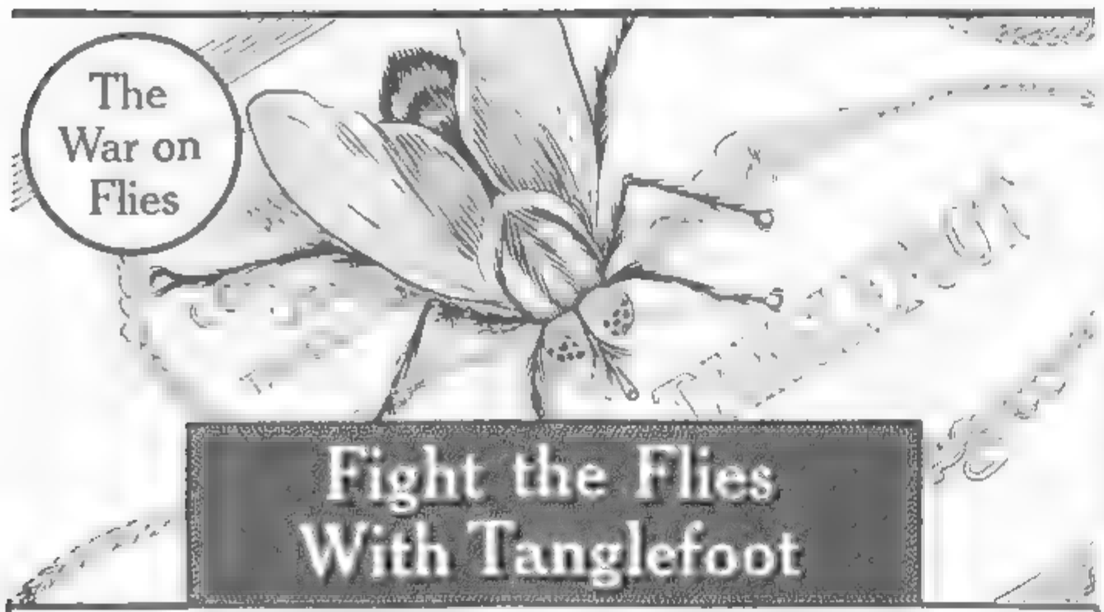


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Over ten million families find Tanglefoot the greatest aid.

Every season 300,000,000 sheets of Tanglefoot go forth to fight flies.

Think of the tremendous power for comfort and health this mighty army yields.

## The First Fly Calls for Tanglefoot

Don't let the first fly escape. For one fly killed now may stop countless armies later.

Put a sheet of Tanglefoot wherever you see a fly. Every sheet you use now will save you untold annoyance later.

## Poisons Are Risky

Every summer fatalities are reported from their use. In several states the sale of poison is forbidden except by registered pharmacists.

The poison does not kill the germ on the fly. Poisoned flies drop into your food, into baby's milk, are ground to dust in the carpet.

## Tanglefoot Is Non-Poisonous

It can be used safely where there are children

And it is a double protection. For, besides killing the fly, it seals it over with a varnish that also *destroys the germ.*

During 30 years nothing has been found to equal Tanglefoot. Each sheet can kill 1,000 flies

## Get the Original Fly Paper

TANGLEFOOT

The original Tanglefoot always bears this trademark. It contains one-third more sticky compound, hence lasts longer than the no-name kinds sold merely as fly-paper, or sticky fly-paper. Ask your grocer or druggist for Tanglefoot for this season's war on flies.

**Made Only by THE O. & W. THUM CO., Grand Rapids, Mich.**

*A little gasoline will quickly remove Tanglefoot from clothes or furniture*

(11)

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## Licensed under Klosed-Krotch Patents

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Wilson Bro's

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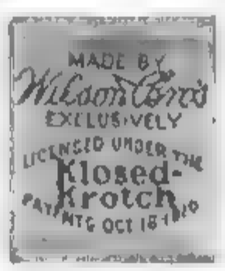
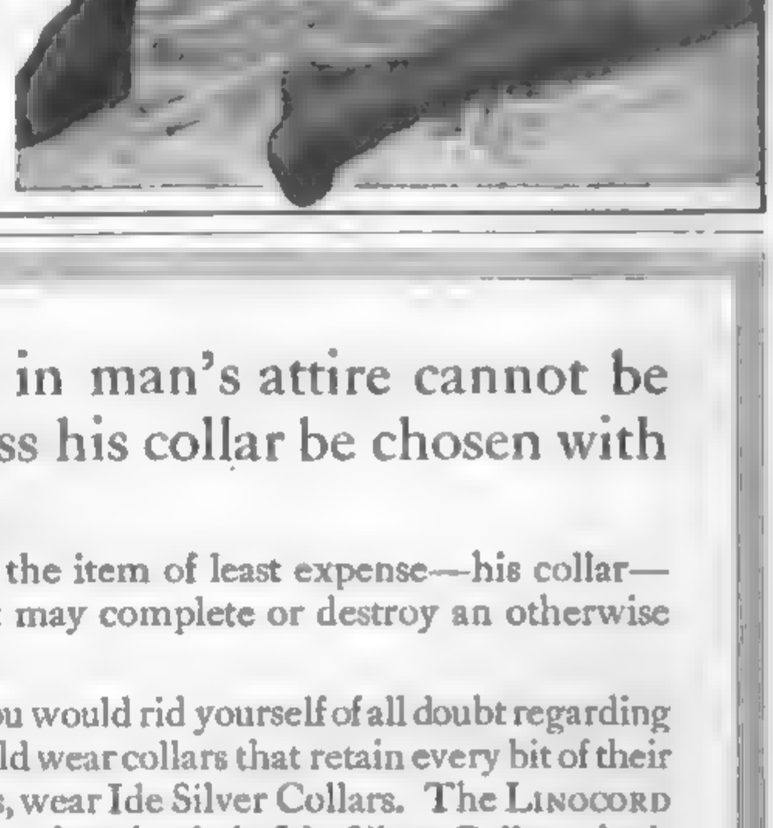



*Look for this label*



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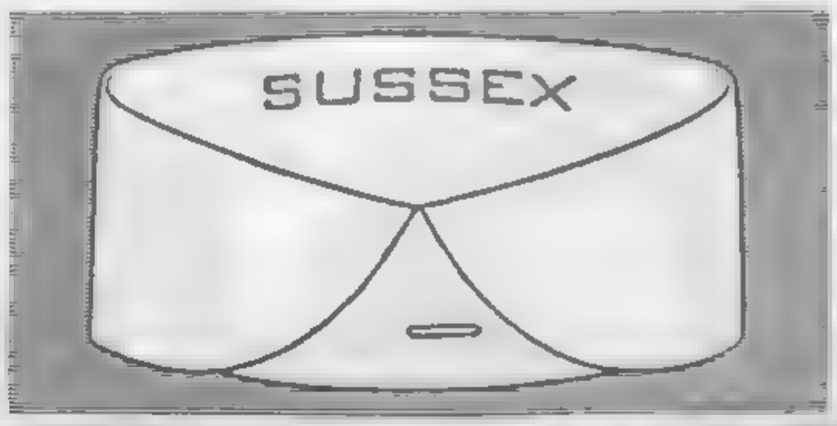

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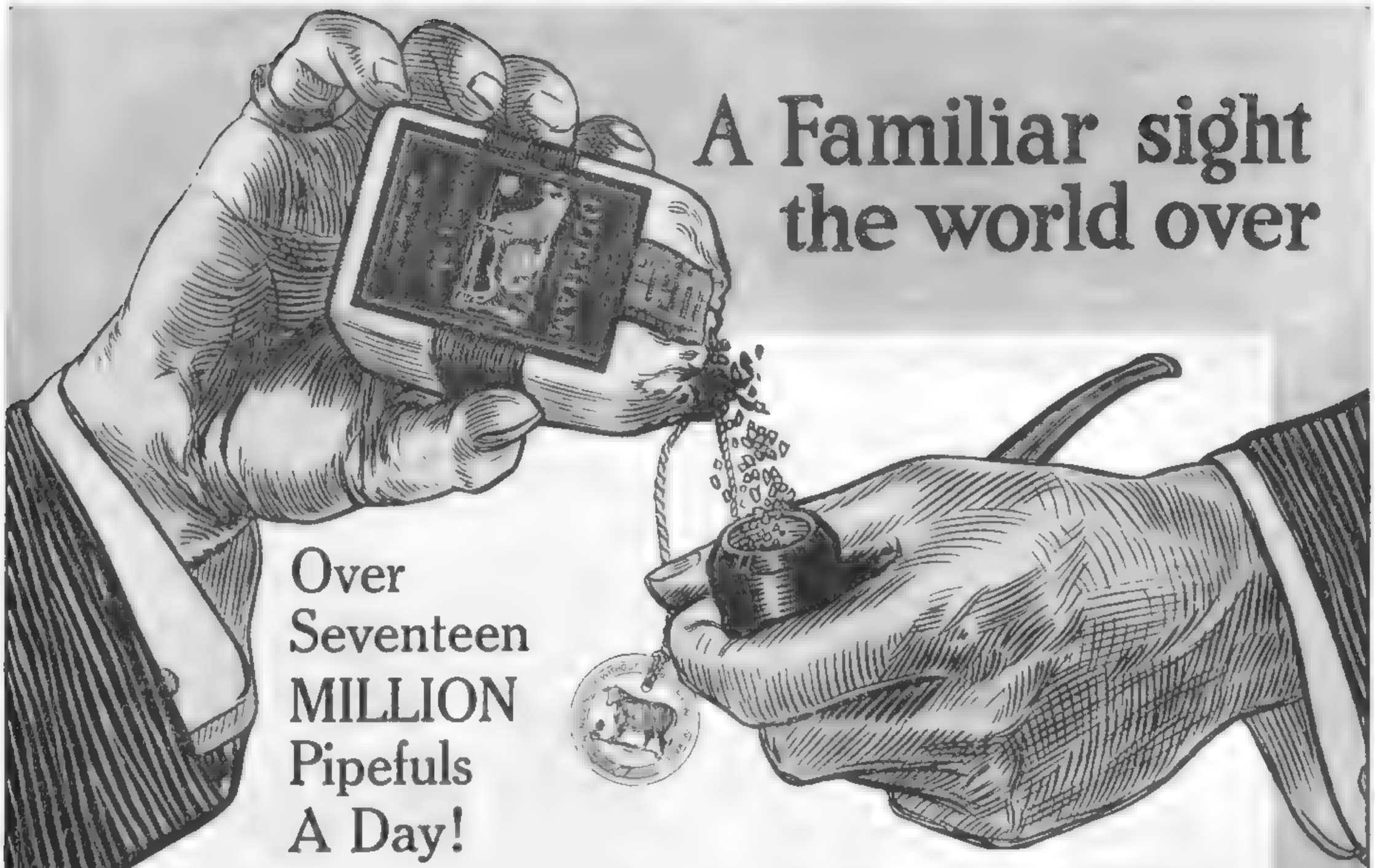

## Over Seventeen MILLION Pipefuls A Day!

That is the stupendous quantity of "Bull" Durham Tobacco sold throughout the world every 24 hours—greater than all other high-grade smoking tobaccos *combined!*

GENUINE

## "BULL" DURHAM

SMOKING TOBACCO

"Bull" Durham has been the standard smoking tobacco of the world for *three generations* because it has always been so downright *good* that no other tobacco could ever take its place—and no other ever will!

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Get a 5-cent muslin sack of "Bull" Durham at the nearest dealer's—tuck some in your pipe, and you'll understand why over 352,000,000 sacks of this grand old tobacco were sold last year alone! You can always get "Bull" Durham—and get it fresh. It is sold wherever good tobacco is known.

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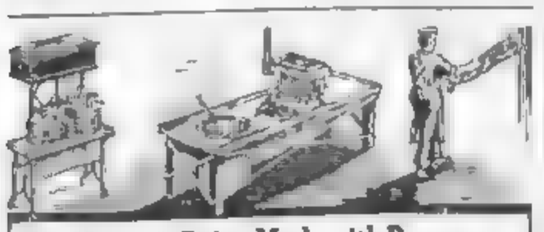

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If you have reason to believe that he is in any way connected with the show business write your letter and address to him in care of

THE BILLBOARD

The Theatrical and Circus Paper

Cincinnati, Ohio

And it will be forwarded to him promptly even though he be in India, South Africa or Australia.

## BENSINGER'S LUCK

(Continued from Page 17)

"This your bag, George W.? Hello! Look at the hole in it!" His finger pointed to a gash across the whole side of the bag.

"Telephone for the house detective or I'll yell bloody murder!" Mr. Plum exclaimed as he plunged his hand into the bag. "Wait!" he added almost instantly; for, as the bag was fully open, he saw a yellow manila envelope lying at the bottom of it, under collar case, safety-razor case and a glass tube containing a toothbrush. He lifted and undid the envelope with shaking hands, drawing forth a thick bundle of engraved stock certificates; but he was by no means satisfied with that. Dropping into the chair by the table he got a pencil from his pocket and turned down the corners of the certificates one after another, setting the number of shares that each represented in a column on the back of the envelope. Adding the column he found the total to be fifty thousand-and-odd shares.

It was a silent and unpleasant ride to the station. Mr. Plum sat in a corner of the cab, with the gashed bag in his arms, palely glaring at his son-in-law. When they left the cab and a porter picked up Steve's big yellow bag, Mr. Plum noticed that article for the first time, and a sick kind of grin spread over his face.

"Buy it to put my stock certificates in?" he asked. "Didn't have quite time enough to finish the job, did you?"

The party occupied three adjoining compartments on the train—Mr. and Mrs. Plum first, Mr. and Mrs. Bensinger next, and Mr. and Mrs. Barker third. The ladies had the communicating doors opened for sociability; but so soon as they were settled in the train Mr. Plum lay down.

Steve had but three hours' sleep the night before and proposed to retire early. About nine o'clock Mr. Plum stepped in to his compartment, where he was visiting with Elsie, and abruptly held out a bony hand. He had recovered his usual ruddy color and equable manner.

"Well, Steve, bygones are bygones," he said with a broad smile. "Let's you and I take a little drink together. I was sort of upset this afternoon. I'd like some beer and I'd like you to go with me."

They went forward to the buffet car together and Mr. Plum ordered a bottle of porter. When each had dispatched his glass, the ex-druggist insisted upon having another. Possibly the unwonted indulgence exhilarated him mildly, for on returning to the compartment car he slapped Steve heartily on the back.

A little feminine commotion was going on there. Mrs. Plum was fussing unhappily over something, and Elsie, in the process of undressing, was calling through the crack of the door to inquire whether she had looked all through the suitcase and in her handbag.

"It's too bad," she remarked sympathetically to Steve. "Mamma can't find her sleeping powders. She never sleeps a wink on the train without them."

"Too bad!" Steve repeated perfunctorily and drowsily. A few minutes later he tumbled into his berth. Sometime along in the night he dreamed that Elsie was talking to him, but the next thing he really knew she was shaking him violently by the arm.

"Why, Steve! Get up!" she exclaimed. "What's the matter with you? We've all had our breakfasts and we're nearly in New York. I told you we were going in to breakfast. Why didn't you get up?"

With a sick misery in his nerves he managed to crawl into his clothes, getting his coat on as the train came to a stop. When they filed out on the station platform Mr. and Mrs. Plum and Mr. and Mrs. Barker were awaiting them. The ex-druggist, with the brown bag fondly clasped under his arm, looked fresh and brisk, and greeted Steve with a broad smile. "Have a good sleep?" he inquired cheerfully.

Steve duly noted that Mrs. Plum, on the contrary, looked pale and hollow-eyed.

"Poor mamma!" said Elsie to her husband as they walked up the platform in the wake of the Plums. "She couldn't find her medicine, and never closed her eyes all night."

Immediately Steve's darkened and anguished mind comprehended what had become of Mrs. Plum's sleeping powders. His prudent father-in-law had not proposed to take any chances on the frail lock between their rooms. He yearned to kick the lank

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The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia, Pa.

and cheerful figure marching ahead of him; but etiquette and a leaden heaviness of limb forbade. He wondered how many ounces of the stuff George W. had poured into him!

He parted from the others at the entrance to the hotel. "I'm going to get some breakfast," he explained. "I'll be up by-and-by." And to the doorman he said aside: "Just keep that big yellow bag here. I want it." As soon as the others entered the hotel he got another taxicab and departed, taking the big new bag with him.

The others went up to their adjoining rooms, and Mr. Barker presently drifted into the Plum apartment, where the ex-druggist was preparing to supplement the hasty toilet he had made on the train by shaving.

"Between you and me, Barker," he commented very cheerfully, as he took the razor case from the brown bag, "my son-in-law's the biggest thief that ever went unhung. If he'd touched a share of that stock I'd not only 'a' had him searched and got it back but I'd 'a' sent him over the road, sure's I'm a foot high! He can't do any funny business like that with me!"

"Oh, I don't think he tried to touch your stock, George W.; I think a bellboy cut your bag," Mr. Barker replied.

"Eats!" Mr. Plum returned from the bathroom, plying his shaving brush. "I know Steve and I know the hole he's in too. I'll show him ——"

The cheerful flow of conversation abruptly ceased. There was a moment of ominous silence. Then Mr. Plum appeared in the bathroom door, holding his safety razor between thumb and finger and critically examining it with startled eyes.

"Why, that ain't my razor!" he said in vague alarm and bewilderment. "That ain't my razor at all. I'm dead sure of it. That's a brand-new razor. Mine had little rust spots all across here." He pointed to the place. "That ain't my razor at all." He stepped back into the bathroom and reappeared a moment later holding a little case of razor blades. "Look there, Barker! What do you think of that?" he said in a dazed manner. "I had only three unused blades; I'm certain of it—and here's a whole new package of 'em!"

"Probably somebody's made you a present," Mr. Barker suggested.

Mr. Plum, however, did not even consider the suggestion. With his brows puckered he wandered over to the bureau, reached into the slashed brown bag and took out the soft-leather collar case and examined its contents.

"There you are! There you are!" he muttered without saying where. "I thought it was funny this morning—I thought it was funny! When I went to get a collar, you know, on the train there wasn't anything but new collars in my case. I thought it was funny, but I was in a hurry. It slipped my mind. There you are! Sure's you live! All new collars, and I'm sure some of my collars had been worn. I can't make it out at all."

Maundering on in a stupefied manner, Mr. Plum took the toothbrush from the cut glass tube. "I believe that's a brand-new toothbrush too! Why, yes! That ain't my toothbrush. It ain't my toothbrush at all! Funny I didn't notice it this morning. Why, what in thunder ——"

He took up the brown bag itself and examined it critically all over. "No, sir; I don't believe that's my bag! I don't believe ——" With a startled look he thrust his hand into the bag and extracted the thick manila envelope. Clasping that article in both bony hands he went over to the writing table, and in passing Mr. Barker gave him such an agonized look as might appear in the eyes of a person on his way to the gallows.

Sitting down at the table he unfolded the stock certificates and examined them carefully, one by one. When the process was completed he was quite pale.

"Do you know where Steve is?" he inquired of Mr. Barker in a faint and pleading voice. "I gotta find Steve right away."

"Why, he said he'd come up here as soon as he had breakfast," Mr. Barker replied. "What's the matter?"

Mr. Plum did not answer, but sat staring down at the heap of certificates. He seemed quite paralyzed, except that now and then in dry-eyed woe he consulted his watch.

It was twenty minutes to eleven when Steve entered, looking rather glum himself, for the effects of his mother-in-law's sleeping powders had by no means worn off. He found Mr. Barker perfunctorily engaged with a morning newspaper and Mr. Plum sitting at the writing table in his undershirt.

"I know where you went night before last—I know where you went!" the ex-druggist began in a tone that he vainly strove to make menacing as Steve dropped into a chair. "You went up to Three Falls, and you hired an engine to bring you back to Chicago. That's where you got the coal-soot on your face. Elsie told her mother about it. You needn't deny it!"

"What's eating you, George W.?"

"You went up there to get a list of my stock certificates and to make up this bunch of bogus ones," Mr. Plum continued. "Mosier would do anything you told him to and then swear till he was black in the face that he never did it—the low cur!"

"If you don't like him, George W., why don't you pour him full of sleeping powders?" Steve replied grimly.

Without heeding the question Mr. Plum continued:

"You fixed up a dummy bag as near like mine as you could, with these bogus stock certificates in it, and you slipped it over on me there in the hotel at Chicago. You put my bag in that big yellow affair of yours. You knew mighty well if I'd missed the certificates there in Chicago or on the train I'd had you pinched and searched in a minute. You wanted an hour's leeway to hide my certificates in some safe-deposit vault, but I'm going to have you pinched all the same!"

Steve yawned and turned to Barker.

"Any news in the paper, N. G.? I stepped in to look at the ticker downstairs. I see Interocean Traction is firm at eighty-eight."

"I'm going to have you pinched!" Mr. Plum exclaimed.

"Sure! Go ahead!" Steve replied. "You can have me pinched—if you think you can prove anything. And as you can't find your own stock certificates you can sue the Traction company to make 'em issue you some duplicates. You can have a nice mess of litigation that will drag on for six months or a year; but meanwhile, you know, you're short all that traction stock you sold yesterday—short about ten thousand shares, I guess. You can't deliver a share until you get hold of your certificates. Skellenger and his crowd must be short about twenty thousand shares. I hocked Vito in Chicago yesterday and have got quite a tidy bunch of cash; so I'm going to run Traction stock up. While you're having me pinched I'll give you a chance to settle your short sales at about a hundred and fifty."

Pale Mr. Plum stared in woebegone accusation at his son-in-law.

"What do you want, Steve?" he asked weakly. "Why, I'd go right in with you if you'd treat me fair."

"Fair!" Steve snorted in irrepressible indignation. "I never tried to poison you—did I?"

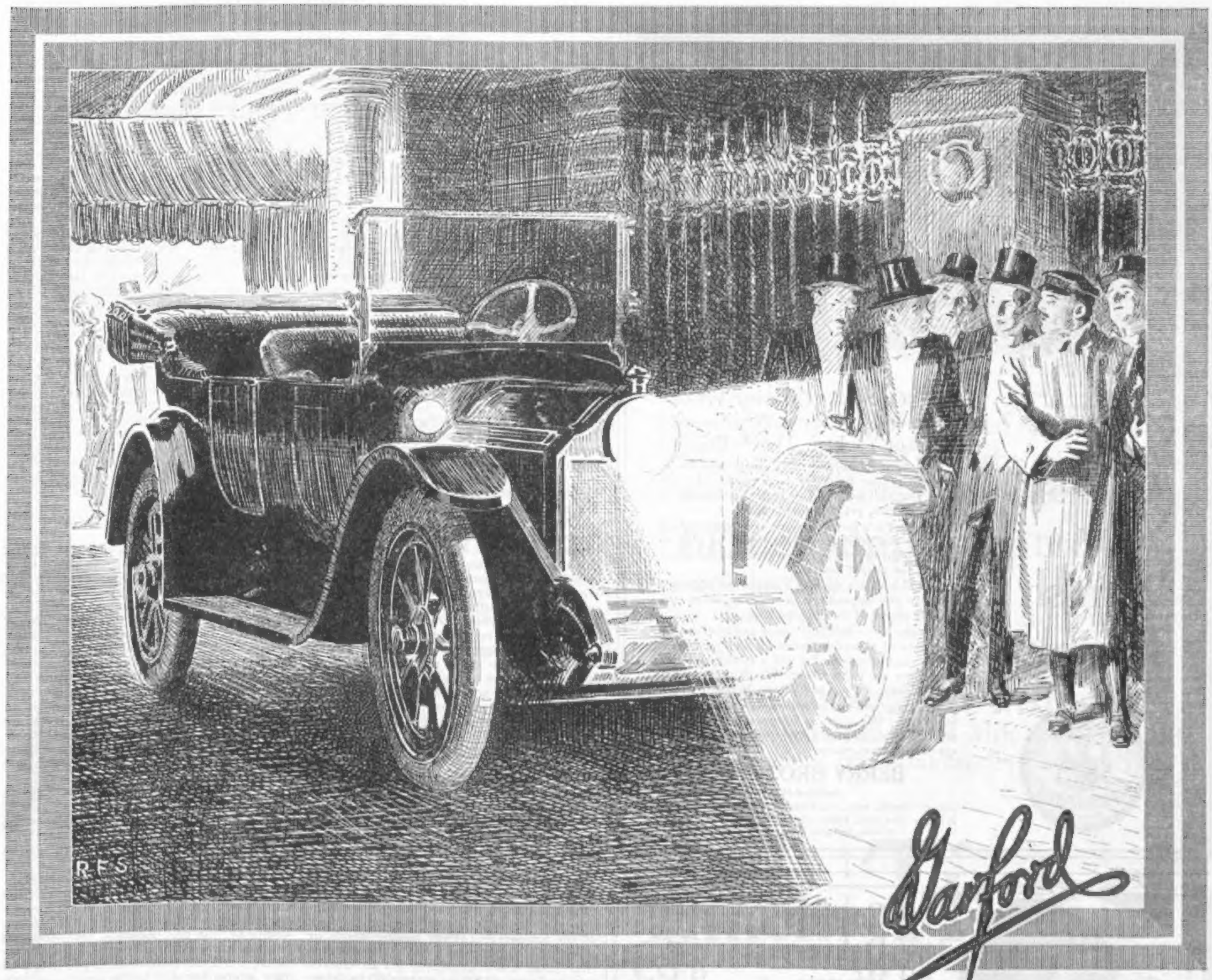
"Why, pshaw, Steve, that opiate's nothing at all!" Mr. Plum assured him propitiatingly. "It can't hurt you. You're strong and sound; you've got a heart like an ox. You couldn't reasonably expect me to lose a night's sleep in order to keep you from stealing my bag! I only gave you fifteen grains. That was all my wife had. It'll wear off in the course of the day. I'd go right in with you!" he repeated rather timidly.

"Why, look here, George W.!" Steve replied. "All you've got to do is be decent and live up to your agreement with me. You take a sheet of paper and write: 'I appoint Stephen Benainger my attorney-in-fact to sell and transfer all Interocean Traction stock owned by me.' I'll turn your stock over to the Grand Central people, along with my own and N. G.'s, and get you seventy-five dollars a share for it. Great Scott, man! That will make you a clean profit of about a million and a half. What do you want?"

Mr. Plum meekly wrote and handed the sheet over to Steve, who gravely examined it.

"All right," said Steve, his slightly undershot lower jaw closing firmly on the upper one. "That's settled; as you said last night, we'll let bygones be bygones. I'll close up this Traction deal with the Grand Central, and incidentally I'll trim Skellenger and the other shorts till they holler murder! And then," he added, "I'm going to take Elsie to Europe for six months and blow her to everything in sight! I've been so busy that I ain't hardly treated the girl right."

Editor's Note—This is the seventh of a series of stories by Will Payne. The eighth and last will appear in an early issue.

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# THE RISE OF THE BOOKKEEPER

*(Concluded from Page 18)*

statistics will call for new groupings; for, as has been said, business statistics nowadays are instruments in the hands of particular men, and their variation to meet their requirements is essential to good administration.

Practically everything in the shape of information is "cut" for the tabulating machines nowadays by every large public-service corporation. Work tickets come in from the shops and construction gangs. Every item of labor and material is recorded. Bills for supplies, estimates for equipment, schedules of material issued—all these find their way to the punching machines; and the countless items are deciphered, sorted and cut so that any of them may be dealt with separately or in combination, or one checked against the other.

Just the other day a representative in one of our state legislatures offered a resolution proposing that the state make a complete inventory of a large public-service company's physical plant. It was estimated that, with the present force in the state department called upon to do the work, it would take about twenty-eight years. Another state some years ago actually carried out such an inventory. It took several hundred investigators and an expert director, and they were occupied for months.

The purpose of such an inventory, of course, is to set a fair value on the plant regardless of what the company says. So the state investigators cannot use the company's information. How complete the company's data are, however, will be shown when an inventory is wanted for company purposes; for, where the state investigators must go about counting poles, wires, rails and ties, and getting average prices for material in the open market, and often retaining experts to decide the complicated questions that arise, the company itself, when it wants figures for its own purposes, can get most of them from the accounting department, making them up mechanically from information embodied on the cards.

### *New Uses for Figures*

The old-time yearly appraisal of the merchant has now grown into the modern appraisal of corporation property scattered over a wide territory. It is so much broader than the merchant's simple enumeration of stock on hand that, as an engineering expert points out, it may be used for at least twelve purposes: (1) as a basis for fair taxation; (2) for ratemaking; (3) for the sale of the property; (4) for issuing bonds or stock; (5) for insurance; (6) to show people that rates are reasonable; (7) to correct past and prevent future errors; (8) to determine depreciation; (9) to estimate maintenance costs and thus gauge efficiency of management; (10) to effect economies; (11) to compare with other companies on a basis of efficiency; (12) to detect theft, carelessness and loss in any part of the business.

In the industrial world generally many ingenious ways have been devised for seeing things as they really are. The chemist takes a sample of the gases passing up a factory chimney, runs it through a testing apparatus, finds out how much heat has gone to make steam and how much went up the flue, and by simple instructions to the engineer about regulating drafts effects great economies in coal. The microscopist gives information about materials by viewing transparent cross-sections under the lens. The metallurgist does the same with specimens of tool steel and alloys, getting the effect of transparency by polishing his specimen, etching it lightly with acid, and viewing it through the microscope under reflected light.

Everybody is taking cross-sections and interpreting specimens; and the accountant is busy at this, too, along with the other fellows.

Until recently the masses of figures pertaining to large business affairs have been almost unintelligible to all but the accountant, and have led to public distrust. Not only have there been big figures to deal with but new complexities due to modern organization.

An artist draws a picture showing the right and the wrong way of getting off a street car and sends it to a trolley company, with his bill for twenty-five dollars. The trolley company operates ten different lines in two separate states; and each line, having its own capitalization, traffic, expenses, and so on, must bear its correct proportion of that bill. When the accounting department finishes the charge will have been split up proportionably among all the lines.

The accountant's present work is to give clear views of the real business issues through all this maze of figures; and as the maze is now largely the work of bookkeeping machinery, and the machinery has freed him from the deadly grind of bookkeeping routine, his job is full of interest.

The complaint department of an electric-light company reports that last month there was an unusual number of protests from customers who objected to a ten per cent increase in their light bills as compared with the same month last year. They have the same number of lights and burn them in the same way, and the month had the same number of days. Yet there are the figures! Something must be wrong, for they are sure they did not burn more current. To these customers it is a foregone conclusion that the company has been trying to gouge them. The matter is referred to the accounting department, which prepares a simple bookkeeping table to explain the whole situation.

### *The Man on the Roof*

The company always has a man on the roof of its central station from dawn until dusk. It is his duty to report every approaching storm or thundercloud that is likely to obscure the sky and create a temporary demand for a great deal of current. Company records of sunny and cloudy weather are therefore complete. The accounting department makes up a chart showing weather variations day by day and month by month for the past three years. When customers protest against such an increase in their lighting bills they are shown on this chart that last month there was twenty-one per cent more cloudy weather than during the same month last year.

Telephone records are minute, too, as was shown recently in a big criminal trial in New York, when operators were called and gave complete records of connections between certain telephones out of all the mazes of talk in the metropolis.

It is not merely a matter of having complete records upon which to work, but the humblest citizen little suspects how many records the telephone company, the lighting company, the gas company and other big soulless corporations keep of his daily actions, simply as part of their routine; and how interesting may be the proofs and conclusions drawn from such records by the accounting department when the company finds it necessary to protect itself or make a point clear.

Likewise the accountant is taking cross-sections for the management. He begins with all the rolling stock of a trolley company, showing mileage, passengers, income, expense and other items for a given month or year. The management says it wants these figures daily. The accountant delivers them every morning. The management says it wants such information about different classes of cars. The accountant separates the required groups and gives daily individual records for each.

Then the maintenance department comes along, protesting that individual daily car records are satisfactory for the engineers, perhaps, but what is there to show the life of individual motors, controllers, trucks, and such equipment? The accountant undertakes to keep records of the individual parts of individual cars. Then the way department complains that the statistics show nothing about wear and tear on the tracks, and the accountant starts a service of track statistics amounting to a personal life history of each rail.

With matters like these the accountant now occupies his days. He furnishes statistics in ever-increasing number, and draws comparisons for both technical and public use with greater and greater clearness and promptitude. His job nowadays is to show that the business is alive all over, and he lets people see the wheels go round by means of figures.

**Editor's Note—This is the second in a series of four articles by James H. Collins. The third will appear in an early issue.**

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